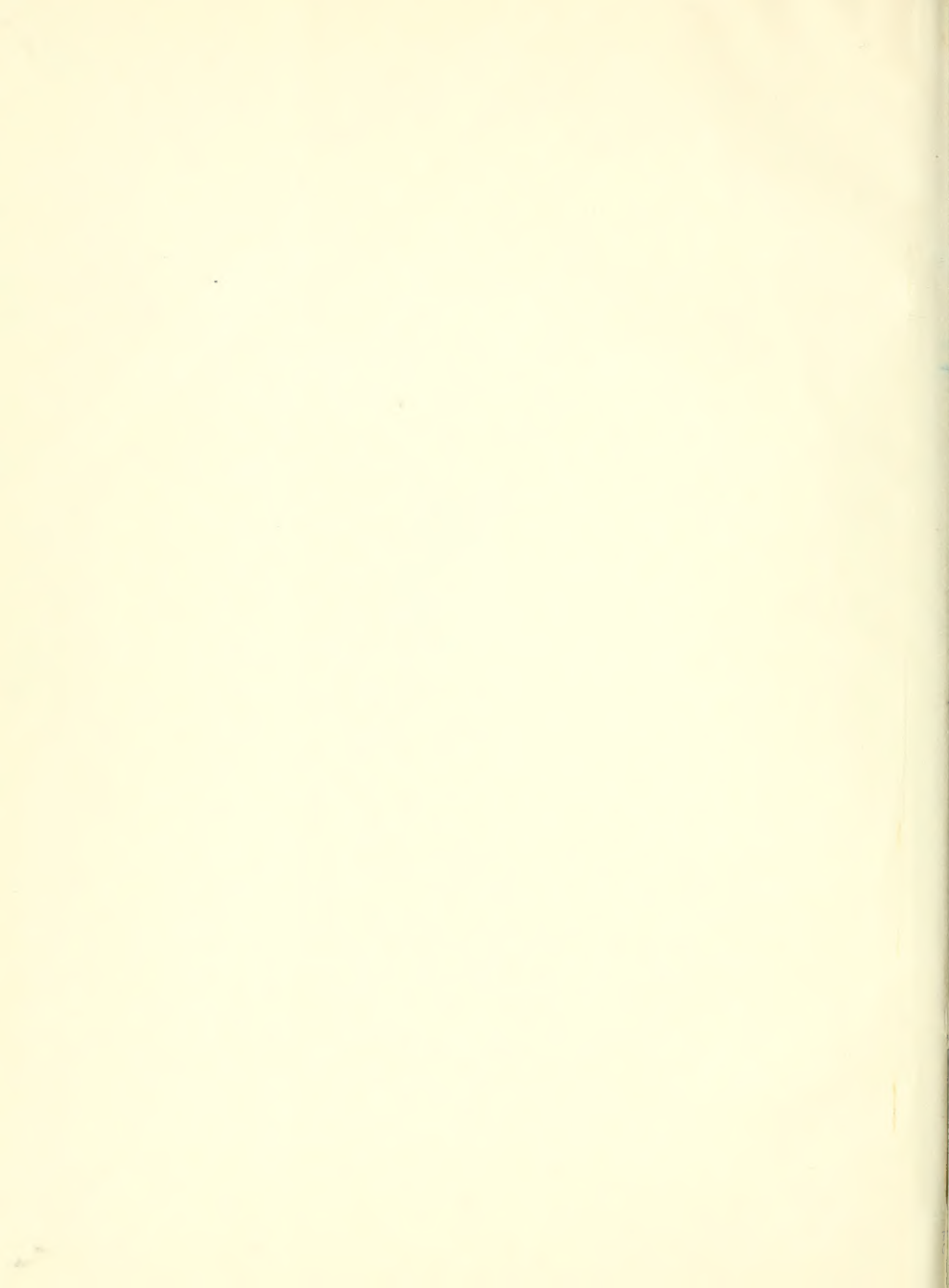




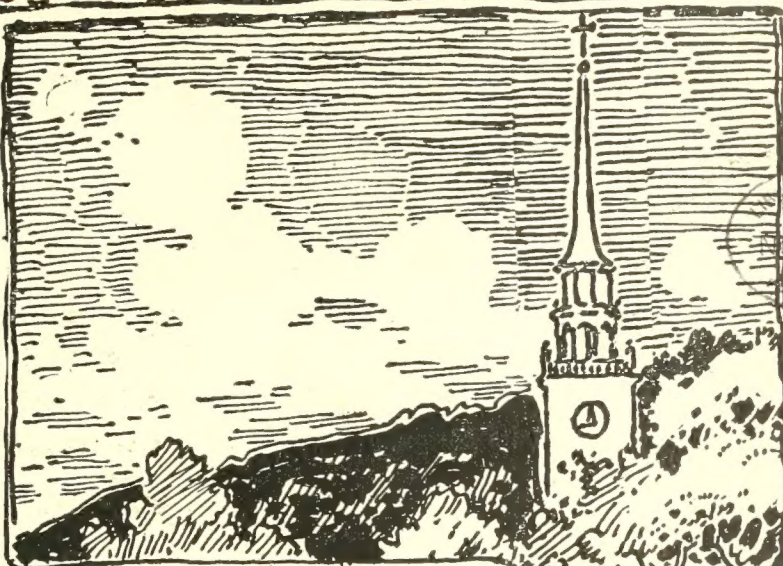
Class F 104
Book F 4 F 4





THE

FARMINGTON



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
NOV 14 1912
BIOLOGICAL DEPT.

NOVEMBER
1900

TO THE FARMINGTON RIVER
Robert B. Brandegee

RECORDS OF THE RED MAN
Lillian Baynes Griffin

A MUSICIAN'S REMINISCENCES
Told by Karl Klauser

NATURE . . . Robert B. Brandegee

ART Walter Griffin

BOOKS Charles Foster

VILLAGE NOTES
Mabel D. Brandegee

EDITOR'S SKETCH-BOOK

FARMINGTON = CONN.

MAGAZINE

SECOND EDITION

F104
F4F4

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

EDITOR :

ELEANOR H. JOHNSON.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR :

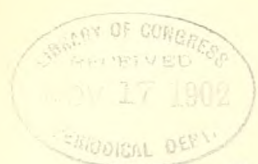
LILLIAN BAYNES GRIFFIN.

Terms : 15 cents a single copy.

\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of
THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

2508
4493



INDEX

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE

VOLS. I. AND II.

	Vol.	No.	Page.
About Clubs, (A. A. Redfield)	I,	3:	13
About Clubs, (M. D. Brandegee)	I,	5:	15
About the Bobolink, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	9:	9
About the Junipers, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	5:	6
Aina Anuenue, Land of the Rainbow, (Lucy Adams)	I,	9:	4
American Heraldry, (Julius Gay)	I,	11:	8
American Schools of Painting Represented in Farmington, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	8:	11
"Amyntas" of Tasso, The (E. H. Johnson)	I,	4:	10
Ancients Club, The	II,	1:	29
Andante. Poem. (W. Brian Hooker)	I,	3:	1
Apropos of St. Valentine's Day. Poem. (Burgess Johnson)	I,	4:	9
Art Notes, (Walter Griffin)	I,	1:	9
"	I,	4:	7
"	I,	5:	8
"	I,	6:	10
Arts and Crafts in Farmington, (E. H. Johnson)	II,	4:	22
Autumn, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	12:	9
Autumn Berries, (Fannie F. Neale)	I,	1:	7
"A Voice in the Stirring of Each Tree." Poem. (L. L. Moore)	I,	10:	9
"Back-Log Studies," by Chas. Dudley Warner, (E. H. Johnson)	I,	2:	15
Bed-Time. Poem. (Burgess Johnson)	II,	3:	4
Birds that Stay with us Through the Winter, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	2:	6
Book Notes, (Charles Foster)	I,	1:	10
"	I,	2:	10
"	I,	3:	11
"	I,	4:	10
"	I,	5:	9
"	I,	6:	12
"	I,	7:	10
"	I,	8:	14
"	I,	9:	12
"	I,	10:	14
"	I,	12:	13

	Vol.	No.	Page.
Book Notes, (E. H. Johnson)	I,	1:	11
" " 	I,	4:	10
" " 	I,	8:	14
" " 	I,	11:	13
Building of a Lodge in the Adirondacks. Poem. (Burgess Johnson) .	II,	1:	10
Bull, Deacon Thomas, (Julius Gay)	II,	2:	1
Cassandra. Poem. (W. Brian Hooker)	I,	11:	3
Center School, The (H. P. Swett)	I,	9:	14
Chapel, The Old (Henry Hall Mason)	I,	4:	12
Chapel Building, The (M. D. Brandegee)	I,	5:	12
Chauncey Rowe, (A. R. Wadsworth)	II,	2:	21
Chauncey Rowe, (E. G. Porter)	II,	2:	23
Chinese Pussy, The. Translation from Pierre Loti. (Edith V. Cowles) .	I,	5:	5
Christmas in Dresden, (H. Trowbridge Allen)	II,	1:	19
Christmas, (E. H. Johnson)	I,	2:	13
Church Window Decorations by Farmington Artists; An Interview. (E. H. Johnson)	II,	3:	7
Cinquez—The Black Prince, (Charles Ledyard Norton)	I,	4:	2
Commerce and Art, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	12:	12
Comparison, A (Walter Griffin)	I,	1:	8
Conflict of Law, A. D. 1807, (Julius Gay)	I,	12:	6
Connecticut League of Art Students, (J. F. Wright)	II,	4:	10
Country Club House, The (Julius Gay)	I,	9:	13
Cowles, Alfred (Cornelia Cowles French)	I,	12:	14
Creamery, and Guernsey Stock in Farmington, The (Anna Y. Barbour) .	I,	12:	15
Dame's School of Sixty Years Ago, (Julius Gay)	I,	11:	15
Day at Newgate Prison, A (Josephine M. Wilkinson)	II,	2:	9
Day in Retreat, A (Mary R. Johnson)	I,	7:	5
"Dear, Life Hath Wings." Poem. (L. L. Moore)	I,	11:	7
Death of Dr. Backus, (Jas. Gibson Johnson)	I,	10:	16
Dedication of St. Patrick's Church, (H. T. Walsh)	II,	1:	27
Diary of David Gleason, (Julius Gay)	I,	5:	2
"Dr. North and His Friends," (Charles Foster)	I,	5:	9
Dutch and Flemish Masters, (Charles N. Flagg)	II,	1:	11
Editor's Sketch Book, (E. H. Johnson)	I,	1:	14
" " " "	I,	2:	13
" " " "	I,	3:	16
" " " "	I,	4:	14
" " " "	I,	5:	16
" " " "	I,	6:	16
" " " "	I,	8:	16
" " " "	I,	9:	15
" " " "	I,	10:	16
" " " "	I,	11:	16
" " " "	I,	12:	19
Expansion of Connecticut, The (A. A. Redfield)	I,	8:	2
Farmington and the Underground Railway, (E. H. Johnson)	I,	11:	6
Farmington Ferns, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	3:	8
Farmington Hawks, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	8:	10
Farmington Magazine, The; A Review (E. H. Johnson)	II,	1:	20

	Vol.	No.	Page.
Farmington Myth, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	1:	8
Farmington Street in 1802, (Julius Gay)	I,	6:	16
First Violin, The. Poem. (Annie Eliot Trumbull)	I,	12:	8
Flycatchers, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	12:	10
Foreign Visitors in Farmington, (David W. Bartlett)	I,	7:	3
Ghost, The (Julius Gay)	I,	3:	15
Girls' Club, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	1:	12
Glance at the Farmington Landscape, (Charles Foster)	I,	12:	12
"God bless thee, Little Infant Year." Poem. (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	3:	16
Golf Girl, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	11:	15
Governor's Choice, The (Herbert Knox Smith)	I,	9:	5
Greek Invasion, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	11:	11
Guest Book, The (William Potts)	II,	4:	6
Hans Holbein, the Younger (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	7:	8
Hardy House, The Old (Julius Gay)	II,	3:	19
Hartford Orchestra, (S. L. Brandegee)	I,	1:	13
Historic Notes, (Julius Gay)	I,	4:	13
History of Farmington Waterworks, (A. R. Wadsworth)	I,	7:	11
Hooker, Rev. Samuel (Julius Gay)	II,	3:	1
How the Town of Fairfield Exiled its Tory Minister to Farmington, (Harriet E. G. Whitmore)	II,	4:	3
Howkins, Anthony (Julius Gay)	II,	4:	2
Illustration, (Walter Griffin)	I,	5:	8
Imagination. Poem. (Laetitia Webster)	I,	4:	16
Independence Day in Farmington in Ye Olden Time, (C. Rowe).	I,	9:	7
In Memoriam. Poem. (copied)	II,	2:	24
In Memoriam. S. P. Poem. (Mary R. Johnson)	I,	5:	1
In Memory of John Hooker, (C. Rowe)	I,	5:	9
In the Farmington Gardens, (R. B. B., E. H. J.)	I,	11:	1
Japanese Students in Farmington, (S. L. Gruman)	I,	12:	18
Josephine. Poem. (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	6:	1
Jules Bastien Lepage, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	9:	10
Junco, The. Poem. (Ernest Harold Baynes)	I,	2:	8
Last Years of Mr. Rowe's Life, (Jas. Gibson Johnson)	II,	2:	24
Letter, A (Sarah Porter)	I,	8:	6
Letter from Southern Spain, A (W. Bradford Allen)	I,	4:	11
Limitations, (Walter Griffin)	I,	4:	7
Lyceum, The (Editor's Sketch Book)	I,	8:	16
Marplot, Part I. (Annie Eliot Trumbull)	I,	2:	2
" " II. " "	I,	3:	2
McKinley Oak, The (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	1:	22
Memorial Building in Farmington, A (Charles O. Whitmore)	II,	1:	31
Mendi Indians Again, The (J. M. Brown)	II,	3:	18
Migration of Birds, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	1:	6
Minister Fishing, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	7:	15
Morehead Ledge & Diamond Glen, (C. Rowe)	II,	1:	16
Mural Decoration in Farmington (M. D. & R. B. Brandegee)	I,	6:	3
Musician's Reminiscences, A; An Interview. (E. H. Johnson)	I,	1:	4
Myth of the Bend, (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	2:	3

	Vol.	No.	Page.
Nature Books, (Mary R. Johnson)	I,	6:	13
Nature's Hints for Color in Dress, (L. W. Livingston)	I,	6:	8
New Borough, The (A. A. Redfield)	I,	12:	1
Notes of Miss Porter's School, ...	II,	1:	29
Odd and End Shop. Poem. (J. R. A.)	II,	3:	16
Old Cemetery, The (Julius Gay)	I,	3:	5
Old Church, The (E. H. Johnson)	I,	5:	10
Old Homestead, The (E. H. Johnson)	I,	4:	14
Old House, The. Poem. (Julia R. Andrews)	II,	4:	17
Old Houses and Doorways, (E. H. Johnson)	I,	12:	19
Oldtime Worthies of Farmington, (Julius Gay)	II,	2:	1
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	II,	3:	1
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	II,	4:	2
One Morning. Poem. (L. W. Livingston)	I,	7:	11
One of Farmington's Foes, (W. Bradford Allen)	II,	3:	14
Origin of the Meadow Orchid. (Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood)	I,	12:	14
O'Rourke, The (M. D. Brandegee)	II,	3:	16
Owls, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	11:	9
Pan American, The [Art Notes] (Lillian Baynes Griffin)	I,	6:	11
Peach Culture in Farmington, (L. E. Root)	I,	11:	14
Père Ingres, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	10:	11
Picture of Hawk Stealing Fish from Pelican's Beak. Poem. (G. F. Dunning)	I,	5:	15
Pilgrim Path, The (Mary R. Johnson)	I,	12:	7
Pitkin, Rev. Timothy, ...	II,	1:	2
Porter, Dr. Daniel (Julius Gay)	II,	2:	2
President Roosevelt in Farmington, (Jas. Gibson Johnson)	II,	1:	22
Public Libraries and Local Industrial Development, (Edward Porritt)	I,	10:	5
Quebec, (Walter Griffin)	I,	2:	8
Record of the Red Man, (Lillian Baynes Griffin)	I,	1:	2
Reflections. Poem. (L. L. Moore).	II,	4:	1
Retired Minister, The (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	3:	5
Rose-breasted Grosbeak, (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	3:	12
Roses, (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	3:	11
Ruby-Throated Hummingbird, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	10:	10
Ruffed Grouse or Partridge, The (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	2:	17
Saint's Rest, (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	4:	18
Sandpipers, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	10:	10
Seaweed. Poem. (L. J. Webster)	I,	6:	6
Short Reminiscence of Books not New, (Charles Foster)	I,	12:	13
Sixty Years Ago, (Julius Gay)	I,	9:	8
Soliloquy of the Judge, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	12:	19
Some Worthies of the Last Generation, ...	I,	9:	1
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	I,	10:	1
Song at the "Lean-to," (Charles Foster)	I,	6:	7
Spring-Time-Fantasie, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	6:	9
Steele, John (Julius Gay)	II,	4:	2
Summer Visitor's Rememberings, A (Tudor Jenks)	II,	1:	16
Sweet Peas. Poem. (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	10:	4

INDEX.

5

	Vol.	No.	Page.
The First; The Last; and the Sequel, (Edward Hooker)	I,	7:	1
Thrush Family, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	7:	6
To a Corn-Flower. Poem. (M. Upton)	I,	4:	1
To Lesbia. Poem. (H. R. Monteith)	I,	8:	1
To the Farmington River. Poem. (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	1:	1
Trees Alongside the Asphalt Walks, (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	2:	13
Trolley, The	I,	4:	16
Tunxis Sepus, (Julius Gay)	I,	2:	1
"'Twas Only One." Poem. (H. Nichols)	I,	6:	2
Untried Wings. Poem. (Laetitia Webster)	I,	7:	3
Unveiling of Memorial Tablet at the Lodge, (Editor's Sketch Book)	I,	9:	15
Usefulness of Recent Fiction, (E. H. Johnson)	II,	2:	16
Value of Sketch Books, (Walter Griffin)	I,	4:	8
Village Girls' Club, (Mary I. Potter)	I,	6:	15
Village Green, The (A. A. Redfield)	I,	2:	11
Village Improvement Societies, (M. D. Brandegee)	I,	3:	12
Village Library, The (M. D. Brandegee)	II,	2:	19
Village Notes, (M. D. Brandegee)	I,	1:	11
" " "	I,	2:	13
" " "	I,	4:	12
" " "	I,	6:	15
" " "	I,	8:	15
" " "	I,	10:	14
" " "	I,	12:	17
" " "	II,	1:	25
" " "	II,	2:	19
" " "	II,	3:	20
" " "	I,	1:	13
Village Street, The. Poem. (Burgess Johnson)	I,	6:	1
Vitality of Error, The (Julius Gay)	I,	7:	16
Water Lilies. Poem. (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	3:	12
Weather Prophet, The. Poem. (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	4:	15
Whippoorwill Family, The (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	1:	1
Winter, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	3:	9
Winter Landscape, A (Ernest Harold Baynes)	I,	4:	5
Woodpeckers, The (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	6:	14
Working Girls' Clubs, (Grace H. Dodge)	I,	9:	1
Worthies of the Last Generation, Some	I,	10:	1
" " "	I,	10:	1

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Arts and Crafts in Farmington, (Photographed by A. Carlson)	II,	4:	22
Borough Seal,	I,	12:	4
Chess Players, The (From Painting by R. B. Brandegee)	I,	12:	1
Choir Boys for Memorial Window, (Sketches by Miss G. Cowles)	II,	3:	1
Coming of Winter, The (From Painting by R. B. Brandegee)	II,	1:	1
Congregational Church, Farmington, (Drawn by Walter Griffin)	I,	5:	1
Ell of O'Rourke, Showing Odd and End Shop, (Photographed by A. Carlson)	II,	3:	16

	Vol.	No.	Page.
Farmington from Station Road, (Photographed by A. Carlson)	II,	4:	1
Farmington Garden, A (From Painting by E. T. Roberts)	I,	11:	1
Farmington Landmark, A (Photographed by A. Carlson)	II,	4:	19
Farmington Pasture, A (From Painting by Charles Foster)	I,	7:	1
Head of Charles Noel Flagg, (Wood Cut by J. Britton)	II,	4:	15
Josephine, (From Painting by R. B. Brandegee)	I,	6:	1
Little Red Shop, (Photograph lent by Dr. Carrington)	II,	2:	15
Looking Forward and Looking Backward, (Photographed by R. B. Brandegee)	I,	2:	1
Memorial Window with Iris Motive, (Sketches by the Misses Cowles)	II,	3:	7
Mural Decorations, (H. Gernhardt)	I,	6:	6
Mural Decorations, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	6:	3
" " " " " " " "	I,	6:	4
Notes from an Artist's Sketchbook, (Pencil Sketches by G. A. Cowles)	I,	3:	1
Old Chapel, The (Sketch by Walter Griffin)	I,	5:	13
Old Fireplace, (Sketch from Painting by R. B. Brandegee)	I,	2:	14
Old Fireplace in Ancient's Club, (Drawn by J. R.)	II,	1:	29
Old Stage, The (Sketch by Walter Griffin)	I,	1:	1
On the Farmington River, (Photographs by A. Carlson)	II,	4:	9
Plan, Sarah Porter Memorial, (Drawn by C. O. Whitmore)	II,	1:	32
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart, (Photographed by Allderige)	I,	8:	1
Portrait Sketch of Chauncey Rowe, (R. B. Brandegee)	II,	2:	21
Portrait Sketch of One Student by Another, (Woodcut by J. Britton)	II,	4:	11
Portraits of Worthies of the Last Generation,	I,	9:	1
" " " " " " " "	I,	9:	3
" " " " " " " "	I,	10:	1
" " " " " " " "	I,	10:	3
Pitkin, Hon. Timothy,	II,	1:	7
Pitkin, Rev. Timothy,	II,	1:	3
Sarah Porter Memorial, The (Drawing by C. O. Whitmore)	II,	1:	30
Sketches, (Walter Griffin)	I,	4:	7
" " " " " " " "	I,	4:	8
Sketches, Quebec, (Walter Griffin)	I,	2:	8
" " " " " " " "	I,	2:	9
Some Farmington Doorways, (Photographed by Allderige)	I,	12:	20
Sweet Peas, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	10:	4
Tombstone, (Walter Griffin)	I,	3:	6
Unknown Portrait, An (From Painting by Hans Memling)	II,	1:	11
View of the Main Street, (Photographed by A. Carlson)	II,	2:	1
View of the Main Street, (Photograph lent by Dr. Carrington)	II,	2:	13
Views of the Farmington River, (Photographs by Allderige and A. Carlson)	II,	2:	3
Views in Farmington, (From Paintings by Brevoort and J. W. Hill)	I,	8:	12
Waterlilies, (R. B. Brandegee)	I,	7:	16
Weather Prophet, The (From Painting by R. B. Brandegee)	II,	3:	12
Whitman House, The Old (Drawn by Charles Foster)	I,	4:	1







The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1900

No. 1

To the Farmington River

WHEN the River visits the Town
She is dressed in her long white gown,
And the edges are fluffy with thin light beams,
That are only made in the deepest streams.
In the dark of the night she leaves her bed,—
The bright stars shining overhead,—
And lightly, and gently, as soft as down,
The River is visiting the Town.

The clock strikes three, she must soon return,
Lest the sun the edge of her mantle burn ;
The clock strikes four, she is by the stream,
And the Town is awakening from its dream.
She has gone, with her wonderful misty gown,—
The River that visited the Town.

R. B. B.

The Farmington Magazine

The Record of the Red Man

IN the Farmington burying-ground on the bank of the river, stands a red sandstone monument which bears the following inscription :

In Memory of the Indian Race ; Especially of the Tunxis Tribe, the
Ancient Tenants of these Grounds.

The many human skeletons here discovered confirm the tradition that this spot was formerly an Indian burying-place. Traditions further declare it to be the ground on which a sanguinary battle was fought between the Tunxis and Stockbridge tribes. Some of their scattered remains have been re-interred beneath this stone.

AND on the reverse side of the monument is Mrs. Sigourney's verse :

"Chieftains of a vanished race,
In your ancient burial-place,
By your fathers' ashes blest,
Now in peace securely rest.
Since on life you looked your last
Changes o'er your land have passed ;
Strangers came with iron sway,
And your tribes have passed away.
But your fate shall cherished be,
In the strangers' memory :
Virtue long her watch shall keep,
Where the red men's ashes sleep."

These, and an occasional paragraph in some local history or sketch of Farmington, a few handfuls of arrow-heads, an old canoe, and the Indian signatures scattered through the town records, are all we have left to remind us of the red men to whom Farmington once belonged. The arrow-heads went to Hartford, the canoe to Bristol, but the records, yellow and brittle with age, are here in the office of the Town Clerk.

For the rest we have only the traditions handed down through three and four generations.

The town records give detailed accounts of the transferring of the land between the English and the Tunxis Indians ; but as the names they used for boundary lines have changed several times since those days, they are difficult to follow, save in the cases where the land is still in the possession and name of the descendants of the original purchaser. The Indian signatures are extremely interesting, each man having striven to express himself by a crude illustration rather than by writing. The signatures as a whole are suggestive of a child's first kindergarten work. One Indian tried to draw a man pointing. The body is made of four straight lines forming an imperfect oblong, to which he has attached four bent lines for limbs and a large round dot for a head. Another tried to make a flower, which might be taken for a rose, but in all cases the signatures show the pathetic effort of the untrained hand to express what was in the mind.

The Tunxis Indians were not a warlike tribe and seldom fought excepting when attacked. Referring to them, Dr. Noah Porter, writes:

"Much of the descending slope from the mountain, along which now runs the village street, was more or less densely wooded; in some places it was moist and even marshy. At its foot lay the open meadow. Beyond was the western forest, its border darkening the western hills quite down to their base, the terror of the Indian and the white man; for along its unknown tract, for hundreds of miles, roamed the dreaded Mohawks, to whom all the tribes in this region were tributary. The Mohawks were fierce and warlike, the terror of all the New England tribes. From the banks of the river which bears their name, they have roved hither and thither upon their errands of conquest; now surprising a native settlement upon the Sound, or breaking in on a defenceless tribe on the branches of the Connecticut. The terror of the Mohawk rendered the presence of the English desirable, and disposed the Indians in all this region to a peaceable demeanor."

No tradesman ran routes in Farmington in those days, and the heads of each family were compelled to fish along the banks of the river for salmon and shad. The more friendly of the Indians taught the English the art of fishing, showed them where the deer were most plentiful, and where to expect the wolves and panthers.

But there were times when the white man had to fear even the Tunxis Indian. One night soon after the settlers were established, a house was destroyed by fire, and the family occupying it were burned to death. A little later in the year a cruel murder was committed on the outskirts of the village, and, though there was no actual proof, both outrages were attributed to the Indians, and the whites made them pay a tribute for seven years, in the words of the town records, of "eighty faddoms of wampum, well strung and merchantable."

The village grave-digger tells the gruesome story of finding the remains of an Indian in a grave which he was preparing for a white man. It is a common occurrence for him to turn over their bones, arrow-heads, and old kettles.

One of the Indians' traditions handed down through generations is of Will Warren, or Moor Warren, so called on account of his dark skin. Will Warren lived in a cave on the top of the mountain. He hated the whites, but was on the best of terms with the Indians, and he was often seen on Sunday mornings making his way to the river with them. The Puritans objected to having Will Warren break the Sabbath, and one of the church members undertook to remonstrate with him; whereupon Will Warren became enraged, and, stealing down from the mountain, came into Farmington and set fire to a barn. The villagers saw him running away and gave chase, but Will was too fast for them. He ran in the direction of New Britain, but got lost in the woods and described a semicircle, so that when he stopped in the morning he found himself on the bluff directly above Farmington. He saw the villagers gathered in little knots discussing the fire, and then he saw them start a bloodhound on his trail. When he heard the bay of the hound he knew he was in danger, and ran along the mountains to where he knew there was an Indian encampment. He found two squaws sitting over a fire; he hastily told them his story, and explained that he would shortly be run down by the hound if the scent

was not broken. One of the squaws seized him in her arms and ran, and never stopped until she had deposited him in his cave. Of course this broke the scent and the hound came to a standstill where the woman lifted Warren from the ground.

Early last spring there came through the main street of Farmington a tall, dark man with a head of thick, straight hair. He wore a Prince Albert coat, patent-leather shoes, and a derby hat. Under his arm he carried a black case filled with books. He was a strange combination—a full-blooded Indian and a book agent. He went from house to house, raising his hat and describing his wares. He spoke understandable English, discussed modern literature, read with ease, and made a bow that would have done credit to a dancing-master. He took orders for books, and when asked if they were to be paid for in advance or on delivery, he replied, "As you wish." But the books that were to be paid for on delivery never came. Civilization had taught the red man many things, but not trust in his white brother.

LILLIAN BAYNES GRIFFIN.

A Musician's Reminiscences

Told by Karl Klauser.

[Our older readers must have noticed in these columns once or twice each year, almost from the beginning of our paper, short reports and programmes, very classical, of concerts given in a Young Ladies' School in Farmington, Ct., under the direction of an earnest, sterling teacher, who all this time seems to have been more fond of solid good work in a corner, than of the notoriety which musical men, vastly his inferiors, strive to achieve by advertising rather than by worth.—From Dwight's *Journal of Music*, March 23, 1872.]

THESE few words from a musical authority of so many years ago, show the estimate that was put on Mr. Klauser's work for the increasing of musical knowledge and musical culture here in the Farmington school. It seemed as if some words from Mr. Klauser himself, reminiscent of these concerts and the famous men who have visited here from time to time, would be of great interest. His own early life deserves some mention, varied as it was. Born in St. Petersburg, he lived some years both in Leipsic and Hambourg. Though devoted to music he was apprenticed to the book-trade and studied the backs of his books so faithfully—doubtless the insides also, though he does not speak of that—that in his talk with President Porter previous to his entering the school, he was asked at what University he took his degree, so conversant was he with theological and philosophical questions. But the time came when he was free to devote himself to music, and soon after that, on his wedding day, he left Havre on a sailing vessel for New York.

"In 1855," Mr. Klauser says, "I came to Farmington as teacher of music in Miss Porter's School. She had written to Germany, then to Henry Timm, leader of the New York Philharmonic, to ask that an instructor be recommended to her—one who would teach 'not fashionable music, but as it is taught in Germany.' I had been in New York five years but gladly came to Farmington, for life in the country is more natural than city life. The year after I came, the concerts, now so enjoyed, were started and given during the first two years in the village assembly hall and for the public. The first musician to come was Theodore Thomas. He had been my friend in New York, where he had been trying hard to gain a musical foothold, and came to see how I was getting along in Farmington—to look

about him. He was well satisfied and came about forty times after that, at first once a year, then oftener."

Dr. Leopold Damrosch in his letter about Karl Klauser, writes of New York at this time. It was "then a sort of musical wilderness in which many a clever musician, to escape utter misery, was obliged to march in military bands and beat the cymbals, or seek his bread with blackened face among the negro minstrels." Through such a hard school did Theodore Thomas come before he gained the high place he now occupies. Mr. Klauser described some of these trials of Thomas's and then went on to tell of his companions.

"When Thomas came to Farmington he played first violin in a quintette. This had no leader; was a sort of republic. Wm. Mason was the pianist, Mosenthal, a pupil of Spohr, played second violin, Matzka the viola, and Bergman the 'cello. Bergman was an excellent musician and was the predecessor of Thomas in symphony concerts. Few musicians are educated men; Thomas had no general education. But Rubenstein who came about 1873 and Dr. Von Bülow in 1875 were both well educated. Rubenstein was a great talker, fluent on every possible subject. He came here through Theodore Thomas who knew him and exhibited him,—was in fact *bear-leader*. Rubenstein was the most expensive musician we ever had. He asked \$500 for two hours and then came only as a great favor of his managers! The first thing he asked for was a platform, to keep him away from the people; he felt too near them in the parlor.

"Von Bülow was a great friend of mine. He came to see me many times. Once, soon after his wife, now Mme. Wagner, left him—then he was very sad—for his friendship for Rich. Wagner had been great. I remember once receiving Von Bülow's creed—his confession of faith, in one of his letters. Sebastian Bach, Ludwig von Beethoven, and Johannes Brahms were his Trinity. Then there were always others who came, among them, Emma Eames, when she was a girl.

"Farmington was beginning to be known in Germany through some arrangements and editions of musical works which I had made. Dr. Von Inten, early in the sixties, was coming to America and asked where he would probably play. He was told in New York, Boston, and Farmington. Some of Schumann's works which I had arranged, I sent Madame Schumann. It pleased her very much and in the many letters which I had from her after that she sent greetings to 'Schumannville.'"

Much more of music and musicians Mr. Klauser had to say, showing the pleasure he felt in his memories of work, both among his scholars and for the broadening of musical culture through his editions. It does not seem complete to close without saying more about these editions and I quote from the letter written by Dr. Leopold Damrosch and translated in the journal mentioned at the beginning of this article:

"*Karl Klauser*—(A Musical Sketch). Klauser had early seen that to work successfully for art in America, one must proceed not from above downward, but through thorough pedagogical instruction from below upward. Art as such was little cherished in the land at that time (1855); jingling virtuosity and humbug did their best to ruin a half-cultivated taste entirely; and amongst teaching musicians

there were only a few who had the courage and capacity to go to work to purify and reform. He wished above all to work upon the tastes and help to form what was most needed—a *musical public*. To this end he selected the matter of his teaching with the greatest conscientiousness, using the classical music of the great German masters as the best basis for the musical culture of his pupils. But not content with that, he enriched the current editions of many compositions with a fullness of instructive additions which infinitely increased their value for instruction. Many a corrupt text in the old editions was critically rectified; countless little errors, handed down like an hereditary disease in all the older editions, were weeded out. . . . Moreover, the fingering was carefully marked according to the modern principles, established by Liszt and Bülow. . . . Klauser has also made himself serviceable by arrangements of orchestral and chamber music for the piano. . . .

"To the special services which Klauser has rendered to the school in Farmington, and we may say to the musical culture of North America in general, belong the concerts which he has established, occurring three or four times yearly in the rooms of the institution, for which the audience is composed almost exclusively of the teachers and pupils of the school.

"If one would know what sterling concert programs are, programs of the purest artistic tendency, of the severest choice among the good and the best, he has only to study those of the Farmingtonian soirées and matinées. They would be an ornament to any concert room in the world, and satisfy the selected circle of listeners."

ELEANOR H. JOHNSON.

Nature

The Migration of Birds

SOME one spoke to Mr. Sage, the eminent ornithologist, about the number of warblers seen in this last spring's migration. "It is nothing very unusual," said the ornithologist; "it is only that people are studying nature more generally."

Perhaps the Birds will begin to get self-conscious now that so many people are looking at them with their opera-glasses; they are getting so fashionable that they may begin to pose, like that young man who, when asked why he smiled all the time, said: "One never knows when one's picture will be taken, there are so many amateur photographers about."

The great spring and fall migrations are among the most exciting events in a Bird's life, especially to the Young Birds, whose ideas of life are bounded by a tussock of grass in a meadow or the branch of a tree in a leafy wood. Then comes the gathering into flocks, and the trials of flying all together from tree to tree; and finally the preparation for the long flight southward.

When the Young Birds ask, "Why do we fly in the night time?" the parents reply, "The Hawks cannot see us at night. And the night time is a good time to see the river lying below us like a path of silver." "But why don't the Hawks fly at night? say the Young Birds. "I don't know," said the Old Bird; "I guess they get

tired. But the Owls fly at night." "Suppose it is cloudy and rainy and we can't see the rivers?" "Then we won't fly that kind of a night," say the Old Birds.

Consider the little Humming Bird that migrates from Farmington to the Amazon River. He and the south wind move along lightly together, over the Carolinas, and above Florida. The waves of the Gulf of Mexico roll around underneath them, reaching up their sleeves covered with foam. When our Humming Bird arrives at the Amazon River, a hundred relations greet him.

A number of Birds that appear to stay with us through the winter are probably Birds that summer near the Arctic circle, and when they have migrated as far south as Farmington they think they must be near the tropics, and as Birds of the same kind look almost exactly alike, we naturally think these are the same Birds that we saw in the summer. There are those who say that the Birds possess that sixth sense, and find their way across the country by this means.

It is only by long persecution that Birds can be made to change their migrating habits. The Ducks learn in time to avoid the best hunting grounds and the wild Pigeons, which were once so numerous that they broke down the branches of trees with their numbers, have been swept out of existence or have moved to less civilized countries.

The experiment has been tried of marking Birds and it is found that they return to the same tree year after year. The months of September and October are very interesting to the ornithologist, for the woods are full of travellers that never nest in Farmington, but are always seen in the fall and spring migrations. The Hermit Thrushes are very plentiful, and seem to have lost all their shyness. Flocks of Night Hawks pass over early in September, with the white bar across their wings very noticeable; like the handkerchief that was tied on the arm before the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

If the colder nights did not warn the Birds to migrate, the changing forests should; for the great woods are in flames behind them. The autumn catches fire in the far north and spreads downward through the forests until only the evergreens are left.

B.

Autumn Berries

THE fruit of some shrubs, especially that berry-like and brilliant in coloring, contributes even more to the beauty of nature than their blossoms. It adds much interest to our fall walks to find that some brightly clad bush is really the same as one we saw in quite a different garb earlier in the summer. For instance the Spice-bush, which some call Fever-bush, whose honey-yellow blossoms attract very little attention in the spring, is very noticeable in the autumn covered with clusters of bright red berries.

The Holly family makes a showy display all through the fall and even into the winter. One of its members, the Mountain Holly, adorned with coral-red berries on long and slender stalks, solitary or sparingly clustered, is a graceful and cheering appearance in the damp and cold New England woods. Its relative, the Black Alder, is familiar to all who drive or walk through country roads; the bright

red berries growing thickly on short stalks among the leaves make the shrub conspicuous. A nearer cousin to the Black Alder than the Mountain Holly is the Smooth Winterberry, which we recognize by its glossy leaves and large, dull, crimson berries. Very different from these is the Ink-berry, which flourishes in sandy soil, chiefly along the coast. This has narrow evergreen leaves and black berries and is much sought after by the florists of our large cities to work into bouquets.

It is not easy to determine when the Hobble-bush of our woods is most showy, for its large white flowers and broad leaves are very handsome as well as the bright red berry—which however turns blackish later in the autumn. A curious fact about this shrub is that its long, procumbent branches often take root; hence the name Hobble-bush or American Wayfaring tree.

The Sheep-berry, the handsomest of all the Viburnum family, is beautiful, whether clothed with its rich, green foliage and profusion of white flowers in the spring or bearing its plentiful clusters of scarlet berries and its many-hued leaves in autumn.

So has kind Nature made provision for us that with the falling of the leaves shall come a second beauty to the shrub.

FANNY F. NEALE.

The Farmington Myth

WHEN the Lord made the world he made Asia and Africa and Europe, and last of all he made South and North America. He made the Americas with special care as that is the place where the nations of the world would finally come together. When the Lord was making New England one of the little angels asked that he too might make a State, so the Lord let him make the State of Connecticut. As the little angel shaped the rivers and built up the mountains his cheeks were red with excitement. But when the work was all finished there was still a large hollow, and the stuff was all gone. 'T was then the little angel was overwhelmed with confusion. But the Lord took him kindly by the hand. And the Lord took from the folds of his mantle some of the stuff of which Paradise is made and he fitted it into the hole, and the place was Farmington.

R. B. B.

Art

A Comparison

ALTHOUGH they are entirely unlike, I have never been able to help comparing the two villages with which I am most familiar,—Barbizon, France, and Farmington. I have been so impressed that two such small and remote places should have acted as magnets on so many great minds. Both villages have always had their little coterie of distinguished men and women. Both have been the rendezvous of authors, artists, musicians, and educators. Barbizon sprung up almost in a night, but had no foundation, and only stood while propped up by its builders. Farmington has been a long and steady growth, it has a promising future, and a foundation to sustain it.

Until the early forties, Barbizon was little more than a right-of-way for foresters and deer-hunters. But one rainy May evening there came into the village from the forest, a stalwart Frenchman, bearing on his back two tired children, and followed by a woman who carried against her breast a young baby. The man applied from house to house for shelter for himself and family, and was many times refused, but finally the door of a thatched cottage was opened to him and a good peasant extended the hospitality of her humble roof. The following day the man registered in Barbizon as—Jean François Millet.

From that day on, his history is too well known for me to repeat it — his fame is world-wide and has been ably chronicled; incidentally, and apart from either of these, he unconsciously made the village Barbizon the most renowned in France.

Old Barbizon was a typical French village; Millet recognized this and was soon followed there by Jacques, Troyon, Barye, Corot, and others. But Barbizon has been sold for gold, trampled by the philistine, and invaded by the pleasure seekers, who are now drawn through its once famous street by a noisy, smoky engine.

From the painter's point of view there are many ways in which Barbizon and Farmington can be compared. They both represent typical villages of the country to which they belong, both have a charm and attraction that is indefinable. Farmington might be called the Barbizon of America, Barbizon the Farmington of France.

On second thought, I think that perhaps it is safer to say that Farmington, rather than being our typical New England village, is typical of what is best in our villages. Its enterprise has never interfered with its dignity, and its dignity has never been injured by its prosperity. Great land booms have swept the surrounding country, leaving it strewn with Queen Anne cottages and furrowed with the trail of the trolley, but they have in all cases abated before reaching the borders of Farmington.

Farmington is essentially a village of homesteads, and from relationship and traditions its people have a common interest in all that pertains to the village. The associations and conditions of their neighbors' property are as precious as those of their own, and there seems to be an unwritten law that impels all who build or renovate in Farmington to adhere to such methods as will add to the distinguishing characteristics of the place.

The renovating of one of the old structures is cause for general rejoicing, for who has not some tender recollections connected with the old hall-way, the staircase, the deep window-seat, or the chimney-corner? Before each one rises a picture —and the old house stands forth as a monument to the memories of the people.

Last and most important of all, Farmington —unlike Barbizon, unlike most that is American—cannot be bought. It belongs to the people and they have put it beyond price. It offers no attractions to the philistine. The trolley has resigned from its back street and gone where its rip and flash and squeak are more appreciated. Let us keep it there.

W. G.

During the past four months Farmington has been the rendezvous for a large colony of artists and art students from Hartford, Boston, New York, and other cities. Almost every day their white umbrellas have been seen near the river,

through the town, and among the hills. Much of the work done has been in the way of studies which will develop into pictures during the winter; but many canvases have been completed directly from nature and are now ready to enter the fall exhibitions.

I believe there are enough good pictures and illustrations produced here annually to justify a Farmington exhibition at the close of each summer. Among the portraits that attracted attention in New York last winter were two that had been produced in Farmington. A local illustration executed by a Farmington illustrator was medalled at the Paris Exposition this summer, and a number of Farmington landscapes have recently appeared in our leading exhibitions. This indicates no dearth of material.

W. G.

Books

RODOLFO LANCIANI is Professor of Ancient Topography in the University of Rome. He is also a charming writer upon this subject. This is the way he begins his one-volume work, *The Destruction of Ancient Rome*. "I was sitting, not long ago, at the southern extremity of the Palatine hill, where the remains of the palace of Septimius Severus tower a hundred and sixty feet above the level of the modern streets, and I was trying to fathom the abyss which lay open at my feet, and to reconstruct in imagination the former aspect of the place. By measurements on the spot, compared with descriptions and drawings left by those who saw the Palatine in a better state of preservation, I have been able to ascertain that a palace 490 feet long, 390 wide, and 160 high has so completely disappeared that only a few pieces of crumbling wall are left here and there against the cliff to tell the tale. Who broke up and removed, bit by bit, that mountain of masonry? who overthrew the Giant? was it age, the elements, the hands of barbarians, or some other irresistible force, the action of which has escaped observation?" This reminds me of one of the most poetic chapters,—a very short one,—"*Musings on the Matterhorn*," in a work by Tyndall with the awful theme of cosmology. Lanciani's book then goes on to answer the question "Who destroyed Ancient Rome?"—sacks by Goth, Vandal, Saracen, and Frenchman, floods, and above all the *Marmorarii* or marble cutters, and the *Calcararii*, or lime burners;—the transferring over and over of building material from old to newer buildings. Even Westminster Cathedral drew upon imperial and even earlier Roman constructions in its building.

He tells of an old house whose walls and foundations contained eighteen or twenty portrait busts of emperors, a complete set of busts of the twelve Cæsars, an exquisite Venus, all used as rubble. Altogether, he tells us, more works of art have been destroyed in the last five centuries than in all the centuries of barbarian plunderings. Incidentally, he mentions certain towns peopled by remnants of Saracenic colonies who became separated from the main body of the invaders of 927; both towns and families bearing Arabic names. Many of these people appear in Rome and Paris every winter in their picturesque costumes as painters' models. The book gives an added interest to Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis*, and should be read first. (Macmillan.)

C. F.

Sand and Cactus as a title for the collection of Arizona Sketches by Wolcott Le Clear Beard, suggests not only the local color of a dramatic region very vividly, but also the crisp straightforward manner in which the stories are told. It would be difficult to find any considerable number of superfluous words—and certainly not a sentence—in the entire volume. The style is so condensed and concise, as in many other modern stories, it requires a careful, even a trained attention. The writer shows an enthusiasm for his subject and also for trying to reach the reader by the clearest, straightest road he can discover. This is, of course, a method true to the principles of the world's best art, raising it above all tricks and affectations. There is much shooting, gambling, and frontier slang, also a great diversity of characters. If one likes that kind of material, the book is a very entertaining one and is possibly quite as much a study of social conditions as James's *London* or Howells's *Boston*. (Scribner.) C. F.

Essays on *Nature and Culture* and *Books and Culture*, two small books by Mr. Mabie and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., show the true culture to be dependent on the knowledge both of nature and of books. The books may be very few but they must be of the great world literature. Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, he holds continually before us, as teachers of life. The cultured man may not be a naturalist nor an artist but his friendship with nature must be very intimate. So, in the wisdom gained from the world of nature and that of books, man attains that breadth of experience which makes his life "not a succession of happenings, a matter of outward fortunes, but a cumulative inward growth and a cumulative power of productivity." E. H. J.

Among the new books added to the library this fall are: *Pictorial History of the World's Great Nations*, Charlotte M. Yonge; *In the Heart of Africa*, Sir Sam'l Baker; *An Abandoned Farm*, Kate Sanborn; *An Iceland Fisherman*, Pierre Loti; *The Isle of the Winds*, S. R. Crockett; *The Abode of Snow*, Andrew Wilson; *The Destiny of Man*, John Fiske; *James Russell Lowell and his Friends*, Edw. Everett Hale; *Their Silver Wedding Journey*, W. D. Howells; *The Reign of Law*, James Lane Allen; *Life of Jesus Christ*, James Stalker; *The Mendelssohn Family*, Sebastian Hensel; *Sailing Alone around the World*, Captain Joshua Slocum; *Women of France during the 18th Century*, Julia Kavanaugh; *Recollections of Sir Algernon West*.

Village Notes

AT the annual business meeting of the town of Farmington, the most important of the ten resolutions offered was that relating to the providing for the employment by the Selectmen of highway commissioners to have care of the roads for the coming year, and with it an appropriation of seven thousand dollars for road expenses.

The road known as Maiden Lane has been accepted as a town highway.

An appropriation of \$10,025 was made for the schools of the town, an increase of \$350 over last year.

It is suggested that the name of New Britain Avenue be changed to one better suited to its rural beauty and surroundings. Suggestions for an appropriate name will be welcomed. One of our citizens has liberally offered to bear half the expense of putting in order the road up the hill to New Britain.

The Town Clerk and assistant have been at work almost a year indexing the records from 1798 to the present day in accordance with a bill passed by the Legislature for the preservation of the public records in the best order and condition in fire-proof buildings.

There are seventy-two women in Farmington enough interested in education to vote on the school question.

With the autumn months come the first meetings of the several church societies. In the Congregational Church a new society called the "Fortnightly," which shall combine the young women's work, has just been inaugurated.

The Episcopal Church has started a Sunday-school.

THE SEWING-SCHOOL began its fourth year the middle of October.

The youngest class take the various stitches on the Steigart squares. The middle grade do sample work and dolls' garments, and the advanced class make garments for themselves.

The exhibition of the work of the past two years proved very attractive. The prize of a dollar for perfect attendance was given by Miss Pope to nineteen girls.

The Summer-school had an attendance of twenty. During the fifteen lessons the students cut, fitted, and completed (with a few exceptions) shirt-waists for themselves.

CENTRE SCHOOL.—Mr. H. P. Swett has returned for the year and will continue the work of raising the grade of the school. Every class-room has his personal oversight and each teacher his coöperation. A larger graduating class is looked for next June.

MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL is opening with large numbers this fall as some of the second and third hoppers decided at the last moment to come back, and there are more schoolgirls boarding in the town than usual. This crowds the Main and on that account the Ward House is to be occupied by old girls this year.

It is with the deepest regret that we learn of the absence of Miss Cowles, who was compelled to retire because of the feebleness of her mother. She has been associated with the school longer than any one, with perhaps two exceptions, and on this account, as well as because of the affection every one felt for her, she will be greatly missed.

M. D. B.

Our North District Schoolhouse does not seem to like to resign its position as a building for public instruction. Early in the summer Mr. Walter Griffin occupied it as a school of drawing and painting. Now it has taken another turn and has evolved itself into a girls' club. That means lessons in dressmaking, embroidery, singing, dramatics, sewing, and drawing. Also talks on travel and other subjects, reading, and a regular social evening.

This is the feast prepared for the girls over fifteen years of age. No wonder there are already fifty-five girls on the list. And the poor men still have to sit on the cracker barrels at the store and discuss crops and politics. R. B. B.

Hartford

SINCE music is an educator, a good orchestra, as one of its highest exponents, should become a great power in a community. With the fall months the Hartford Philharmonic Orchestra reunites for this season's work. Three concerts are planned for this winter. It is very interesting to see men and women and quite young boys together in this orchestra all animated by the same youthful enthusiasm. One might have prophesied that there never could or would be a pecuniary reward for this kind of thing. But the New England people like grit. They like to see people in earnest. So that the orchestra has not only been a pleasure and a profit to the musicians, but it has the solid people of Hartford behind it; and many all through Hartford County have not forgotten the really good concert of last year and are looking forward to the coming winter. S. L. B.

The Village Street

SPREADING maple and lordly elm
 In fluted and clustered colonnade—
 Great-girthed branches that might have strayed
 From the wooded heart of a wilder realm—
 Stemming the sunlight that seeks to whelm
 In a liquid torrent of yellow glow
 The leaf-ships sailing about below,
 Guided by zephyrs at every helm;
 While heaped up wrecks, red, gold, and green,
 Rustle softly about your feet.

Man's work is clothed in a golden sheen,
 And God's work smiles and the air is sweet:
 Peace, God's peace, in the pleasant scene
 Adown the length of the village street.

B. J.

The Editor's Sketch-Book

ALMOST a century ago a series of papers appeared in New York, edited by three young men for their own and the public's delectation. This was the imposing introduction: "Simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age."

Few since have stated their purpose with equal frankness, far less with equal humor.

The *Farmington Magazine* prays your courtesy for matters less important, yet would take the same vein. In this little village of ours there seems much that is fine which may have been hidden, some that is not fine that might be hidden, and much that would gain from the talking over. We wish to serve as a vehicle for the first and last; perhaps also to castigate the age.

We hope in the near future to publish articles of historic interest to the town, and also to have a department which may be enjoyed by many of the former pupils of the school which has been for so long a valued feature of Farmington life. We beg the coöperation of our fellow-townsmen, and should be glad to receive many manuscripts, be they prose or poetry, scientific or imaginative.

Love for our village means not only the expression of our pleasure in living here, but the effort to bring out and emphasize all that is worth knowing in it.

It seems most fitting that in any public effort to add value or interest to life in Farmington the work of that best known of her citizens, Miss Sarah Porter, should be mentioned.

Miss Porter, like Mark Hopkins, was one of the great educators of America. But while her interest in the personality and character of her pupils was very great, her attention was never diverted from matters of importance in the town. We recognize that she was in the best sense of the word a citizen, one who had a genuine interest in all public questions, and who gave her influence for what she believed to be the highest good to the town she loved.

We are borrowing much from the originator of the literary magazine in America, and would publicly acknowledge our debt to him. In these days of new books too little attention is given to our own early literature, and we may find much in the writings of Washington Irving to admire, much in his gentle spirit to emulate. He it was who first called attention to the romantic and historic interest of localities of our own country. He turned the attention of men of culture from mere reminiscence and vain copying of life and nature beyond the sea, to the beauties of their own land. He taught Americans to paint from their own doorstep; and proud we are if in our *sketch-book* we can point out things of interest and beauty about us which may not have had due attention before.

E. H. DEMING

F. L. SCOTT

E. H. DEMING & CO.

Proprietors

(Opposite the Church)

Anything from a Needle to a ton of
Coal

At Lowest Prices

Bunker Hill and "1776" Coffee

Local and Long Distance Telephone

Hugh Chesney, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty.

"There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet."

Farmington Drug Store

KODAK FILMS

Charles S. Mason, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.

Palms, ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

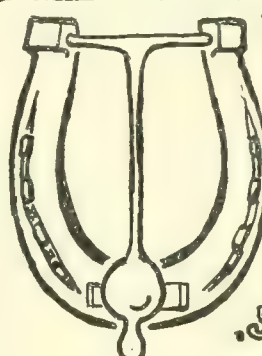
Telephone Connections

HENRY O. WILCOX

Carpenter and Builder

REPAIRING AND JOBBING—ESTIMATES GIVEN

MAIN STREET, FARMINGTON, CONN.



**YE GOOD LUCK DOOR
KNOCKER**

MADE BY JESSE MOORE
FARMINGTON CONN.

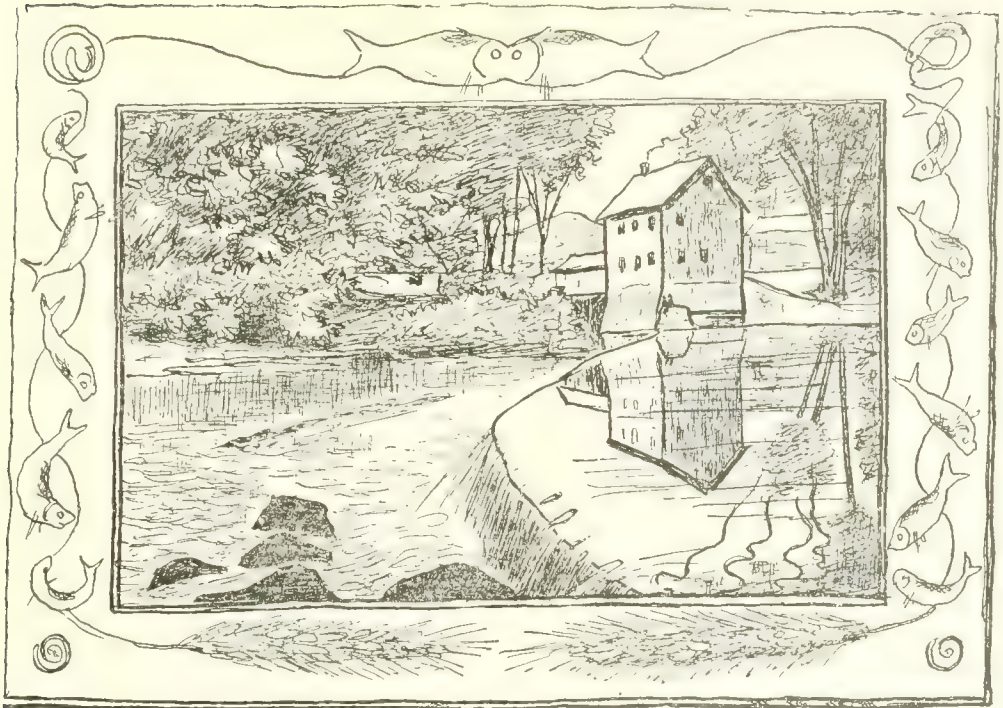
IN BRASS AND WROUGHT IRON
TWO SIZES

PRICES \$
.50 .75 1.00, AND 1.25 —

One of our villagers had a lamb that bleated unceasingly; this led a neighbor to remark that whenever the lamb was quiet its owner secured a work of art—a bas-relief.

Any one wishing **Life, Accident, or Fire Insurance** will do well to consult **H. L. CRANDALL** before investing elsewhere. Special Agent for **Ætna Life** and other old reliable companies.

Farmington, Ct.



THE MILL

Wollenberg Brothers

FARMINGTON, CONN.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Flour, Grain, Feed, Fertilizer, etc.

We make a specialty of Whole Wheat Flour

For Bread Flour use

"Wollenberg Bros. Best"

There is none better

We also carry "Pillsbury's Best" and Lake Flour

There will again be a Grab-Bag at the Oyster Supper. The difference between Miss Brandegge's Goose and the Goose that laid the Golden Egg is that in this case the Egg must first be presented to the Goose. Please help Miss Brandegge in getting together 400 grabs.

GOLF GOODS, FENCING MATERIAL, AND ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

Golf Clubs and Caddy Bags repaired

GILLETTE BROTHERS

198 Pearl Street, cor. Haynes

THE HARTFORD PRINTING CO.,

ELIUD GEER'S SONS,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,

16 STATE ST., HARTFORD, CONN.

A fire occurred in the home of one of our artists. It is rumored that it caught from a flaming sunset canvas. Should insurance rates be raised on artist's dwellings?

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY
AND THE REVIVAL OF MINIATURE MAKING
Christopher Johnstone's
Studio

Hartford's Leading Photographer

45 Pratt Street, Hartford, Connecticut

FIRST DOOR WEST OF PRATT STREET SAVINGS BANK

Platinotypes, Carbon Process, Miniatures. Children a specialty
Portraits made in the homes of patrons if so requested
Write for pamphlet, "Art in Photography"

It Tells—What to Wear, Something about Posing, How to Dress for a
Portrait, Best Hours for Sitting, and describes the processes used by
Mr. Johnstone.

D. R. HAWLEY
Decorating and Painting
Artistic Interior Work

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections



E. P. CAHILL,

Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR

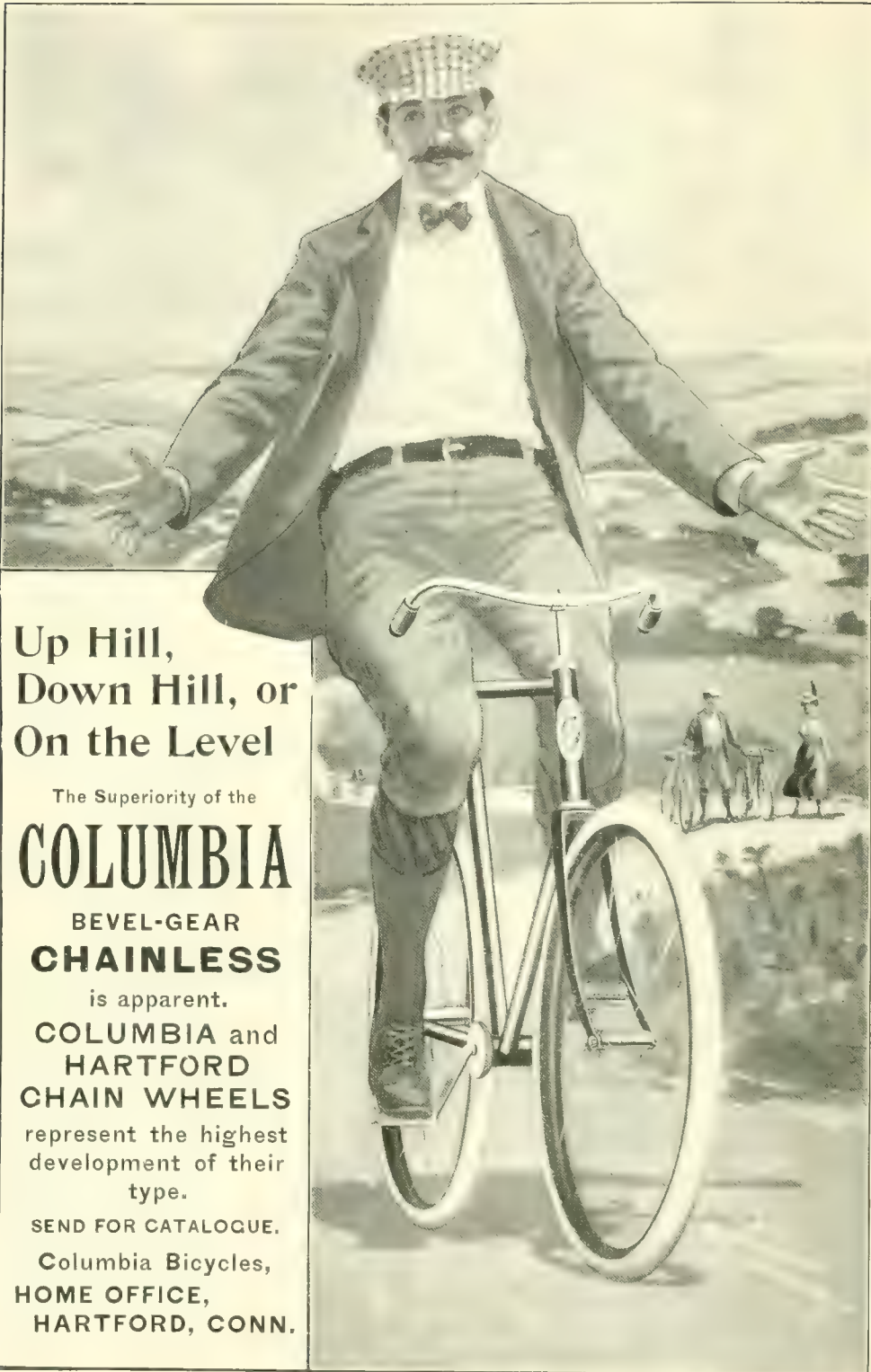
Tailor-made Gowns in fashionable cloths
including Scotch Tweeds, Serges, Vicunas
Khakis, and Flannels, a specialty

Perfect fit guaranteed. Fashions from the latest Creations
of London and Paris

All Orders Receive
Prompt Attention

105 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.



A black and white illustration of a man with a mustache, wearing a patterned bowler hat, a suit jacket, a white shirt, and a bow tie. He is riding a Columbia bicycle up a hill, with his arms outstretched in a gesture of ease or triumph. The background shows a hilly landscape with other people and bicycles in the distance.

Up Hill,
Down Hill, or
On the Level

The Superiority of the

COLUMBIA

BEVEL-GEAR
CHAINLESS

is apparent.

**COLUMBIA and
HARTFORD
CHAIN WHEELS**

represent the highest
development of their
type.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Bicycles,
HOME OFFICE,
HARTFORD, CONN.

INSURE IN ✻ THE TRAVELERS ✻

of Hartford, Conn.

ISSUES THE BEST

LIFE and ENDOWMENT, ACCIDENT and HEALTH, also

EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY Contracts

Assets	\$29,046,737.45
Liabilities	24,926,280.61
Excess (3½ per cent. basis) .	4,120,456.84

GAINS: 6 months, January to July, 1900

In Assets	\$1,286,225.89
Increase in Reserves (both Departments)	1,128,534.12
Premiums, Interest, and Rents, 6 Months	4,055,985.62

J. G. BATTERSON, President

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary

H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary

E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies

FRED. R. LOYDON, State Agent for Conn.

Address Home Office, Hartford, Conn.

The Critic

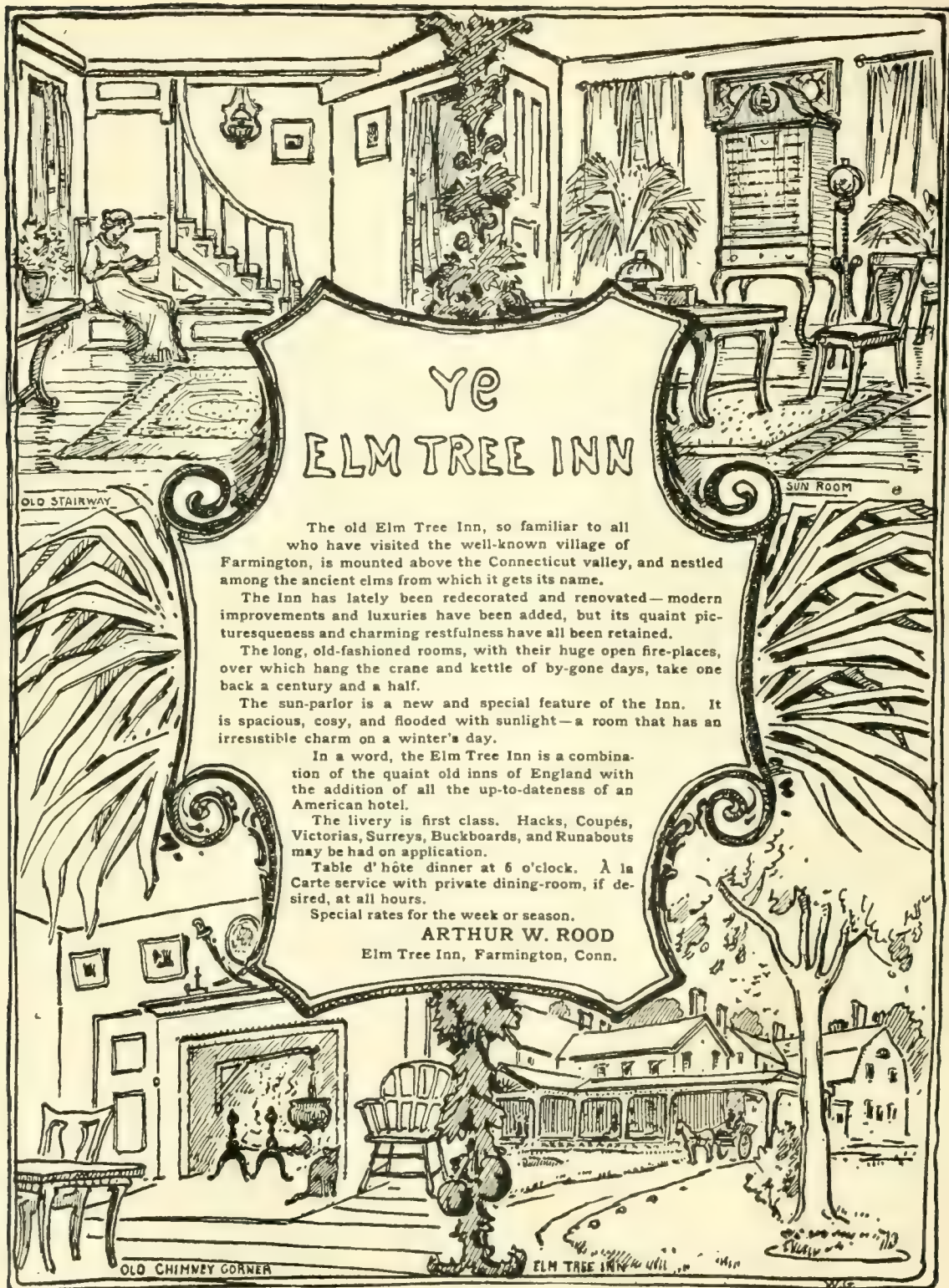
An Illustrated Monthly Review of Literature,
Art, and Life

Regular Yearly Subscription Price, \$2.00

Price per Number, 25 cents

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, Publishers

27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York



Ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupés, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d'hôte dinner at 6 o'clock. À la Carte service with private dining-room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

ARTHUR W. ROOD

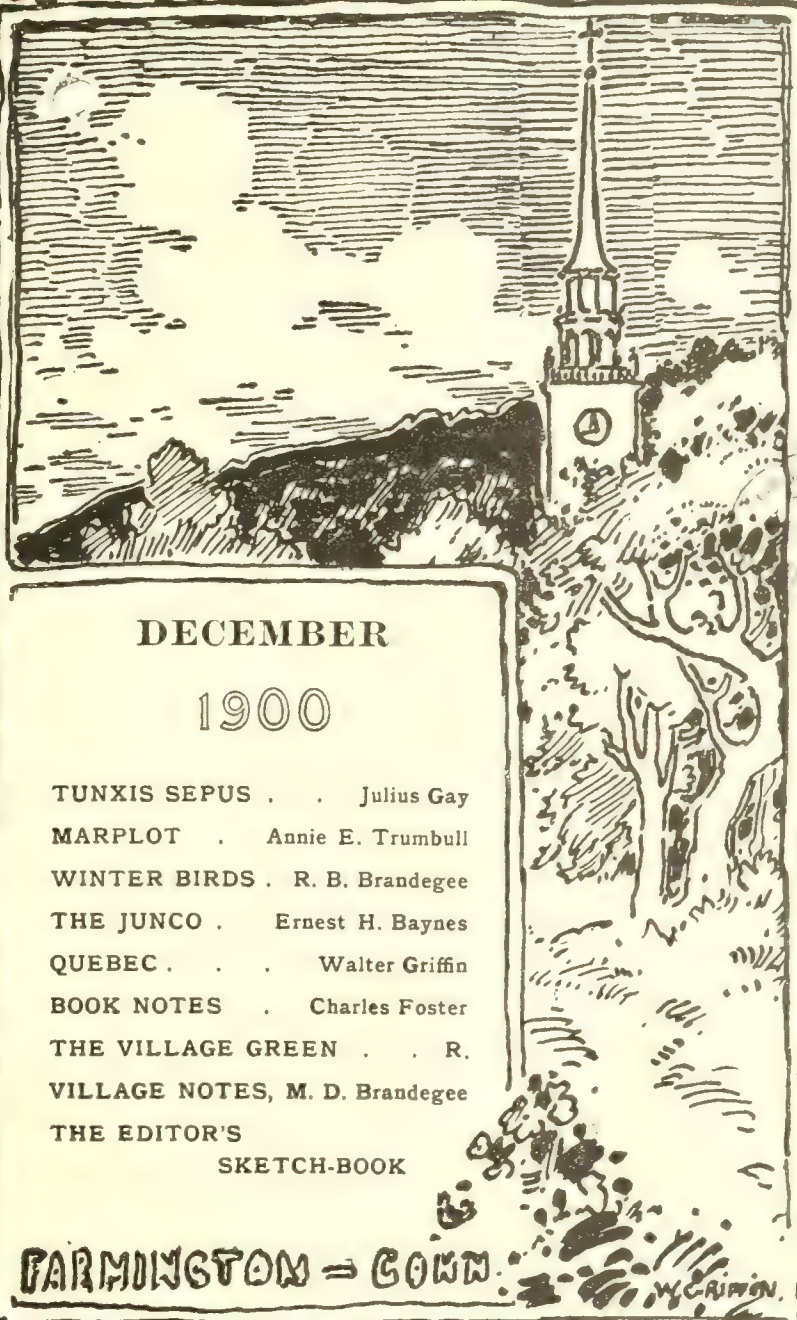
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



DECEMBER
1900

TUNXIS SEPUS . . . Julius Gay
MARPLOT . . . Annie E. Trumbull
WINTER BIRDS . R. B. Brandegee
THE JUNCO . . . Ernest H. Baynes
QUEBEC Walter Griffin
BOOK NOTES . . . Charles Foster
THE VILLAGE GREEN . . . R.
VILLAGE NOTES, M. D. Brandegee
THE EDITOR'S
SKETCH-BOOK

FARMINGTON - CONN.

W. C. GRINN

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

EDITOR :

ELEANOR H. JOHNSON.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR :

LILLIAN BAYNES GRIFFIN.

Terms : 15 cents a single copy.

\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of
THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE, FARMINGTON, CONN., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

The Knickerbocker Press, New York



LOOKING FORWARD AND LOOKING BACKWARD

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1900

No. 2

Tunxis Sepus

TRADITION tells us, or was it some learned man who knew just what was taking place here long before the evolution of man on our planet, that our river did not always follow its present tortuous course northward, but flowed from a great lake southward where now flows the sluggish current of the Quinnipiac. Our ancestors found it pursuing its present way and named by the aborigines Tunxis Sepus, or the crooked river. Crossed by no bridges, and impeded by no dams, it abounded with fish. Shad were so plentiful that the early settlers despised so common an article of food and humbly apologized if it was discovered on their tables. The first dam which interfered with the ascent of fish was that which turned the wheels of the corn-mill of Capt. Thomas Hart and which we hear of in 1701 as lying not far from the Indian Neck. When built we know not. It is only by the record of the legal complications which befell an Indian, Wenemo, who had stolen "a good fire-lock gun," that even this early date was preserved. In 1767 the dam was complained of as a nuisance by those who travelled over the Litchfield road. Thirteen years afterward the town applied to the General Assembly for a lottery to raise money to build a causeway at "Eighty Acres" high enough to be out of reach of the water set back by the dam.

For many years the inhabitants of the village crossed the river in boats, going down to it through the North Meadow Gate and along the then broad highway on which was subsequently built the present Catholic Church edifice. A ferry was established at this point by the town in 1706, which voted that they "would be at the charge of providing and keeping in repair a canoe with ropes convenient for passing and repassing the river at the landing place." This place was long afterwards known as "The Canoe Place." The ferry however had its disadvantages, and in 1722 we read that "the Society granted to Samuel Thomson son of John for the charge he hath been at in recovering the canoe that was driven down to Simsbury five shillings." Instead of the fragile ropes a chain was stretched across the river to guide the canoe. Six years afterward the town had either built a bridge or was tired of the ferry and the Ecclesiastical Society voted "to sell the boat that at present lies useless, . . . the chain to be taken care of by the Society Treasurer." In 1767 we read of the "Great Bridge" at this point. In 1768 the town votes to build a "bridge near the North Meadow Gate, which is to be of the same construction as the present bridge," and in 1803 they vote to sell the woodwork of the old North Bridge. In 1830 they voted the building of the present covered bridge, which was accomplished the next year. The remains of the east abutment of the first two bridges may still be seen several hundred feet lower down the river, the erection of which caused a whirlpool very famous in its day and dangerous to the unwary swimmer.

During a brief period after the Revolutionary War, while for one, or at most two generations, the merchant princes of Farmington retained their wealth, the river-bank just below the bend was covered with boathouses and pleasure-grounds and a path led down to them through a double line of Lombardy poplars from the newly built house of Gen. George Cowles. These disappeared long ago, and the mill and bridges are the only structures on the line of the river which have changed its appearance since the Indian paddled his canoe over its surface, or fished along its banks, or buried his dead on the hillside which still looks down on the most beautiful bend of the river. The freshets which every spring cover our broad meadows for miles, suggestive of the prehistoric lake, preclude any building along its banks. So does Nature kindly protect her own from the improvements and intermeddling of ingenious man.

JULIUS GAY.

Marplot

"HIST!" said a voice from the brushwood at the side of the path. The boy who was passing rapidly and carelessly along paused instantly and looked about him. The scene scanned by his quick eyes was not that of the New England of to-day, but of a hundred and fifty years ago. Instead of cultivated farm land, green meadow, and thickly clustering houses, there was an occasional clapboarded dwelling with modest lean-to and narrow windows, and, less frequently still, a statelier mansion with fanlight, severe pillars, and green blinds, while bordering all and crowning all, were the thick forest lands which stretched away to the blue hills of the New England horizon. It was a country where surprises lay in wait on every bypath. So silent was the outlook here, a mile away from the little settlement which showed intermittently through the trees, that the young wayfarer thought that he must have mistaken the sudden fall of a leaf, or the rustling progress of a squirrel for the human voice, but in another moment the bushes close at hand were pushed aside and a youth a few years his senior appeared within the edge of the wood. Slight and tall, he stood for a moment as motionless as might have waited some furtive animal of the forest startled into attention. Then he nodded in further greeting.

"I have waited for thee, Steven Howell," he said. "I have something for thine ear."

Howell turned back with his swinging boyish step, and leaping over the rough ground, joined the speaker in the shade of the trees.

"Thou makest a great to-do of secrecy about the matter!" he exclaimed. "What wouldst thou have of me that may not be spoken in the highway?"

"A prudent man concealeth knowledge, but the heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness," quoted the older youth sententiously, as quietly he led the way deeper still into the recesses of the wood. The boys were as unlike in appearance as in tone and language. Steven was unusually handsome, with fair, sunburned complexion, blue eyes, and a graceful impulsiveness of voice and manner. He had not yet reached his full height, but when a few years should have added an inch or two to his stature and strength to his outlines, he would be a fine type of the ready New Englander, early prepared to cope with difficulties of church and state. His companion, on the contrary, had shot up suddenly into a long, thin, somewhat lank manhood. He was pale and stooped a little, while the thoughtfulness of his brow and its faint indication of future lines, betokened the seriousness and preoccupation of one bearing the yoke of responsibility in his youth.

Reaching a mossy spot out of sight and hearing of the road, Howell threw himself down on the soft earth, while the other, with characteristic deliberation, found a suitable seat on the massive root of a huge tree. There was a moment's silence.

"Well!" said Steven impatiently. The other raised his head and spoke slowly.

"Methinks thou knowest young Mr. Henry Payton," he said.

"Know young Mr. Henry Payton!" exclaimed the younger, with instantly awakened interest. "That I do! What of him? Naught but good, I'll warrant thee, Ephraim Cole."

"And likest him?" continued Cole gravely.

"The best of any of his age and condition—albeit both be something beyond mine," answered the boy enthusiastically. "Forsooth, that may I well," he went on; "did he not risk limb, if not life, to get me down from yonder wooded cliff whither I had gone birdnesting?"

"I had heard something of that," said Ephraim Cole. "Truly then, was it he that pulled you from the snare of your own folly?"

"Nay, it was not such folly either—it was a rare bird! Be that as it may, I had got my booty, and was fain to return with it, when I found the way that had seemed easy well-nigh closed against my return, and I, left alone and helpless, was like to weep—being then a little lad," he added apologetically, "and none there to hear or see. At that, comes by Mr. Payton, seeking a scarce posy for some sweet-heart or other, and in less time than I tell it, he hath comforted me, and come up to me to show me the way down." While the boy spoke Ephraim Cole watched him with an intentness that seemed to denote that he was rather observing than listening. Again he was silent, as dropping his eyes to the rich, deep moss, he passed his hand back and forth over its velvet, absently, once or twice.

"And thou foundest him in such a difficulty as that from which he rescued thee—" he asked.

"Well?" said Steven a second time.

"Thou wouldst not hang back from offering him in thy turn a helping hand?" and the older boy raised his eyes and met those of his companion. It was half a question, half an assertion. Steven sat bolt upright and spoke with eagerness.

"That would I not!" he exclaimed. "But," and smiling, he threw himself again at his length on the carpeted ground, "why talk of such chances? Mr. Henry Payton hath a sure foot and a sharp eye and a keen ear for all difficulties that beset the steps of men hereabouts, and there be little likelihood that he be caught in any trap where mine would avail him."

"And yet," went on Ephraim, still slowly, "he is like to be near one, and that before long, which he will not know how to avoid, and which Steven Howell may help him out of with no more danger to himself than mayhap that of a hard knock or two."

Steven sprang to his feet.

"What is that thou art saying?" he demanded, his eyes shining with excitement. "Something that I can do? And it hath danger in it? Out with it, man! Speak faster lest it escape thee altogether!"

"How now, how now!" said the other calmly; "let not thy noisy readiness call in others from the road. For though in a multitude of councillors there be safety, nevertheless 'a wise man holdeth his peace.'"

"Get on, get on!" cried Steven impatiently, "A trap, sayest thou? And I may do him a like good turn to that he did me?"

"Yes." Unmoved by the boy's excitement, Cole was silent long enough this time for a delicate breeze to flit through the underbrush, bend in hurried salutation the heads of the longer-stemmed grasses and wild flowers, and be gone.

"And this encounter also," he said at last, "hath a sweetheart in it."

"A sweetheart!" A cloud of impatient disappointment shadowed the face of the other as he exclaimed, "Tell me not that I must run of errands bearing missives and such like, tied, it may be, with the foolishness of a lover's knot!"

"No, thou shalt have no lovers' knots—unless, in faith," smiled Ephraim, "it be one in a stout hempen cord. Sit thee down again and listen, for it is time thou didst understand the matter."

"So have I thought this some time past. Out with it, I say!" and the restless boy again took his seat on the ground.

"Well, then, thou knowest that Mr. Payton is contracted with—with fair Mistress Prudence Satterlee, who hath a face like a lily and a voice like the low murmur of sleepy birds."

"I know not if she have a lily face and a bird voice," said Steven discontentedly, "but I do know that he hath been contracted with Mistress Satterlee, for that same thing hath made him singular indifferent and most indiscreet in his management of hook and line. I did think he had better wit than to let such things go for mere sweetheating!" and he struck his strong young fist on the earth at his side in sheer scornfulness.

"Mayhap thy wisdom may yet be turned to folly," said the other, smiling again. "But be that as it may, Mr. Henry Payton hath placed his heart in the white hands of Mistress Prudence to do with as she will."

"And thou thinkest I may help withhold him from the folly—that I may show him 't were better to leave"—began Stephen anxiously yet somewhat doubtfully.

"Nay!" said Ephraim with a sharpness he had not yet shown. "Folly, didst thou say! Thou art indeed a presumptuous boy. To cleave only unto Mistress Satterlee were a wisdom indeed. But,"—and he checked himself and changing his tone, concluded quietly,—“but what dost thou know of such things, and why shouldst thou?”

"'T was thy own word," said Steven somewhat sulkily, "and I thought it a doubtful exploit—well then, have done with thy fol-de-rol of a man's heart in a lady's hands and get on!"

"The wedding day is fixed and the place and hour appointed."

Ephraim paused after his fashion and Steven raised his head impatiently.

"Now thou knowest," went on Cole, "our silly custom of bride-stealing."

"I have heard thereof but have given small heed to such revellings."

"Did you not hear how, a year ago, at the wedding of Bess Norton, certain gay young men who were unbidden to the feast, the magistrate, the elder, and the company being gathered together, did break in and carry off the bride?"

"No!" fairly shouted Steven.

"They treated her fairly to be sure," went on Ephraim, "but detained her until they were all called back together to make merry at the farm. There was talk of it and nothing else for a week."

"Indeed they should not carry off my bride!" declared Steven, apparently forgetting his rejection of the possibilities involved. "They should leave her alone or there should be broken heads."

"Softly there! It be a foolish fashion to be sure, but to make it an occasion of strife and bloodshed be to make it a worse. 'T were better turn the tables upon the revellers all in the way of merriment." And again the speaker studied the features of the handsome boy before him as though wondering if he were truly fitted for a delicate transaction.

"In truth I am most unwilling to have it carried out, for I fear me fair Mistress Prudence would shrink into tears at such rough play." Ephraim's voice was lower as he added, "She is not one to hold her own in raillery as did Bess at the farm."

"So they would steal away Mistress Prudence and seek to spite——"

"I am coming to that. An hour ago, as I sought here a certain leaf and was

therefore somewhat hidden from the road, I heard thence the voices of young men. One I recognized as that of Mr. Cuthbert Shaw for whom I have little esteem. So, purposing not to be bantered on my search for simples, I drew further in, but scarcely had I done so when I caught a word or two that bade me give closer attention."

"And what—what said he?" demanded Steven, raising himself on his elbows, as he lay on the ground, in order more eagerly to scan the other's face.

"I have but one tongue with which to tell thee," answered Cole, "and I would need speak with many to forestall thine."

"Well, well——"

"'He hath too fine manners for our sort, forsooth,' said Cuthbert Shaw. 'In faith then, we will dance at his wedding in spite of him!' 'Yes it is not for Henry Payton,' answered the other——"

"And who may this other be?"

"A fellow whose name I know not, but who consorteth much with boisterous company. 'It is not for Henry Payton,' quoth he, 'to carry his head so high. I warrant young Mistress Satterlee will forward our cause for us.'"

"'Tis meet that Henry Payton carry his head above his sort," hotly interrupted Howell.

"With this," went on Ephraim, "they paused just before me on the road, leaning idly against a bent and rugged tree trunk, and I, considering that the occasion warranted such eavesdropping, paid strict heed to their words. To cut the matter short, they propose to carry away Mistress Prudence according to the afore-said braggart fashion, and the details of the plot being known to me I would use them, but to no ill."

"But Henry Payton!" stormed Steven. "He will brook no such interference. He hath a hot spirit and a sudden. These blades will find they have no puny cavalier to deal with!"

"Aye," answered Ephraim, "and for that very reason did I listen with a clear conscience. Mr. Henry Payton will not be thwarted—in little matter or in great." The waning sunlight and the dusky green of the forest made the boy's face seem paler even than usual. "And if he would—I might not—who knows?—be over ready to help." He spoke in momentary forgetfulness of his companion, who speedily recalled his attention.

"I would help, were it but for the pleasure of strife," he asserted uncompromisingly.

"I warrant," said the older one, smiling slightly. "But it was not for strife that I summoned thee. Rather I thought, as I turn this meditated trick into laughter, it were well done, else with the material at hand a pretty blaze may be stirred up, to the consuming of all marriage festivity whatsoever."

"Well, and seest thou a way?"

"I think I see a way," answered Cole cautiously. "Listen, and if it meet not thy worshipful approval, I know that thou canst hold thy peace."

The breeze had died down, the wood had grown more persistently silent when the two boys made their way out and stood a moment in the road. "Thou hast a quick wit," said Steven admiringly; "I had never thought on such a device."

"My wit were helpless without thy dexterity," answered the other as they separated.

It was later in the week that, fair and peaceful as the day itself, stood Mistress Prudence Satterlee before the little gilt-bordered mirror in her own room, clad in a soft white gown. Shyly glancing at the pink cheeks, the delicate brow, and the wide blue eyes there reflected, a certain apprehension made itself felt lest she be led into the crying sin of vanity, a transgression she held justly in abhorrence. Swiftly raising her eyes to the painted group above the glass, she dwelt instead upon the

angular gilt lady in a gilt chair, gazing, with a fine disinterestedness of vision, upon a palm tree of precisely her own size, thus turning what might have been a danger into a source of artistic profit. A young girl stood near her laying straight the folds of the full skirt, and by the window waited another, whose beautiful, haughty head was turned, now to glance critically at the wedding gown, and now out of the window with its wide view of field and highway.

"It was a strange freak," said the former, "that of Henry Payton to have the marriage in the corner room after all. Methought the west parlor would have been fitter."

"A wilful man—a bit more to the left, Elizabeth—a wilful man must have his way, eh, Prudence?" laughed Mistress Hope Carroll as she came forward suddenly from the window and picked up a painted fan.

"What matters it where it be?" answered Prudence softly. "Surely a man may lead his wife into such surroundings as may best please him."

"Have a care!" warned gay Mistress Carroll, with a toss of her head; "let him not know too soon thy complying disposition! A man's stubbornness needeth not to be watched and tended—it groweth apace."

"The brave words of wilfulness and stubbornness are pat upon thy tongue," said Prudence, smiling: "since when hast thou become the advocate of humility in man or maid?"

"Thou deservest not that I lend thee my help and countenance!" answered Mistress Carroll, as she made ready to go down the stair. "But there, sweetheart, thou needst but to look fair and somewhat abashed as thou goest below—and that thou accomplishest to admiration," and with a deep, laughing reverence, she passed first out of the room.

Swiftly and lightly she stepped down the curving stairway, her hand just touching the mahogany rail, her still laughing eyes meeting those of Henry Payton who stood waiting below.

"Make way for the bride-maiden," she whispered. Then as her glance went beyond him to the west parlor she added, "And is all ready for the bride?"

"All is ready," replied Henry Payton, quickly.

"Alack, the impatience of the bridegroom!" she murmured as she went on.

ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

(To be Concluded)

Birds That Stay with Us through the Winter

WHEN we make a drawing from nature, we look over the whole subject and say, where is the blackest spot? And surely, in looking over the twenty or more winter birds on the drawing principle, we would begin with the Crow. I like to say a good word for the Crow, who, as the Frenchman said, is not so Devil as he is black. The best authorities have weighed all the Crow's shortcomings and his fine qualities, and they agree that not only is there an injustice being done to the Crow, but that the balance of good is on his side, and that we owe him an apology and sympathy, instead of a charge of powder and shot. Even that habit of pulling up the corn can all be stopped by dipping the corn in tar and rolling it in ashes, and the Crow will not even touch the young blades of corn after the tar treatment.

But there is something about the color of a black bird that makes the ignorant

suspect him ; it is probably one of those superstitious impulses that dates back to the time when we were evolving from the monkey into the Bushman. Nothing that I may say will have any effect, for it is such a pleasure for man to be brutal, and one does not have to go very far to find whole clubs of sinewy, athletic young Americans armed to the teeth with rapid-fire guns, in the most " strenuous manner " exterminating the savage Pewee, the dangerous Crow, and the bloodthirsty Robin.

All these injustices to the birds are the school for cruelty, and delay the golden ages which are anxious to come. Why do the Crows stay where they are so badly treated? If Elijah had shot at the ravens who brought him food, he would not have been unlike us, for the Crow is working hard for our benefit. The number of grubs, of mice, of worms, which the Crows destroy is surprising.

When the female sits on the nest in the top of the hemlock tree, the male keeps a sharp lookout for enemies. He brings his mate food at intervals while she is sitting, and even sits on the nest for her sometimes. As winter arrives, the Crows form into large flocks. Back and forth they fly to their roosts, making a detour of forty miles in a day, and high up in the sky where the cirrus clouds look like rainbows. Perhaps the Crow that I once caught is sailing along with the others. I got him very drunk by soaking the corn in rum, and as he strutted around, not knowing much, he stepped into a steel trap. Perhaps he stepped in because he only had one eye, and the trap was on the blind side. I wrote a letter and tied it to his leg and let him fly. I won't tell you what I wrote, for you may catch him some day and then you can read it.

A near relative of the Crow, the Blue Jay, becomes more sociable as the winter advances. All his summer antics are laid aside. The imitations of the Hawks, the screaming after Owls, the endless deceits practised on the little birds, the egg-sucking, the destroying of young birds,—all those good times are past, and now with the winter the Blue Jay humbly asks for a few grains of corn. The snow covers the ground, and sometimes the Partridges that have hidden under the snow to get warm have the snow frozen over their heads during a sleet storm and perish. The hemlock tree is the great friend of the winter birds ; it gathers the dried leaves under its skirt for the Partridges and makes little roofs for the other winter birds. The Red-tailed Hawk is keeping a sharp lookout for the mice that venture out on the snow. He has a sullen air and draws in his claws from the cold ; he shrugs up his shoulders, but nothing escapes his wonderful eyes under their beetling brows.

One of the interesting events of midwinter is when a large flock of Pine Grosbeaks arrive ; they are s otame, and they look as though it was a plump place to live, near the Arctic regions. And they are very confiding. They impress us all with the idea what a beautiful thing it would be if man and the birds could live together in peace. Another winter visitor is the Snow Bunting, which arrives in flocks, some almost pure white and others mottled with yellow and brown on the backs. When the thermometer falls very low and the snow lies thickly over everything, the big Snowy Owl may be seen, but is always rare.

The Downy Woodpecker and the Chickadee are often seen, and the Juncos, or Snowbirds, flit around in flocks and like the " Mother Carey's Chickens," prelude a storm.

R. B. B.

The Junco

The Junco, or Snow Bird is a winter visitant here. Its outer tail-feathers are white and are conspicuously displayed as the bird flies.

"O PLUMP little bird with the slate-colored back,
Of your name I have no recollection."

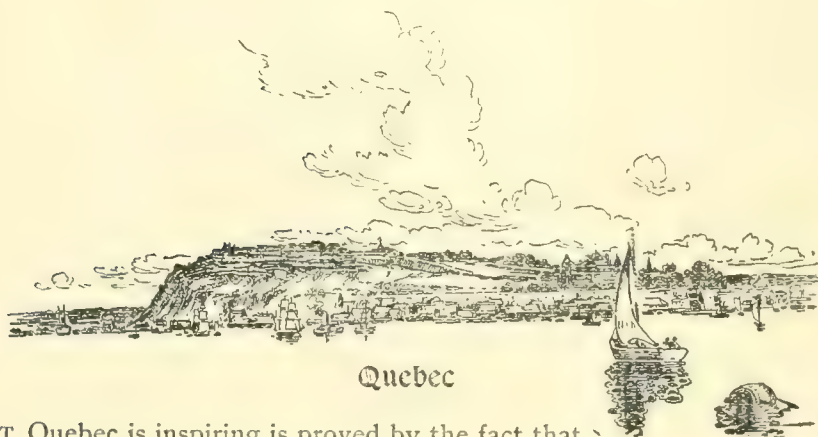
"My name it is 'Junco,'" the gray one replied,
"From my home in the North last October I hied,
And from now till the spring I expect to reside
With you, if you have no objection."

"Mr. Junco, I'm sure you are welcome to stay,
That is, if the sparrows will let you.
The sparrows are English, and Englishmen must,
From the New Year till Christmas, fight something or bust ;
I'm afraid you'd be rolled in the snow or the dust
Every day in the week, if they met you."

"Though the English must fight," said the Junco again,
"Flags of truce they have always respected.
I just show the white flag on each side of my tail,
And the sparrows make way right and left without fail ;
So you see I have really no reason to quail,
For I know I shall not be dissected."

"Then stay by all means, Mr. Junco," I cried ;
"Most delighted I am that you came.
On conventional detail there's no time to waste ;
You're hungry, so off to your dinner with haste,
And if oak trees and maples are not to your taste,
At 'The Elm Tree' just mention my name."

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.



THAT Quebec is inspiring is proved by the fact that almost every visitor to it has a strong desire to give expression to what he or she sees and feels. People who have never before thought of writing or using a sketch-book begin to look at the pencil and pen as a means of interpretation—a means by

which they can carry away with them some note of the romantic, the historical, the picturesque, and share it with others.

I often wonder why it is that so many people will struggle and save and deprive themselves of so many comforts in order that they may take a trip to Europe, when they have only a month's holiday. It surely must be that they don't know of the wonderful beauties of their own country that can be reached in a few hours and at a very small expense. I am, of course, referring to the many thousands of people who go to Europe in an objectless way, just to get a change and see a little of a strange country. Perhaps they have never considered that a day's journey from New York, and for a ticket costing twelve dollars and fifty cents, they can reach a city as beautiful as any in the Old World, with another climate, another language, another religion, and another people.

It rivals all the places I have ever been in for inexpensive living. Tourists can pay from twenty dollars a day down, but twenty dollars will also secure comfortable accommodation for an entire month. Why people squander fortunes in our conventional summer resorts is beyond me.

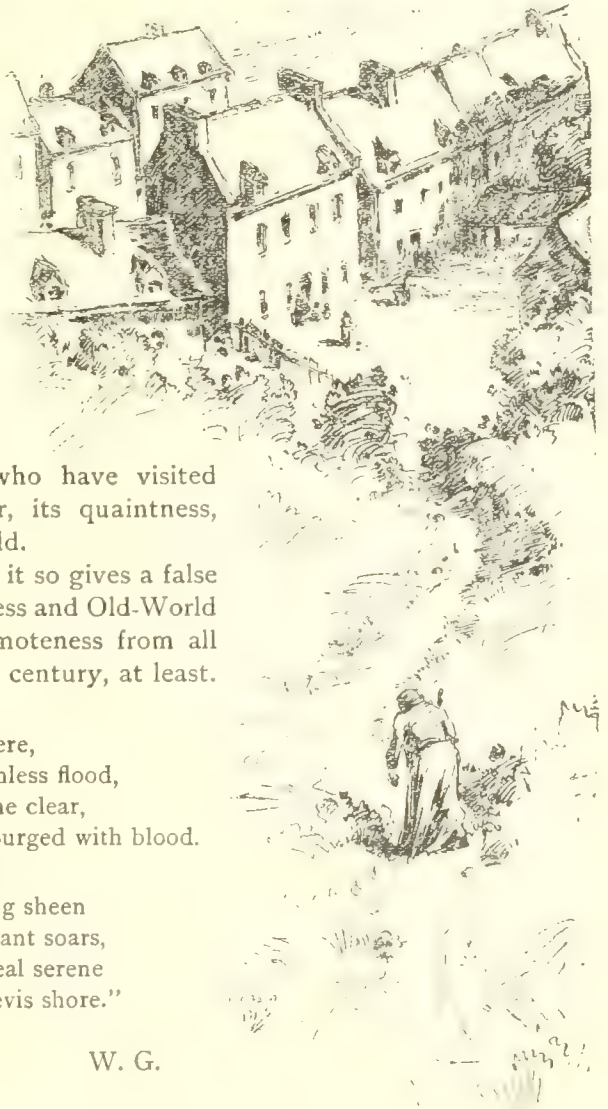
Almost without exception, surprise has been the first sensation that has come to those who have visited Quebec,—surprise at its grandeur, its quaintness, and its difference from all the world.

Quebec is a city, but to call it so gives a false and unjust impression. Its sleepiness and Old-World ways, its lack of enterprise and remoteness from all hustle and bustle, take one back a century, at least.

"An eagle city of her heights austere,
Taker of tribute from the chainless flood,
She watches wave above her in the clear,
The whiteness of her banner purged with blood.

"Near her grim citadel the blinding sheen
Of her cathedral spire triumphant soars,
Rocked by the Angelus whose peal serene
Beats over Beaupré and the Levis shore."

W. G.



Book Notes

Is there any good reason for a story, or, for that matter, anything, being ugly and disagreeable? Is there not always a way of doing a thing, a best way, that can accomplish its mission better, even where the material is ever so ugly? This is certainly true of the plastic arts. In spite of its shrewdness and strength, *Unleavened Bread*, by Robert Grant, is intensely unpleasant. It is grim and brutal. It is written by a man who has no patience with other points of view than his own; a conservative, who has lost sight of the fact that the highest standards have been won only by experimenting, and have met with ridicule from other standards of conservatism. The struggle for social success—the process of “arriving”—is not edifying, but in a country of self-made men it is in a measure inevitable, until every one shall be born into an environment that shall be fine and sympathetic. Mr. Grant comes stalwartly to the defence of “good society,” and, like most others who have done so, becomes hopelessly involved by discarding the matter as simple, when in reality it is one of the most complex questions in the world and is, after all, relative, like everything else. Who, for instance, questions that consideration for others, education, taste, and common sense should entitle a person to be considered “best”? But who can believe that they are always so considered? Flossy Williams attains a position in a New York set that is advertised as “best,” and tells the reason why it is so. This, of course, is the author’s explanation. Will he also assume the responsibility of her vulgarity at a White House reception, when Flossy and her friends from Wall Street “drop in after dinner,” place themselves in a corner for fear of being thought to belong to the families of Members,—separate the “sheep from the goats,” and have “fun” with the “Western Wooleys”? Although the book is mostly a consideration of society, the author does not make any distinction between social “leaders,” who are so in the right sense, because of their broad sympathies, and the majority perhaps of those who are found in their wake.

The story is one of a young woman, ambitious, small-hearted, hypocritical, and envious. She has a soulful face, a far-away gaze, that takes every one in for a short time, but we really feel glad for the struggling creature that the book ends before her third husband—a United States Senator—has fathomed her. We hope he will die before he does so. She is an exceedingly unpleasant person. The one charming character is the architect, who, as her second husband, refuses to lower his standard of truth; but she is victorious over him even, since she nagged him into his grave.

The book—which somehow reminds one of the American Architecture he handles so remorselessly—if written thirty years or so ago might have had some “reason for being.” That inevitable movement which has the generic name of “woman’s rights,” is frankly sneered at. (*Scribner’s*) C. F.

“Along French Byways”

WHEN we have passed many years reading books and books and books, about every spot on earth, confident that the last word and more has been said, it is a moment of wonder when we see still another and one more shot at this or that hard-

pounded spot. Well, there are younger readers behind us who must be told. Then the older books are destroyed or look old-fashioned and are so. There are few painted roses that look *rosy*, and when perchance one is so, it is like a discovery of a new charm.

Years ago I had placed the French country among the mossy subjects. However, Mr. Clifton Johnson writes in his *Along French Byways*, not only without a shade of fear that his subject has been "done to death," but as tho' France were a portion of a recently discovered planet and himself the first man on the ground. Our youngish traveller avoids almost entirely the large towns—does not attempt to describe cathedrals, galleries, nor parliaments. It is chiefly an account of the country, its primitive methods in agriculture, rustic homes, provincial schools, a small church or two, an exceedingly good account of the "Lourdes" mystery, and many other things. The exact reason for existing things is not always found by him, but his philosophy about them is always entertaining and it is all told in good New England English. There are many illustrations by some photographic process of only mediocre interest. The figures in most cases have a posed, self conscious appearance. (The Macmillan Co.) C. F.

The Village Green

FOLLOWING a very general custom in the village settlements of early New England, the first proprietors of Farmington withheld from the general partition and sale of their holdings a considerable parcel of land near the centre of the site of their proposed village, which, while never formally dedicated to defined public uses, has nevertheless come to be regarded, after the lapse of two and a half centuries, as in some sort the property of the community, as are the village greens of old England, because they are the remnants of ancient fields and pastures once common to all the villagers.

With what propriety this bit of reserved ground in Farmington village may once have been called the Village Green we know not, but the unfitness of that designation at the present time or for some generations past is painfully manifest. So little solicitude for its preservation for fit public uses has heretofore been shown that its precise boundaries, except as indicated by the highway, are difficult to determine, if indeed any one has ever thought it worth while to attempt doing so. As a consequence, it is more than suspected that the east boundary has been seriously encroached upon by buildings of adjacent owners on that side; along the south side a wagon road, and another parallel with it through the middle of the plot, have for many years been used as "cuts," but without any known authority of law, as neither of them is recognized as a highway repairable by the town authorities. Nothing but the noble church edifice which has adorned the ground since 1771 is calculated to remind us of the beneficent design of the founders. The eye and mind of the beholder painfully turn from the church and all its suggestions of past gener-

ations to the contemplation of the huddle of ugly structures which repose under the shadow of its venerable walls—the horse-sheds, “the Chapel,” so called, the Town Record Office, the blackened ruins of a fire-engine house, and, lastly, the village lockup! No one ought to be surprised if a stranger to the neighborhood should look about him to see whether the public Pound might be located near by.

Manifestly this bit of public ground thus neglected and encumbered, lacks every essential feature of the traditional Village Green, except the greenness of its small compass of grass.

It is well known that for some years before her death Miss Porter, whose spirit of public enterprise was equalled only by her deep and enduring love for her native village, was contemplating some plan for a genuine Village Green—a piece of grass-land set apart for useful and ornamental purposes to the profit and enjoyment of her fellow townspeople for all time to come. To this end, with the cordial co-operation of some of her former pupils who somehow learned her wishes, she purchased something over two acres of ground across the highway opposite the Elm Tree Inn, which she proceeded forthwith to clear of the several varieties of structures which disfigured it. All agree that the site was well chosen for the object contemplated. The highway skirts it on the west and south; the land is elevated and readily lends itself to artistic grouping of ornamental trees and shrubs, and being upon the line of the trolley-road from Hartford, in near view from the Inn and from the Country Club, it can hardly fail to give visiting strangers an agreeable first impression of one of the means of grace vouchsafed to the people of this ancient village.

To secure the perpetuity of her benefaction, Miss Porter by her will devised the land to seven trustees, all residents of the village, “to hold and maintain the same for the use of the people of the town of Farmington as a public park, to be called the Village Green, the said premises having been purchased with funds generously contributed for that purpose by a number of my former pupils”—amounting, it is understood, to about \$10,400. She likewise bequeathed the income of three thousand dollars to suitably maintain the grounds. During the last summer of her life some progress was made in the grading and draining of the land, under her own eye, but her increasing infirmities and subsequent death interrupted the further prosecution of the work until the following spring (of the current year), when the trustees received a communication from one of those former pupils who had contributed to the purchase of the land, requesting them to carry to completion the work on the Village Green, and expressing a desire to furnish all needed funds to that end.

Our nearby readers need not be told, for they have before them daily evidence of the fact, that this generous and spontaneous bounty has been freely availed of by the trustees, while those at a distance may be glad to learn that Farmington has its Village Green at last—not, indeed, as yet with a greensward brocaded with leafage and flowerage such as only time and care can perfectly produce, but it has the promise of all this, and with it what may prove of greater worth, an awakened sense of the value to our village life of an intelligent and untiring public spirit as exemplified by her whose career was so intimately and for so many years connected with our beloved village.

R.

Village Notes

IF any one is disposed to question our rapid acquirement of the traits of city life, he needed only to see our streets during the month of November. They were torn up from end to end of the village with all the interference with personal comfort that characterizes our greatest metropolis.

Better days are at hand. New pipes are laid which are large and strong enough to carry a greater quantity and pressure of water. More frequent hydrants will permit the use of hose that will throw a stream large enough and far enough to make our protection against fire greater than ever before. The drought which has affected a large part of eastern New England during the summer has given us little inconvenience, so ample is our water supply.

THE Christian Endeavor Society raised \$15 by the cake and candy sale, and could easily have trebled the amount had they had any inkling of the patronage awaiting the sale. The proceeds go for Christmas decorations in the church and so once again St. Elizabeth's loaves are turned to flowers.

THE efforts of the Ladies' Benevolent Society to raise an amount sufficient to recarpet the church are meeting with liberal support. The suppers at their room have been largely attended and the concert of October 29th called out a large audience and merited a crowded house.

AT St. Patrick's Catholic church has been held the yearly "Mission," which corresponds to the revival meetings of other churches. The two services a day during one week were faithfully attended.

THIRTEEN women have been added to the list of those qualified to vote on the school question.

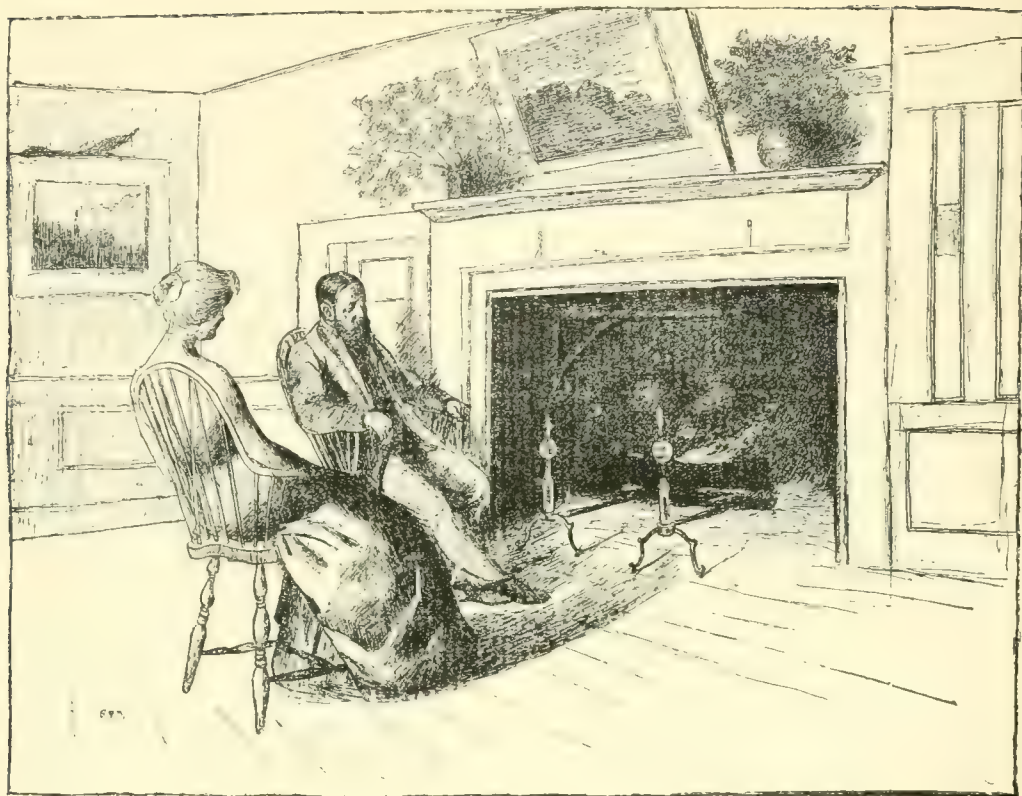
WE learn with pleasure that not all the young men of Farmington are content to "sit on the cracker barrels at the store." A club has been started by several enterprising young men of the village, who have rented Mr. Hurlburt's hall for their club-room. The club will have a membership of about thirty and will devote its evenings to athletic and social activities of various kinds. We are sure that the development of this organization, the need for which has so long been felt, will be watched with great interest and sympathy by all in the village.

FRIDAY is Visitors' Evening at the Girls' Club.

M. D. B.

Editor's Sketch-Book

WHEN we think of the old-fashioned Christmas our mind is straightway filled with visions of blazing hearths, with savory odors of roast pig and flaming Christmas pudding, with the sweet sound of Christmas carols. We read Irving's fascinating account of Christmas a century ago in England, and long for the days of Yule logs and waits and the merry masque. We sigh for the heartiness and simplicity of the



old festivities, the gifts that were only a sign of good will, the family gatherings, and old-fashioned charity. Our festival seems to have gathered to itself a strange complexity of duties which in a way obscure the Christmas idea.

But the contrast I wish to draw is not between Christmas now and that a century ago in England, but the one we look back to in our own state.

Because of their wish to separate from all they had left behind, many customs were entirely changed by our Puritan ancestors. The marriage ceremony was performed by a civil authority, and all that had to do with the masque and mummery of the English Christmas was abolished. Christmas carols such as the quaint old song, "God rest you merry Gentlemen," must not be sung, and the dear old Saint "Niklaus" was unknown.

Thanksgiving early became the festal time when families gathered together and good cheer prevailed, and the children and grandchildren of the first Separatists knew nothing of that earlier festival. In New York state English customs were kept up and the story is told of some children from Albany who came to visit Connecticut cousins, not a century ago, and who hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve before the huge fireplace. The next morning the stockings still hung there empty,—no one had understood,—and the disappointed children wondered why Santa Claus did not come to Farmington.

It is strange to think that there was a time so few years ago in our own village when such familiar pastimes were unknown and the spirit of good cheer that rules now on that day was uninvited and unwelcome.

ONE of the most attractive of the holiday books a year ago was a new edition of *Back-Log Studies* by Charles Dudley Warner. The binding decorated with andirons, the clear type, and charming illustrations were a fitting accompaniment to the graceful essays.

Since the publication of this collection of studies, Mr. Warner has shown himself to have a "genius for the commonplace"; he invests the simplest subject with new interest by turning toward us a side we probably had not thought of noticing before, and lights up the dulllest theme with the brightness of his humor. Mr. Mabie says of Warner: "He was in many ways the literary successor of Irving. . . . He had the same quiet spirit, the same delicate but wholesome sentiment, the same gift of humor."

Back-Log Studies and its predecessor, *My Summer in a Garden*, show plainly this quiet genius of Mr. Warner. Whether vigorously hoeing out *pusley* and learnedly discoursing to Calvin the cat, or dreaming in front of the fire and commenting on these dreams with his friends and neighbors, the philosopher is at all times worth knowing. It is this sort of literature that we have nowadays so little leisure for,—books that bring us close in touch not only with a mind of literary excellence, but with a well-rounded nature, one of Matthew Arnold's cultured men who not only possesses the scientific passion, but has the welfare of his fellow man at heart.

For one so near to us as Mr. Warner, we must add our word of love and mourning. All has been said of his worth as a writer, a citizen, a friend; there remains room only for personal expression. Like the pile of stones marking the ground Thoreau best loved near Walden Pond, a pile grown high as one admirer after another adds his stone to it, these tributes to our friend and teacher added together shall finally come near to reaching the perfect expression.

WE were glad to be able to correct in our second edition of the November number of this magazine, a mistake in a name occurring on one of its pages. Old residents of Farmington were naturally grieved at seeing any name substituted for the honored one of Sigourney. Do not think we would pluck the least spray from her laurel wreath!

Every one is, I think, familiar with that curious lapse of memory which causes one to substitute for a name existing somewhere in one's mind, one totally different. A scientific term has been sought for this, but no adequate explanation of the phenomenon has ever been given.

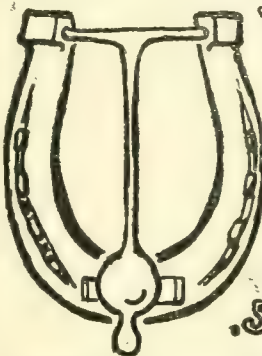
Just here we wish to thank our public for the cordial reception which has been accorded us, a reception more generous and considerate than any we had hoped for. First efforts are necessarily amateurish and incomplete, but we can confidently promise many improvements, and shall hope for a continuance of the friendliness you have shown us.

Charles S. Mason, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.
Palms, ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections



YE GOOD LUCK DOOR
KNOCKER
MADE BY JESSE MOORE
FARMINGTON CONN.
IN BRASS AND WROUGHT IRON
TWO SIZES
PRICES \$.50, .75, \$ 1.00, and \$ 1.25 —

JENNIE L. GALLAGHER

Dressmaking



New and improved system.

Guarantees fit.

Hugh Chesney, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty.

"There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet."

FARMINGTON DRUG STORE

— KODAK FILMS —

BANJO STRINGS
VIOLIN STRINGS

HOT-WATER BAGS
SPONGES

COURTEOUS PARROT IN ATTENDANCE

D. R. HAWLEY

Decorating & Painting

Artistic Interior Work

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

Golf Goods

Fencing Material, and Athletic Supplies

Golf Clubs and Caddy Bags repaired

GILLETTE BROTHERS

198 Pearl St., cor. Haynes

HENRY O. WILCOX

Carpenter and Builder

Repairing and Jobbing—Estimates Given

Main Street, Farmington, Conn.

To be sold, with possession in July, House and Lot on High Street, Farmington. Dining-room, parlor, large library room with two open fireplaces; four bedrooms, bathroom (sewer connections), and furnace heating. Suitable for summer cottage or home for artist or literary man.

Address: EDWARD PORRITT,
Box 62, Farmington, Conn.

Consult *H. L. Crandall* about Life, Accident, or Fire Insurance before investing elsewhere. Special agent for *Ætna* Life and other old reliable companies.

Farmington, Ct.

C. STANLEY MASON

CARPENTER & BUILDER

ALL KINDS OF JOBBING AND REPAIRING

MAIDEN LANE, FARMINGTON

ANNOUNCEMENT

Having bought the Plumbing Business of E. Gaylord I am now prepared to give the people of Farmington the benefit of my 17 years' experience in Sanitary Plumbing, Steam, Water, and Hot Air Heating.

A. J. PARKER,

FARMINGTON, CONN.

RANGES
STOVES

FURNACES
HARDWARE

F. R. SWANSTON,

RICHMOND RANGES

Tinning, Plumbing, and Jobbing Promptly Done.

FARMINGTON, - - - - - CONN.

THE HARTFORD PRINTING CO.,

ELIHU GEE'S SONS,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,

16 STATE ST., HARTFORD, CONN.

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. Is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flag Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSEFALL & ROTHSCHILD,

CLOTHIERS AND OUTFITTERS, HARTFORD.

"It pays to buy our kind."

Reliable Kid Gloves

JOUVIN & CIE, REYNIER, TREFOUSSE, FOWNES AND DENT
AND THERE ARE MANY OTHERS

We are well within the truth saying that the **Sage-Allen** Glove stock is without an equal.

The best of the imported gloves are here. We now open a season of great Glove interest. Beauty, quality and economy form the magnet that attracts and retains our large and exacting Glove trade.

The names of these makers emphasize what we say of quality and style.

We introduce Jouvin & Cie's newest creation—the one-button, prix seam, Nearver back glove in glace and in new shades of tan, gray and mode also in white. The same in Suedes.

The one-button and two-clasp styles in pique, suedes, white, gray, French gray, modes and beavers. **Prices from \$1 up.**

Dent's in one-button and two-clasp. Shades—Havana, Smyrna and tobacco brown. They are just mannish enough.

Mocha and Castor and real Reindeer Gloves—grays, browns and blacks. **\$1 to \$3.50.**

SAGE, ALLEN & CO.

J. WARREN HARPER,

A.B., D.D.S.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK B'L'DG.

HARTFORD, CONN.

MRS. CASWELL

Exclusive Millinery

75 PRATT STREET, HARTFORD, CT.

Charles H. Riggs, D.D.S.

SAGE-ALLEN BUILDING,

902 Main Street.

HARTFORD, CONN.

THE WARNER
PHOTOGRAPH
COMPANY

Ground Floor Studio
92 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn.

BEST POSSIBLE

EQUIPMENT FOR

FINE PORTRAITS.

Portraits of children and old people at
their homes a specialty.

EXPERT FINISHING FOR AMATEURS.

VIEWS, BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS.

C. W. PRATT

937 MAIN STREET

HARTFORD, CONN.

LADIES' TAILOR MADE COSTUMES

Ready to wear; and made to your own measure.

JACKETS, COATS, BLOUSES

In all the new styles.

OPERA CAPES

With fur collars and quilted lining.

SILK WAISTS

The new beautiful shades for evening.

WALKING SKIRTS

Oxford. Black. Navy. Brown. All lengths from 38 to 43 inches.

THE intrinsic as well as the exterior merit of our wares, our knowledge of values, born of long experience with only the best goods, our large and varied stock and our fair prices have established for us a prestige in the DIAMOND, WATCH AND JEWELRY TRADE.

Hansel Sloan & Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

886 Main Street, Hartford

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY
AND THE REVIVAL OF MINIATURE MAKING
Christopher Johnstone's
Studio

Hartford's Leading Photographer

45 Pratt Street, Hartford, Connecticut

FIRST DOOR WEST OF PRATT STREET SAVINGS BANK

Platinotypes, Carbon Process, Miniatures. Children a specialty
Portraits made in the homes of patrons if so requested
Write for pamphlet, "Art in Photography"

It Tells—What to Wear, Something about Posing, How to Dress for a
Portrait, Best Hours for Sitting, and describes the processes used by
Mr. Johnstone.

Larned & Hatch

High Class Perfect Fitting

Shoes

945 Main Street
Hartford, Conn.

THE
J. C. RIPLEY
ART CO.

Successors to A. D. VORCE & CO.

DEALERS IN

Paintings, Water-colors
Etchings, Engravings, and
Bric-a-Brac

MANUFACTURERS OF

Artistic Picture and Mirror
Frames

The Farmington Magazine

PRIVATE DINING-
ROOM FOR LADIES.



AMERICAN AND
EUROPEAN PLANS.

ROBERT J. ALLYN, FR.
JOHN J. DAHILL, MANAGER

Located in business centre, corner Asylum and Trumbull
Streets. Electric cars pass door every two minutes.
Hotel Bus meets all trains.

American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day.

European Plan, \$1.50 to \$3.00 per day.

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

Huyler's

CANDIES

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for
Huyler's Candies.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GAUDET'S, LEGRANDS, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.

orders your order stage is prompt attention

PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.



E. P. CAHILL,

Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR

Tailor-made Gowns in fashionable cloths
including Scotch Tweeds, Serges, Vicunas
Khakis, and Flannels, a specialty

Perfect fit guaranteed. Fashions from the latest Creations
of London and Paris

All Orders Receive
Prompt Attention

105 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.





Books

in Artistic

Bindings

IN addition to our large stock of Best Editions of Standard Authors in fine library bindings, we are now showing a large and unusual collection of Rare and Choice books,—single volumes and small sets,—in Special Art Bindings. The artistic handiwork of many of the famous European shops is represented, as well as that of the skilled craftsmen of our own bindery at **The Knickerbocker Press**. These books are peculiarly adapted for gifts to persons of taste and cultivation. We note also a collection of magnificent Unique Extra-Illustrated Sets, many of which it has required years to prepare. A visit of inspection is cordially invited, and will well repay the time spent.

G. D. Putnam's Sons

RETAIL DEPARTMENT

London

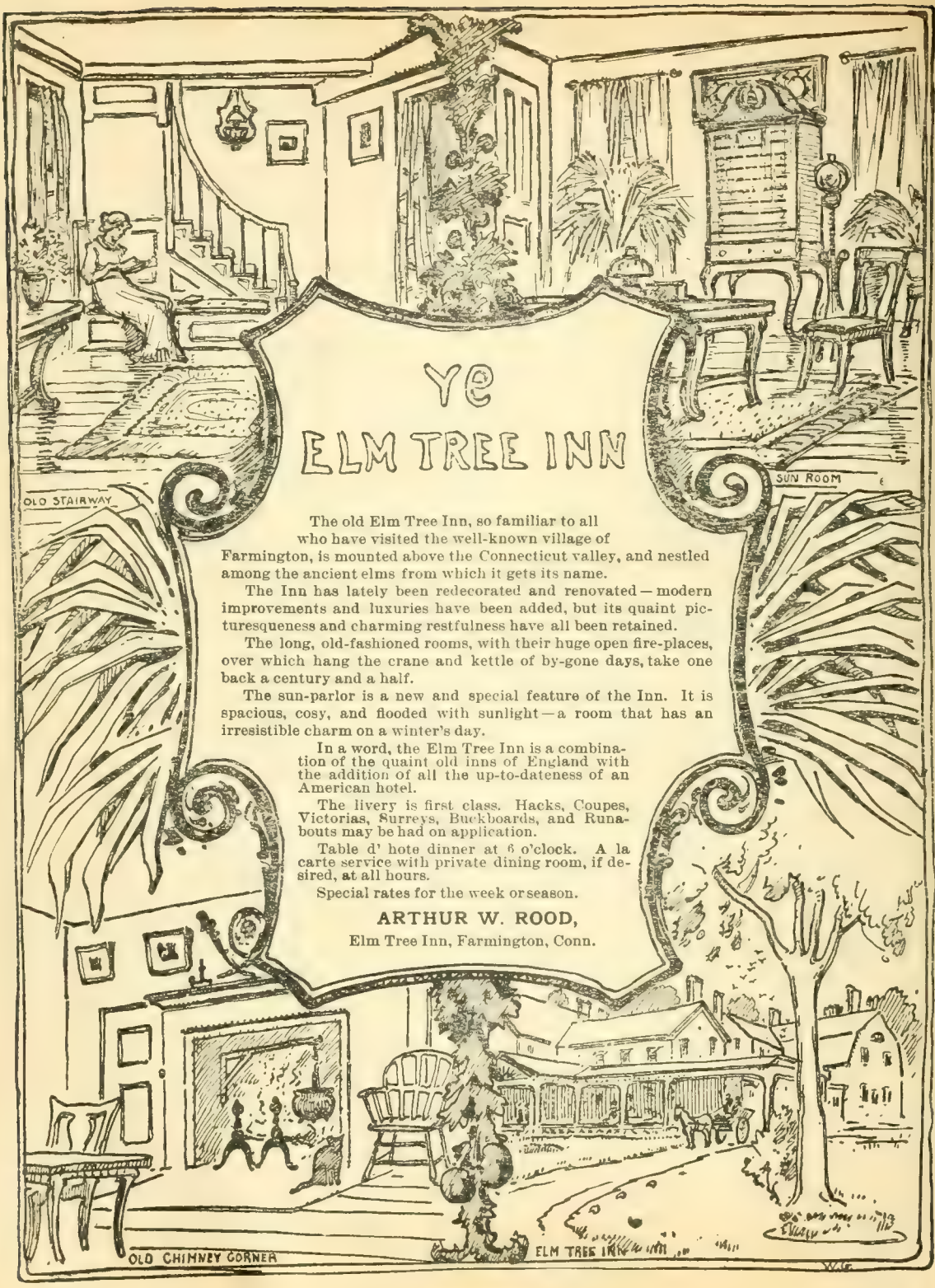
24 Bedford St., Strand

New York

27 & 29 W. 23d Street

Our Retail Store is the only one in New York having a bindery of its own.





YE ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hôte dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

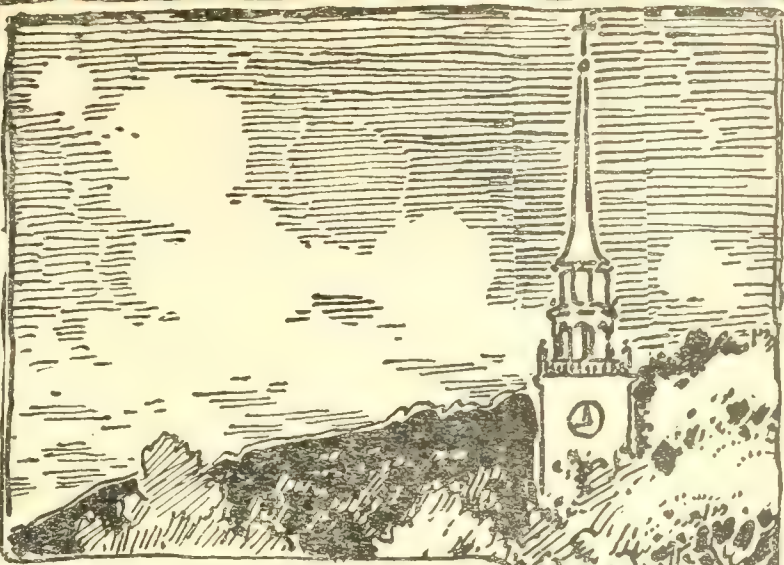
Special rates for the week or season.

ARTHUR W. ROOD,

Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

THE

FARMINGTON



JANUARY

1901

ANDANTE - - - -	W. B. H.
MARPLOT II. -	Annie Eliot Trumbull
THE OLD CEMETERY -	Julius Gay
FARMINGTON FERNS -	R. B. B.
A WINTER LANDSCAPE	Ernest H. Baynes
BOOK NOTES - - -	C. Foster
VILLAGE NOTES - -	M. D. B.
ABOUT CLUBS - - -	
EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK	

FARMINGTON = GOWN.

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.

\$1.50 a year. •

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.

PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.





NOTES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1901

No. 3

Andante

NOW gently sinks the long sweet summer day
To blossom-breathing darkness. The sharp wings
Of chattering swallows touch with mystic rings
The shadowy pool. The last wide western ray
Glows tawny crimson. And from far away
Each breeze that stirs the timorous poplar brings
The moan of herds, the call of feathered things,
The laugh and song of little ones at play.

All beauty. Pain and passion seem as far
From this calm spot as yon grim city, spread
Behind the smoke-topped mountains, where the breast
Of patient Earth sobs to the ceaseless jar
Of steel on stone, the clash of bells, the tread
Of slumberless myriads. Here is only rest.

W. B. H.

Marplot

II

WHILE yet Mistress Satterlee waited in her dimity curtained chamber, and Hope Carroll bantered her on her humility, certain strangers passed along the highway, bound for the Satterlee mansion. These strangers were two young men dressed in the height of the tempered extravagance known to colonial New England, and riding upon fine horses, on one of which was fastened a pillion.

"Thou art certain of the room?" asked Shaw, "delay were dangerous."

"Aye," replied the other, "I am sure, I had it from a maid who waits at supper."

"How if the company be all assembled there? We can hardly overpower them all—even had we the help of the companions who wait us yonder at the 'Salutation.' I tell thee my plan—"

"An thou be as fertile in expedients as thou art in objections," interrupted the second speaker impatiently, "our work is soon done. I tell thee I learned that fair Mistress Prudence goeth in herself first to see that all be in order. This I have also from Mistress Carroll's maid whom I questioned in sport, saying I would fain know something of a rout I may not attend. Mistress Prudence hath arranged flowers and what not, and would give a last touch herself ere the company enter. We shall mayhap find her going or returning—'tis a chance in a hundred, and fortune hath declared for us."

Drawing nearer the house they became more cautious in their approach until behind a sheltering hedge, near the western exposure, they dismounted and fastened their horses. The fine old mansion lay warm in the afternoon sunlight. The garden borders were gay with hollyhock, phlox and larkspur. Through the open windows came sounds of preparation. From the other side, laughter and merry voices hushed yet audible, were borne to their listening ears. Guests were arriving at the wide front door, and the quieter entrance of these two unbidden would not be remarked upon. If worse came to worse, they had but to mingle carelessly with the company until they could slip away. From their hiding place they saw the arrival of the solemn magistrate of the little town with that of the benevolent elder whose prayer should bless the ceremony. Stealthily they passed on to the windows of the west parlor.

"It is as she said," whispered Cuthbert's companion, "the guests are not yet admitted. An we find her alone in the room, we are in luck!" Closer to the low window, its lattice wide open to the sunshine, they pressed. A friendly rosebush climbed up above the sill, while the many small panes reflected the radiance falling upon them. Hidden by the rosebush, they looked eagerly in. Surely the fortune upon which one at least had relied, had favored their exploit. In the center of the low wainscotted room stood the slender, white bridal figure, alone, save for the presence of pretty Mistress Carroll, who was aiding her friend to place a wayward garland which drooped from the ceiling. The face of the bride was turned away from the two visitors, but that of Mistress Hope fronted them, her cheeks flushed with excitement, and her eyes dancing with festal merriment.

"It must go yet more to the left," she said, her arms raised above her head, "I tell thee, Prudence—"

"Now!" cried he who seemed to be the leader. Quick as thought and yet silently withal, the two booted and spurred cavaliers sprang over the low sill into the room. Hope Carroll uttered a frightened but stifled scream. The bride dropped the end of the garland and turned toward them. The pink cheeks had grown scarlet, the blue eyes looked for a moment into the laughing ones of the newcomers, the courage

of the position making them less shy than usual. The shining gauze of the wedding veil trembled a little with excitement, but no word nor cry came from the curving lips. It was never Mistress Satterlee's custom to speak when there was naught to say.

"What would you?" demanded Mistress Hope, bravely, but in curiously hushed tones.

"Naught but this fair lady," answered the handsome roysterer gaily. "No harm nor disrespect shall she meet at our hands, but come with us she must—though must be no word for the ears of so sweet a dame."

As he spoke his companion dexterously twisted a scarf about the bride's throat, not closely enough for actual discomfort, but so as to prevent outcry.

"It were best you came quickly," said Cuthbert Shaw, dragging his victim forward, "for an you come not, we must needs bring you."

Hope seemed paralyzed into inaction. She neither screamed nor fled. The bride, overpowered, apparently by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack, made but little resistance, and moved as if involuntarily whither the captors led. Not until the three figures were hurrying across the lawn did Hope Carroll recover from her stupefaction, and rush from the room.

"Quick, quick!" cried Shaw, "ere she give the alarm! We are almost safe."

It was scarcely a minute before they reached their horses. The bride was slung on the pillion and the lucky bride-stealers galloped off.

"Thou wert wise, Mistress Prudence, to come without useless resistance," said Cuthbert merrily. "It were but to have further rumbled the wedding finery, and we mean but to be bidden to thy marriage. 'Tis but delayed till thy bridegroom, the worshipful Mr. Payton, come for thee."

"He will come soon, I warrant," said the bride.

"No doubt," asserted Shaw, courteously enough, "and meanwhile thou wilt not churlishly refuse us the favor of a dance at yonder tavern, where a gay company awaits us."

Little more was said, while the horses trotted swiftly along the highway, though now and then one or other of the young men broke into a line or two of a gay song not to be found in the collections most affected by the colonists. It was not long before the gallant steeds were checked at the gateway of the "Salutation." On its porch were gathered nearly a score of youths dressed also in the extreme of the mode, who greeted the arrivals with a cheer and hastened forward to escort them within. The fair prize, blushing and distraught, was hurried into the long dining room, at one end of which was the table soon to be spread with dainties of which the pursuing bridegroom must pay the reckoning ere he redeem his lady. Here musicians were in readiness.

"A reel! a reel!" cried Shaw, as soon as the boisterous company entered. "There is no time to spare for consideration. And fair Mistress Prudence Satterlee, I crave the honor of your hand in the dance," and he bowed low before the slender, graceful, shimmering figure. There was a moment's pause as though Mistress Satterlee thought of the possibilities of resistance, but then evidently determining to be governed by the example and practice of the time—namely to endure until revolt bid fair to be successful—the stolen beauty returned the salute and joined the dance. The veil still fell over the graceful shoulders, something disordered it is true, but the face beneath it was neither pale with fright, nor the light feet helpless with fatigue, as the set was formed amid laughter and much lighthearted mockery of those gallants who must needs play the ladies' parts.

"Tie thy ribbon with a more ladylike air, Hallowell," called out one, "that it indicate better thy position!"

"Suit thy steps to a more mincing measure, Andrew," admonished Cuthbert, "And thou take a stride like that thou wilt quarrel with thy partner for the greater part of the floor."

In two wavering lines the picturesque figures stood up and down the somewhat somberly furnished room, and the reel began. Even the reckless Cuthbert was surprised by the vigor of his lady's dancing. He looked down in wonder at the white-gloved hand that held his in so firm a grasp as the partners ran laughing down the middle. The sun was setting and the room was filled with the rosy light. Here and there were the gay colors of slashed sleeves, of a flaunting ribbon, or a bit of carefully adjusted lace or a shining buckle. Powdered hair emphasized the brightness of the dark eyes, while the dress of the period showed to advantage the athletic grace of the revellers, as one or another took a step forward or threw back a silk lined cloak, while in and out flitted the bride in the floating, gleaming white which caught and held the waning brightness, while the fiddlers played their best. It was a reel after the hearts of youth.

Suddenly there came a pause; the bride with Cuthbert stood at the lower end of the room whence the windows looked up the road.

"See!" exclaimed Shaw, "hither come thy rescuers, Mistress Prudence." A dozen people were riding rapidly towards the "Salutation." In the midst of them was the heavy state coach of the worshipful Mr. Satterlee. "Come then!" cried the bride, in a voice which challenged the music of the reel, "let us haste and finish the measure ere they arrive!" and catching up the bridal gown somewhat higher than was demanded by the decorum of the reel, with a light leap the queen of the revel sprang into the middle of the solid wooden table, revealing in so doing a pair of boots of decidedly unfeminine proportions. The company stood amazed. The fiddlers paused, their bows in mid air, and then drew them across their strings in a few wandering, uncertain, soon silenced notes. To the mirth, music and merriment, succeeded a minute of utter stillness, as if the wand of a magician had cast a sudden spell, while all eyes were rivetted upon the white figure above them on the oaken table.

"Ho, gentlemen," called out the laughing tones of Steven Howell, as he tore the cumbering veil from his sunny head. "Will none of you come up here and dance with me? Or at least has not the most stalwart of you courtesy enough to bring me down, that I stand not alone upon my wedding day?" and his laugh rang through the raftered room.

"I thought he came marvellous quietly," murmured Cuthbert's friend, as though to himself. The revellers caught their breath; they knew not whether to smile or frown. Possibly their anger might have flamed more quickly had not the western radiance touched the boyish curls which would not have disgraced the head of Mistress Satterlee herself.

"I had not to tie my ribbon with a more ladylike air, Mr. Hallowell," mimicked Steven, "that they might know my place in the dance. Cuthbert Shaw would know me in a thousand for Mistress Prudence by the 'turn of my rose-leaf cheek'—he whispered it but now in my ear!" If it were the object of the daring boy to bring on an attack, he went near to succeeding, for the hot-tempered Shaw sprang forward to punish such arrant impertinence, when there came so loud a knocking at the tavern door that it commanded attention, and Cuthbert paused until it was flung open and the wedding guests streamed in. Henry Payton flushed and happy led the way. Vainly the cheated company tried to hide their discomfiture; it was too recent.

"Come down, Steven!" cried Payton, "the knot is tied, and a fair lady waits that you may wish her happiness, and to thank you for sparing her the annoyance these braves had planned for her,—oh, say no more worshipful sirs, I resent no injuries on my wedding day—the less that this boy here hath rendered them abortive—"

"They gave me no excuse for aught but railery," said Steven with such ruthfulness that Henry Payton laughed immoderately.

"Thou wert somewhat strained in thy performance, wert thou not, my knight," he said, "Stay here," he went on to the others, "stay here and feast to your heart's content and at my instance, but as for your prize he shall with us."

Laughing and stumbling on the hem of his gown, which while masquerading he had worn with a certain grace, but in which he was now blushing and awkward, Steven was led to the coach where by Mistress Payton's side sat pretty Mistress Carroll.

"That I did not shout loud enough, when I might have saved thee, fair lady," she cried, in a clear silvery voice which reached within the door where stood Cuthbert Shaw singularly at a loss for words, "in which I am doubtless blameworthy, is but the more reason that I am glad to welcome thee back, Master Howell. In truth t'was a dastardly enterprise, that of the West Parlor!" and her light laugh floated to Shaw's ears, as he slowly went back to the tavern dining room.

"That is another I owe thee, Mistress Carroll," he muttered as he threw himself down in the window seat and watched the departure of the wedding guests, "thou hast flouted me before."

Back to the Satterlee mansion lumbered the heavy coach.

"But it is not I nor yet Mistress Hope—though she did most marvellously dissemble—that hath done thee this good turn," affirmed Steven anxiously. "It is all the wise invention of one better known to thee, Mistress Payton, than am I—of Ephraim Cole."

"Ephraim Cole," replied Mistress Prudence quickly. The color in her cheeks deepened and she sat quietly while her husband spoke.

"Of Ephraim Cole," he exclaimed in his turn. "And he but little more than a boy. He hath wisdom beyond his years, and skill in its execution," and he laughed as he recalled the startled company. "'Twas a good trick and well played. We must thank him Prudence. Tell him, Steven, that the fairest bride in all the world will come with her favored and most grateful lover and husband to give him thanks."

Steven nodded. "Yet he gave me not a chance to try a fall with yonder gallant after all," he murmured.

The coach stopped and the bridegroom handed out the ladies.

"Steven," said Prudence in a low tone, as she detained him a moment, "say to Ephraim Cole, that Mistress Prudence Satterlee—Payton"—she corrected herself with blushing dignity, "his old neighbor and his most warm friend, doth grieve that he came not to her wedding and doth thank him with a full heart for what he hath done for her happiness."

ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

The Old Cemetery

VISITORS to our ancient town not unfrequently return from their wanderings with many inquiries about the old cemetery they have discovered on the east side of the main street, a short distance south of the church. Hereafter let all such persons procure a copy of the present number of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE and find their most usual questions answered.

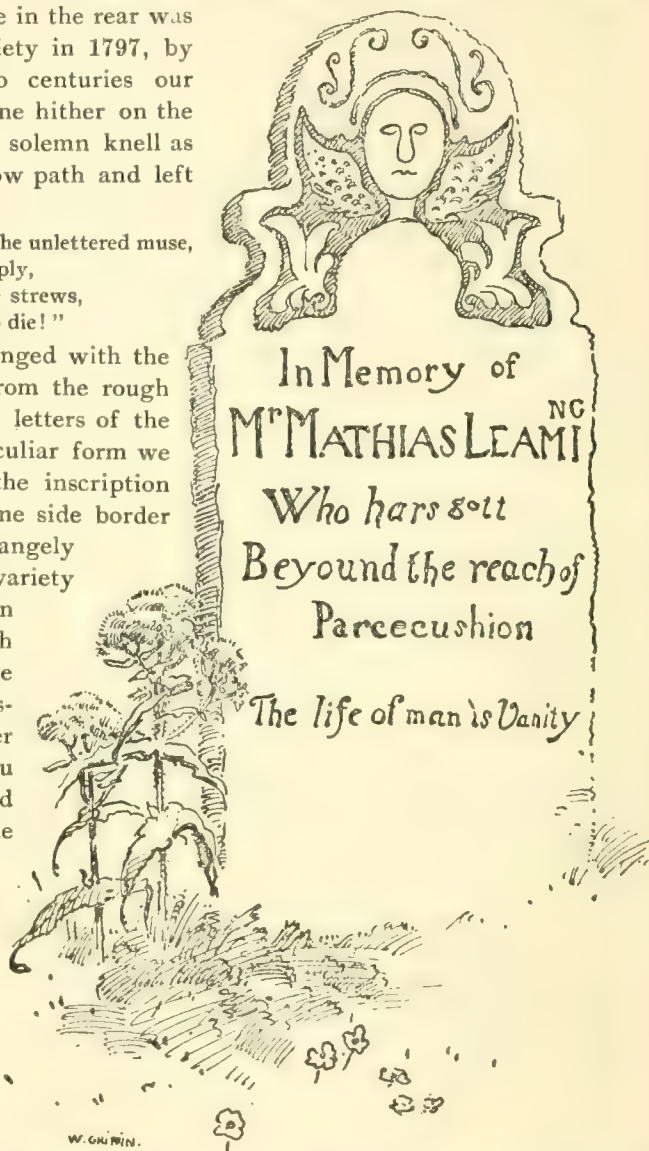
The ground was set apart for burial purposes at three separate times. The central portion was in use in February, 1665, or twenty-five years after the

settlement of the town, and how much earlier is unknown. A path led to it from the highway through land added by the town in 1692 by purchase from Joseph Barnes. The eastern half acre in the rear was sold to the Ecclesiastical Society in 1797, by Corral Case. Here for two centuries our fathers buried their dead, borne hither on the village bier, the bell tolling a solemn knell as the bearers ascended the narrow path and left their loved ones where now

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die!"

These frail memorials changed with the varying fashion of the day from the rough stone bearing only the initial letters of the names of the dead to that peculiar form we find in every old cemetery, the inscription decorated by precisely the same side border and surmounted by the same strangely sculptured cherub. This variety seems to have had a common origin to which much research has not revealed the clue. The hour-glass and scythe, cross-bones, grinning skulls and other ghastly symbols of death you will not find here, but instead the hopeful though grotesque emblems of a life beyond the grave. A favorite form of decoration was that of a coffin from which the spirit rises as a flame. The frailty of life was symbolized by a leaf or a feather.

There have been no interments in the cemetery for many years, and it presents much the same appearance that it did fifty years ago. Former residents in our village who return to visit the scenes of their childhood will miss most of all the old gateway of Egyptian architecture, modeled after that of the Grove street cemetery in New Haven, substituting, however, for the winged globe, emblem of divinity, the words MEMENTO MORI. Monuments are erected to the memory of four of the pastors of the church, to Rev. Samuel Hooker the second pastor, Rev. Samuel Whitman the third, Rev. Timothy Pitkin the



fourth, and Rev. Joseph Washburn the sixth, who was buried at sea. The oldest stone having a date stands on the north side of the ground close to the fence, and bears the inscription

S S : B

No 8

1685

The next oldest reads

A S

AG B 26

16 88

Next after which comes

SH : AG

55 DSED

18. 7. 1689

From this last inscription we learn that Stephen Hart, son of Deacon Stephen, aged 55, deceased on the 18th day of September, 1689. Also a stone inscribed

1733

S H

AG 72

informs us that Stephen Hart, son of the last named Stephen, died in 1733, aged 72. On the north side of the path, not far from the entrance to the cemetery, a stone is erected "In memory of Mr Matthias Leaming Who hars gott Beyound the reach of Parcecusion. The life of man is Vanity." He was one of the unfortunate men who, in the Revolutionary war did not fight on the winning side.

Near the street, and consequently on the west side of the ground, a stone marks the last resting place of Shem, the son of Noah. Not to claim too great antiquity for our ancient burial ground, it is proper to state that Shem was a negro, and tradition, whether as a witticism or a sneer, tells us that our colored brethren were here interred, so that on the Resurrection day, when all the dead arose and faced the east, they would remain in the rear of the great congregation. This must take rank with the remark made me by a learned divine, in the spirit of the author of Hudibras, that our forefathers in pure contrariness buried their dead in this ancient ground in a direction opposed to the ritual of their ancestors. On the contrary, in probably every old cemetery in New England, they invariably placed the headstone facing the highway, that its inscription might be read by the passing traveller, and the footstone directly behind it, caring little whether the rising or the setting sun shone on the memorial of the dead; for they believed in their simple faith, that through the almighty power of God "the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

JULIUS GAY.

The Farmington Ferns

AMONG the earliest creations of vegetable life were the ferns. It is a well-known fact that most of the coal we burn in our stoves is formed from the large tree ferns that flourished in early times. The great flying-dragon, who was the common ancestor of the snakes and birds, flew and waded around in the great forests of ferns. It seems as though the Lord did not arrive at His complete creations without many incomplete attempts. All of the ferns are without flowers; and also the horsetails or scouring rush family, of which only a few have survived, produce their seed in a primitive way. There is reason to believe there were few flowers on the earth until the Lord gave man a soul. And then the roses bloomed, the lily was created and the wild flowers began to grow.

There are from thirty-five to forty different species of ferns in Farmington. It used to be considered one of the abstruse parts of botany to understand the ferns. But so many helpful new books have appeared, it is becoming quite simple to recognize and classify them. The old botanies begin to look like ingenious arrangements to keep us from nature, like the systems of religions, which so often obscured the nearness of God.

What a summer outing to collect the forty ferns of Farmington. The first day we might collect twenty-five varieties. Then it would become difficult to add new specimens, and finally there would be left only the *Pellea Atropurpurea* or cliff brake. Underneath the great Rock of the Pinnacle is a kind of cave where the sandstone has dropped out, and left the great mass of trap rock overhead like a great roof. One almost expects to see a bear living there. In the roof of this cave, like the roof of a great mouth, are lodged little tufts of this fern. Then there is the chain fern which is not uncommon in Berlin, Connecticut, and undoubtedly grows in our swamps, but it has never been discovered in Farmington to my knowledge.

Along the backs of the ferns are arranged the fruit dots, and the botanist looks at these knowingly as a horse jockey looks at the horse's teeth. Those with the round fruit dots belong to the great *Aspidium* species of ferns (*Aspidium* meaning a shield), and the other great division of ferns is the *Asplenium* and has a long fruit dot like a grain of wheat.

The walking fern, the *Camptosorus Rhyzophyllus* is interesting; it sends out a long pointed end like a megatherium's nose that takes root and so continues on its voyage, something like a strawberry plant. But when you see them on the high bank in Diamond Glen you may be disappointed for they will be all locked together like a lot of football players. Growing together with the walking fern you are almost sure to find the little *Asplenium Trichomanes* as though these two had made a vow never to separate, like Ruth and Naomi. A little higher up the rock will be a forelock of *Polypodies*. When the Lord prepares a fern garden, His gardeners are the ice and frost. They make long cracks, and then a little dirt and the garden is done.

The *Woodsia Obtusa* and the *Woodsia Ilvensis* are interesting, the latter loaded with spores, making it look quite brown underneath the frond. In

"Cat-Hole," or the pass through the Hanging Hills of Meriden, there is a point where enormous big trap rocks have rolled down to the side of the road and they fairly bristle with the *Woodsia Ilvensis*.

Which is the most beautiful of our native ferns it would be difficult to say. The *Pteris Aquilina* must be admired for its sturdy character, and the *Osmundas* standing tall and graceful with the fruitful fronds in the center. The delicate lacelike *Dicksonia*, the pretty *Asplenium Trichomanes*, the *Woodsia Ilvensis*, the Maiden's Hair fern or *Adiantum Pedatum*, and the trailing, vine-like *Lygodium Palmatum*. All these and many others with simple, childlike names, are so beautiful that I can hardly decide which is the finest.

Perhaps the *Dicksonia* is the most feminine, and lovely. There is a curious little fern called the *Ophioglossum Vulgatum*, that grows out in the pastures near Pilgrim's Path. It looks like a small plantain. It is true about the long Latin names that come with the ferns, they are very easily remembered. Just as we can spell difficult words better than easy words. R. B. B.

A Winter Landscape

As THE sunshine and the rain fall upon the just and the unjust alike, so our New England landscapes smile impartially upon us all. Their countenances, unlike those of men, change not with our condition of life; the hills are as blue and the rivers as bright for the poor and the lowly as for the wealthy and influential. That we do not all benefit alike is true; but the difference lies not with the landscapes but with our individual appreciation of them.

To derive the full benefit from out-of-door scenes, we must understand in a measure at least, what they consist of; but before we can do this we must learn to see them. There is a vast difference in the ways in which different people see the same thing. Let us take a winter landscape for example. To the untrained eye there appears a vast field of snow, some leafless trees and a leaden sky perhaps; all cheerless, cold and deserted. To the eye trained by intimate association with things out-of-doors, the scene presents much more than this. The snow, the trees and the sky are no longer mere masses of light and shade; they are seen in detail and are found to be filled with the writings of nature, which those who love her and those only, are able to translate.

Perhaps there is the track of some small animal across the snow; a glance and the animal is known to have been a rabbit. Nay, more; there is known by the position of those slight depressions, the mood of the creature at the time she made them. That rabbit was not running for pleasure or exercise, nor was she out in leisurely search of her dinner. The gaps between those foot-prints indicate speed—a speed born of terror—the speed of a wild thing fleeing for its life. Another glance and there is revealed a second trail, smaller and less distinct than the first; and now it is known why the rabbit fled so fast across the snow—a white weasel, cunning, blood-thirsty, and merciless was in pursuit. Then there comes to the mind a picture of the sequel of this story—a dead

rabbit and a gorged weasel—for it matters not that the rabbit was the fleetest of the two; the weasel is endowed with great perseverance and the staunchest of rabbits gets tired at last.

On one side of the field runs a wall perhaps, its stones held firmly in place by the strong gray arms of the poisoned ivy creeper, which grows between and around them, binding them together with living thongs. The snow which fell upon the topmost stones has been knocked off in places; not by the wind though but by a red squirrel, and a careful look at a distant gate which opens into the next field, reveals the little nutcracker, seated with his back to one of the posts, engaged in his favorite occupation of eating. Just above him something is moving; that is the tip of his furry tail, blown by the wind.

By the side of the wall there is a little mound—it is too nearly conical to be a stone. If the snow is kicked away it will prove to be made of loose earth and stones. It was thrown up last fall, by a pair of wood-chucks who were digging out a burrow beneath the wall, and now, almost beneath the observer's feet they lie so fast asleep that they will not awaken until the spring. Then they will come out lean and hungry after their long fast.

Amongst the blue-gray berries of the bay bushes on the other side of the field, one spot appears darker than the rest. This dark spot is a last year's bird's nest, and a closer observation shows that there is something unusual about it. It is filled up and roofed over with soft fibers and thistle down and inside a family of white-footed mice are curled up snug and warm. They are not so fast asleep as the woodchucks however, and if we touched the nest, out they would pop through a round hole in the side, and after pausing to look at us with their prominent black eyes, away they would leap over the ground, writing their autographs in the snow as they went.

The belt of gray trees which we see against the sky is also full of life and interest. In one tree is seen a dark knot hole; that is where the red squirrel lives. In the top of a big hollow trunk is a much larger opening; a raccoon has his winter quarters there. A mass of light brown leaves and sticks in the upper branches of a chestnut is the home of a pair of gray squirrels, who sleep most of the time, and come out only on sunny days.

Perhaps a very conspicuous black and white bird flashes past along the edge of the wood; that is a red-headed wood-pecker, who is obliged to hunt his food on the decayed branches again, now that his favorite beechnuts are buried beneath the snow. Possibly a glimpse of blue in the heart of a cedar tree may show where a jay is seeking shelter from the wind. The sky itself is not deserted, for across it flies an occasional flock of goldfinches in winter garb, and away in the distance, a stately hawk swings in wide circles above the sheeted fields.

These things and hosts of others are parts of a landscape, just as much as the ground and the sky, and when they are once seen and understood, the simplest scene becomes filled with beauty, in storm and in sunshine, by day and by night, in summer and winter alike.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Book Notes

THERE appeared in Lippincott's Magazine for April a story by Charles G. D. Roberts, *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*, which has since been published in book form. If it has not attained great popularity, it deserves it. Whether one is familiar with forest trees and the characteristics of forest animal life or not, the appreciative reader of the book will be fascinated with the human, the intensely dramatic lives of the animals, and the inevitable tragedy of their endings, as well as the subtle charm of the woods.

Regarding the animals—the grim sickening principle of kill to live is not too much dwelt upon. It is there, of course, and cannot be avoided. But the reader is not depressed by it because the *beauties* of the scene are so dominating. After all, one may find a certain comfort in the escape these animals have from helpless, feeble old age. If that condition prevailed, the other would be thought most desirable and merciful. As it is, only human life is blessed with this affliction.

The story is one of a fine, vigorous young woman who, deserted by her husband, in order to escape the evil tongues of the "settlement," takes their girl child to a log cabin in the wilderness. There she shelters their clearing by a fence, ploughs the ground, splits the wood and makes a home of simple charm, rearing the child with all the knowledge at her command. The girl comes early to love and know the animals about her, and gains their confidence and affection. In the case of a mother bear, it is even a genuine and jealous affection. Nothing seems improbable that the girl or the animals do. One feels the great and exquisite beauty of the forest, even through all the rigors of winter.

The book produces that strange contradictory effect of a work that is strongly personal, yet without the least appearance of the personality of the author. (*Silver, Burdett & Co.*)

C. F.

"*The Cardinal's Snuff Box*," by Henry Harland, is an extraordinary story to be written by an Englishman. Sunny, fanciful, touching now and then upon deep philosophical questions in a half playful way, it is never for a moment wearisome. It is full of reserve force that suggests a "sense of proportion" very French. It reminds one, indeed, of De Musset's pretty comedies, or a fresh, breezy sketch of a charming landscape, which sets one breathing well and is pleasant to think of for a long while.

The scene is laid in Italy, and although there are occasional references to landscape "effects" they are never wearisome, as I find Mrs. Ward's to be,—those sunsets which are guaranteed in each chapter and are about as convincing as the work of those old painters who turn their "atmosphere" from a bottle. Nothing could be more delightful and satisfactory than the English Duchess's "Don't go" at the end.

C. F.

The following books have been added to the library during the past two months: *Life of William Morris*, 2 vols, J. W. Mackail. *Alice of Old Vincennes*, Maurice Thompson. *The Sky Pilot*, Ralph Connor. A complete set of *Shakespeare*, Rolfe's

edition. Eleanor, Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Tommy and Grizel, Barrie. The Grim House, Mrs. Molesworth. The Lane That Had No Turning, Gilbert Parker. Wilderness Ways, William J. Long. Familiar Trees and Their Leaves, Matthews. The Yangtse Valley and Beyond, 2 vols., Mrs. Bishop. Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, 2 vols., Campbell. Weir of Hermiston, R. L. Stevenson. The Wrecker, R. L. Stevenson. The Ebb Tide, R. L. Stevenson. Pierre and His People, Gilbert Parker. A Popular History of the United States, 4 vols., W. C. Bryant. Louisa of Prussia, L. Mulbach. The Hill of Pains, Gilbert Parker. The Black Douglas, S. R. Crockett. A Galloway Herd, S. R. Crockett. Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers, J. Burrows. Early Connecticut Houses, Isham and Brown. The Heart's Highway, M. E. Wilkins.

Village Notes

Village Improvement Societies

In 1818 in Farmington, George and Horace Cowles and Samuel Richards were appointed as a Village Improvement Society Committee. In December they suggested that a sidewalk be made, starting at Governor Treadwell's house (later known as the Norton House and now owned by D. N. Barney), rounding two corners to reach the main street, the length of which it should traverse to Ezekiel Cowles' house.

A petition was at once circulated asking for contributions of money, teams and labor, and the seventy-six signers pledged themselves to one or more of the demands. A few of the many autographs read this way: "Leonard Winship 2 doll in work between his house and Mr. Camp's store; Geo. Treadwell, man and team one day; Eli Tod the whole extent fronting his house and lot; Aug. Bodwell \$2 in assisting to make a block across the rode from Mr. Camp's store."

Thus we see crosswalks were provided for and all work was to be completed before December, 1819. This reserving and making passable a part of the road for those who went afoot must have increased sociability in the community, encouraged attendance at church, and better preserved the health of the girls, as the belles of those days wore very thin soled shoes.

Among the signers were 14 Cowleses, 2 Hookers, 3 Wadsworths, 3 Harts, 4 Porters, 3 Roots, 2 Whitmans, 3 Lewises, 2 Demings, Governor Treadwell, Samuel Dickinson, Erastus Gay, Doctor Swift, and Deacon Bull, nearly all names of prominence in the village to-day. Mrs. Anna Smith was the one woman who signed and John Fairchild was the one man who paid his money down, and received a large cross at each end of his name to preserve him from future dunning.

All the words of the petition were not spelled as we would spell them to-day, but the walk was none the less good for all that, and was the beginning on which the various societies have improved.

A gap of fifty-four years in the records brings us to 1873, when was formed the society now existing. But from verbal testimony we know that one formed and faded out between the years 1860 and 1870, called the Sidewalk and Shade Tree Society. The time of contributing personal labor had not passed by and most of the householders turned out on one of the two appointed days to repair their strips of walk, which we hope had received some intermediate attention.

There must have been a pressing need of this recurring organization, as the burdocks had grown to bushes three and four feet high and completely filled the ditch which separated walk and street, from the Vorce estate to Gay's store. There were banks to be levelled in order to bring the various frontings to one grade and for a few years people worked hard and accomplished much.

The present society began in the same way, each resident caring for his own front and piece of roadside, which later on were kept trim from the general fund. In 1874 a new feature was added, a lantern brigade, not for parade, but for home duty. Each light was cared for by its owner and hung on door or gate post. If these had been left to light the general public we might yet be vying with one another in the brightness of the lanterns displayed, but they were inconsiderately removed for private use so frequently that the present lamps were gradually substituted, and these may yet be succeeded by more modern lights.

The expense up to the nineties was between four and five hundred dollars a year, and to raise this two suppers, a fair, and a play by local talent were given. Our town mothers made exertions unknown to-day, to make those suppers a success, for it meant clearing the lower room in the chapel, which served as a town hall until the present building was completed, in May, 1890, of several cords of woods, stacks of benches, cleaning up the dirt from the furnace, which was not concealed, gathering chairs and tables from far and near, bringing every article for kitchen use from private houses, unearthing two kitchen ranges from the cellar of the Methodist Church, and the building on of a kitchen of planks to perform their marvels of cookery in. Think not only of the gathering together, but the redistribution of all these necessities!

To Rev. James Merriam and his wife we were indebted for the suggestion of the lanterns in 1874, and to Miss Sarah Porter was largely due the interest which ripened into the forming of the present society.

One lovely June day in 1871 Miss Porter invited the village to the riverbank to make merry. Her school girls came, and after games and boating, sat down to one long table for an out-of-door feast, and then Mr. John Hooker spoke to them. The next year the same village festival was given in Hooker's Grove with the same object, to draw people together, and under nature's broadening influence to help them realize more fully their brotherhood and community of interests. Happiest of all there must have been she who so much desired to promote the public welfare.

Of the present society since 1890 it is hardly necessary to write, so familiar to all are its doings, M. D. B.

THE oyster supper and fair of December 5th yielded nearly \$200, from which some bills have yet to be deducted. The Goose dispensed its 400 golden eggs with great animation and the Grab Bag corner was the center of attraction as long as the eggs lasted.

About Clubs

THERE is high authority for asserting that the Club as an institution, whether of a political, religious, industrial or purely social character, is found in the records of all nations, even those of the remotest antiquity. According to Addison, in one of his most delightful *Spectator* essays, such associations seem to be "a natural and necessary offshoot of men's gregarious and social nature." In order to give an air of learning to this present writing, and so induce the amiable reader to give the writer the benefit of a doubt, in case his veracity is questioned, it may be remarked, casually, that Aristotle testifies to the preva-

lence of clubs and clubable men in the Greece of his day, and to their custom of meeting together "for the sake of one another's company, and to offer sacrifices, paying honors to the gods, and at the same time taking pleasure and relaxation among themselves."

We are assured by our highly esteemed octogenarian townsman, whose identity is so easily guessed that further designation would be superfluous, that at no time during the last three generations—"quorum," he says, "*magna pars fui*"—has Farmington failed to bear witness to men's gregarious and social nature, in the way of clubs of various orders of excellence and of various degrees of longevity.

It must be understood that "men's," in this connection, is to be taken generically, and hence includes women and girls. It is then the nature of girls, old and young—a fact so universally understood, however, as to make it absurdly common place to repeat it—it is their nature, we say, to get together for the promotion of objects of a more serious and exalted character than those which commonly actuate mere men and boys when they set about "pooling their interests," or syndicating their assets of one kind or another. Associations of women are, therefore, connected more generally than men's, with the Church, in works of piety and benevolence, "offering sacrifices and paying honors to the gods," and "taking pleasure and relaxation among themselves" in the music (soprano) of lively, sustained conversation, whereas in men's clubs conversation is a lost art. There may be libations in plenty to the gods of one kind or another, but there is no conversation—only talk is heard, and whether there is music in it depends upon conditions too various to be elucidated here. As Captain Jack Bunsby remarked, "the bearings of these observations lays in the application on 'em."

Two winters ago an ingenious gentleman, then almost new to the town, accosted the writer, who, like himself, was waiting at the postoffice for the distribution of the morning's mail; he observed that the days were getting shorter and shorter, and then inquired how men of social and at the same time of an inquiring turn of mind managed to get through the long winter evenings in Farmington. On the spur of the moment, the only answer which came to mind was, that possibly such men spent a good deal of time in poking the fire, or running down cellar to regulate the furnace, and mean whiles they might engage the attention of the family circle by administering modicums of grumbling about one thing or another. A suggestion that the fire, like a watched pot, had better be left alone, and that the grumblers might better get together by themselves and talk about something pleasant, was accepted as an inspiration, and the *Get-together Club* became a fact of pleasing promise. It never had a local habitation and hardly a name, being called, for short, The Club. Constitution, by-laws, ritual, dues, fines, or indeed officers of any sort, it had none—a looseness of organization which may be accounted for, though we hazard the suggestion with diffidence—by the fact that its membership was confined to the male sex which notoriously falls short in the genius for elaborate organization said to characterize all Women's Clubs.

For two winters and late into the spring of each year, the Club throve, yet it needs now to be confessed, with some shamefacedness on the part of the men,

that this success was not slightly due to the persistency of the ladies, who happily outnumber the men three to one in this bailiwick, in ignoring or pooh-poohing the hints guardedly thrown out, at first, as to certain rights of men to be let alone which even woman might reasonably concede. This was not, however, the first time in history that one or more of the so-called Rights of Man has turned out to have been little more than an individual whim or caprice, which, although causing the judicious to grieve, while humoring it, never enlisted their interest, much less their advocacy. Fortunately, the ladies got in and were made welcome. To the main topic of the weekly paper, and to the discussion which followed it—ranging all the way from such themes as Darwin's hypothesis down to the problem of chances whether a particular marked hen's egg will hatch out a pullet or a rooster, the women brought their sympathetic interest, their applause, or their word of acute criticism.

There is said to be in Boston an association called the Hobby Club, exclusively composed of persons having hobbies, which they are expected to trot out on suitable occasions for the admiration and entertainment of the members and their guests. The archaeologist, the amateur astronomer, the collector of coins or stamps, or ceramics, and other fadists of that sort have equal chances of showing off their things and what they know about them, which, naturally enough, is more than most people know. There is hardly any one talent, or store of knowledge, or means of entertainment of which some one person in the community has not a superior portion. The scheme of the Get-together Club was to ask that person of the superior portion to distribute of his superabundance, whereby he himself could not be impoverished, and the receiver would be made rich.

To come to the point at last: the club has gladly consented to consolidate with the *Young Men's Union*, taking a new name, and opening wide the doors of the pleasant rooms of the Ladies Benevolent Society (kindly placed at its service) each Friday evening, for the encouragement of good feeling, the diffusion of knowledge, in other words, "offering honors to the gods," *i. e.* to our highest ideals, and at the same time, as they did at Athens, "taking pleasure and relaxation among ourselves."

ALIQUIS.

The Ghost

IN the early part of the century which has just closed, much Farmington capital was invested in commercial enterprises. The ships were wont to touch first at the islands of the South Pacific and taking on board a cargo of seal skins, to sail thence to Canton and Calcutta, where the furs were exchanged for teas, silks, nankeens, and for chinaware marked in gold with the names of families who could afford such luxuries. One of their captains was Ebenezer Mix, commonly known as Captain Eb. He was a son of "Squire Mix," one of the old time worthies of the town, whose house still stands close to the old burying ground on the south, a position peculiarly favorable for ghostly adventures. It was a time when all men believed, not only that the dead lived in a future state, but that they could return in ghostly forms to the place of their sepulture as a warning to the living.

Sailors are wont to be superstitious. Their lonely lives on the mighty ocean fosters the feeling. A ghost had been seen several times in the old burying ground, and Captain Eb was not surprised, when, looking from his chamber window one dark night, he saw a tall form clothed all in white and having two great white wings which it waved at intervals in a ghostly fashion. Captain Eb. shouted to the apparition to be gone, but it moved not. He then proceeded to exorcise it with all the rich variety of expletives which sailors are wont to bring home from lands beyond the sea. The waving of the ghostly wings

was the only reply. As a last resort Captain Eb seized an old queen's arms, well loaded, which had seen service in Revolutionary days, and taking deliberate aim at the ghost, blazed away. When the smoke disappeared the ghost was no longer to be seen. The next morning, when the sun lighted up the scene of the midnight encounter, there appeared one of the tall white slabs which were just beginning to take the place of the old red gravestones, and at its foot lay the remains of Deacon Elijah Porter's old white goose.

J. G.

The Sketch-Book

WE have been told, I believe, by competent authorities that with January we begin the Twentieth Century. When we think of the prophesies made many years ago concerning this wonderful century, and see the way in which anticipations have been more than realized, our imagination cannot grasp the possibilities before us.

Changes are coming even to Farmington, as indeed they ought. Some things we would not alter, but every change that brings with it an awakened loyalty, a new sense of the duty one owes to one's home, must be welcomed, even though responsibilities multiply because of it. Some months ago we received a letter anent possible improvements in this village from one who guards zealously every tradition, yet would willingly see new beauties.

"Civilization costs more than barbarism. If we should return to the time when the wild red man ran through Farmington, clad only in his tomahawk, when taxes were absolutely nothing, it would be cheap, but should we really like that simple life and costume? Should we not look at our village as though she were an individual only a little finer and greater than any other individual?"

"There was a time when Farmington went barefoot and when she was clad in homespun, it was the best of that time, but with the Twentieth Century Farmington demands a longer dress, with a fringe of asphalt about her robe, and all those things that other girls of her age have.

"It is not consistent with the dignity of a town that God has made especially beautiful to be clothed in rags. The town of the Porters, of Edward Norton, of many other honored ones, is well worthy not only of the most beautiful dress, but of the best means of education, a fountain, a statue, a fine library."

God Bless thee, little Infant Year,
Perhaps, for none are told;
Perhaps thou art the Infant Year,
That starts the age of gold.

Perhaps upon thy varied scroll,
There'll be no trace of wars,
And as the century begins
The earth may heal her scars.

Those little chubby hands of thine,
What mighty things may hold,
God Bless thee, little Infant Year,
And bring the age of gold.

B.

The Farmington Magazine

Charles S. Mason, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.

Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

NELSON O. KEYS
Carpenter and Builder

Main Street
Farmington, Conn.

HENRY O. WILCOX
Carpenter and Builder

Repairing and Jobbing—Estimates Given
Main Street Farmington, Conn.

D. R. HAWLEY

**Decorating
and Painting**

Artistic Interior Work

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

"There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,
None by the dew of the twilight we
So sweet as the deep blue violet."

FARMINGTON DRUG STORE

—KODAK FILMS—

PANJO STRINGS
VIOLIN STRINGS

TOILET ARTICLES
SPONGES

COURTEOUS PARROT IN ATTENDANCE

Golf Goods,**Fencing Material,**

— and —

Athletic Supplies*Golf Clubs and Caddy Bags repaired***GILLETTE BROTHERS**

198 Pearl St., cor. Haynes

HARTFORD, CONN.

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHSCCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

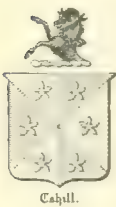
ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE*Huyler's***CANDIES**

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for Huyler's Candies.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLESROGER & GALLETT'S, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention

PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.**E. P. CAHILL,****Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR**

Tailor-made Gowns in fashionable cloths including Scotch Tweeds, Serges, Vicunas, Khakis, and Flannels, a specialty

Perfect fit guaranteed. Fashions from the latest Creations of London and Paris.

All Orders Receive
Prompt Attention

105 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.

The Farmington Magazine

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY
AND THE REVIVAL OF MINIATURE MAKING
CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTONES
STUDIO

Hartford's Leading Photographer

45 Pratt Street, Hartford, Connecticut

FIRST DOOR WEST OF PRATT STREET SAVINGS BANK

Platinotypes, Carbon Process, Miniatures. Children a specialty

Portraits made in the homes of patrons if so requested

Write for pamphlet, "Art in Photography."

It Tells—What to Wear. Something about Posing, How to Dress for a
Portrait, Best Hours for Sitting, and describes the processes used by
Mr. Johnstone.

The Optimist

A Little Journal of Criticism, Review and Inspiration

The Daintiest Little Journal in Existence.

Sixty four pages, 4 1/2 x 6 1/2, on heavy antique, double colored paper. Illustrated titles and initials, clever illustrations by artists of note, and text by charming writers. Not a faddive, but a genuine, serious magazine, for the reading of thoughtful and cultivated people. The only magazine of its kind that has won instantaneous success and high re-
tation in the New England and Middle States.

The Optimist is published monthly at \$1.00 per year.

If you would like to see a Sample Copy send ten cents to

THE OPTIMIST, Boone, Iowa.

H. R. WOODWARD,
 PROPRIETOR OF THE
Farmington Stage and Hartford Express.
First Class Livery Stable.

Corner of High Street and New Britain Ave.

FARMINGTON, CONN

☛ ☛ Telephone Connection. ☛ ☛

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,
 Attorney at Law,
 847 MAIN STREET,
 HARTFORD, CONN.

Charles H. Riggs, D.D.S.
 Sage-Allen Building,
 902 Main Street, HARTFORD, CONN.

☛ ☛ ☛ ☛

The frontispiece of the December number of the Farmington Magazine was from a photograph taken some years ago of Mr. Elijah L. Lewis, one of the Town fathers, and with him is one of the village children. The illustration in the *sketch book* is from a drawing made by Mr. Robt. Brandegee, of the old fireplace in the quaint and historic room of the Elm Tree Inn.

☛ ☛ ☛ ☛

FARMINGTON SKETCHES
 By **WALTER GRIFFIN.**

Six 6x9 Pencil Sketches in handsome hand lettered portfolios, 12x16:

THE OLD STAGE COACH.
 THE OLD BRIDGE.
 THE OLD CHURCH.
 THE CHURCH AND CHAPEL.
 THE ROAD FROM THE MILL.
 THE SPIRE.

PRICE, \$5.00. SINGLE PRINTS, \$2.00.

Now on Sale. Farmington Drug Store.

Checques and Money Orders should be sent to

WALTER GRIFFIN,
 700 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

BELKNAP & WARFIELD,

Booksellers and Stationers,

77 and 79 Asylum Street, - - - HARTFORD, CONN.

Our stock of Books and Stationery for the Holiday Season is complete.

All of the new books, and the latest and best editions of standard works.

Prayer Books, Hymnals, and Bibles.

Books for Young People in Great Variety.

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT:

A very fine line of Pocket Books, Card Cases, Writing Cases, Desk Pads, Address Books
Golf Scores, Photograph Albums, and Inkstands.

Calendars and Diaries for 1901.

Novelties in Leather Goods, Writing Papers, and Papeteries.

MABIE, TODD & BARD'S GOLD PENS AND SWAN FOUNTAIN PENS.

A Souvenir Sketch-Book of Farmington

Signed Artists' Proofs. In Portfolio

EIGHT REPRODUCTIONS OF PEN AND INK ILLUSTRATIONS OF INTERESTING
FEATURES OF THE OLD VILLAGE.

By WALTER GRIFFIN

The Portfolio is of Gray Linen, 12 x 15 inches.

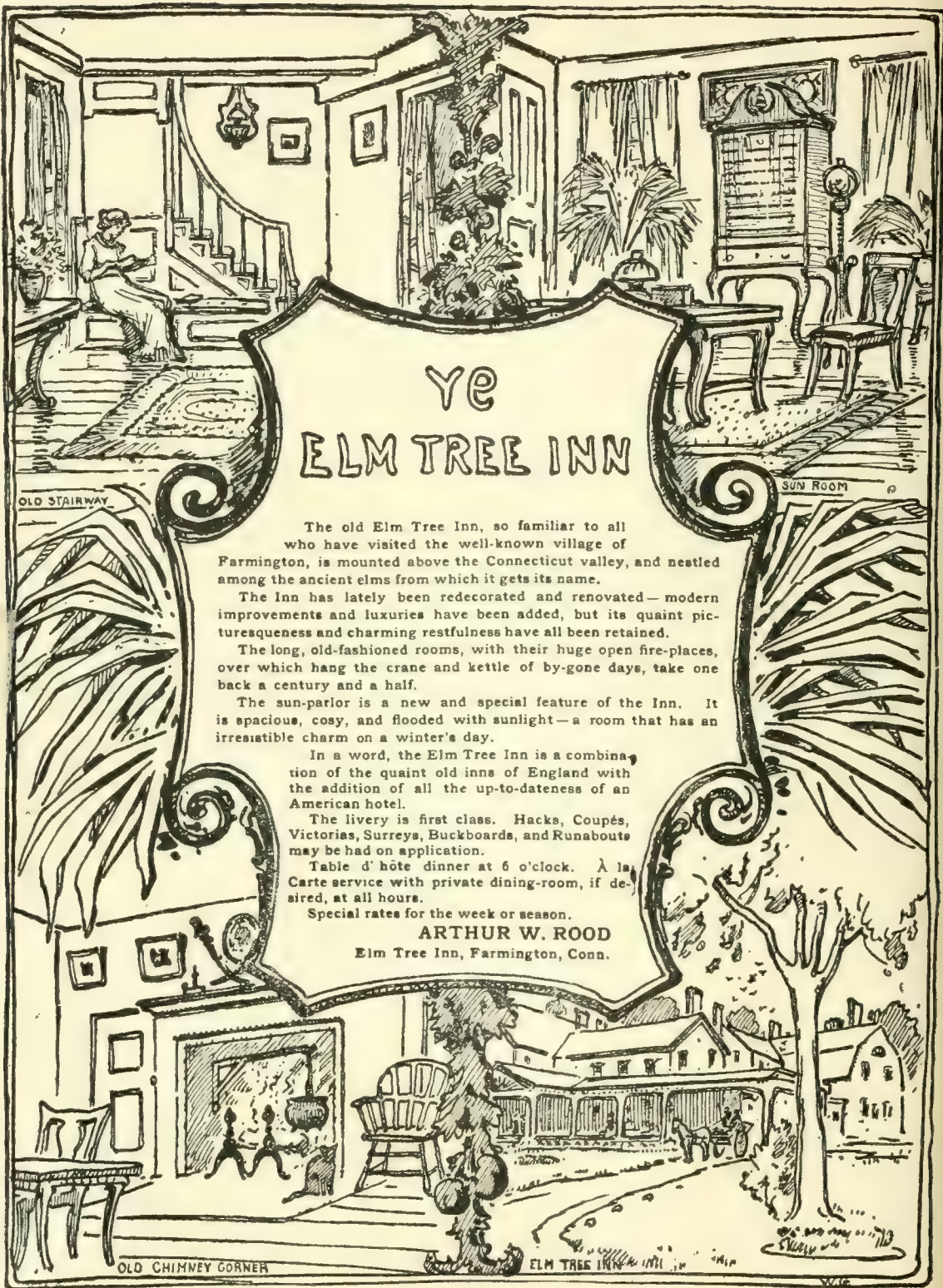
The actual size of the Illustrations is 6 x 9 inches.

AN INTERESTING HOLIDAY GIFT

Price, \$5.00

For sale December 15th, 1900. Expressage prepaid to all parts of country.
Cheques should be made out to

WALTER GRIFFIN, 700 Main St., Hartford, Conn.



Ye ELM TREE INN

OLD STAIRWAY

SUN ROOM

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupés, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d'hôte dinner at 6 o'clock. À la Carte service with private dining-room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

ARTHUR W. ROOD

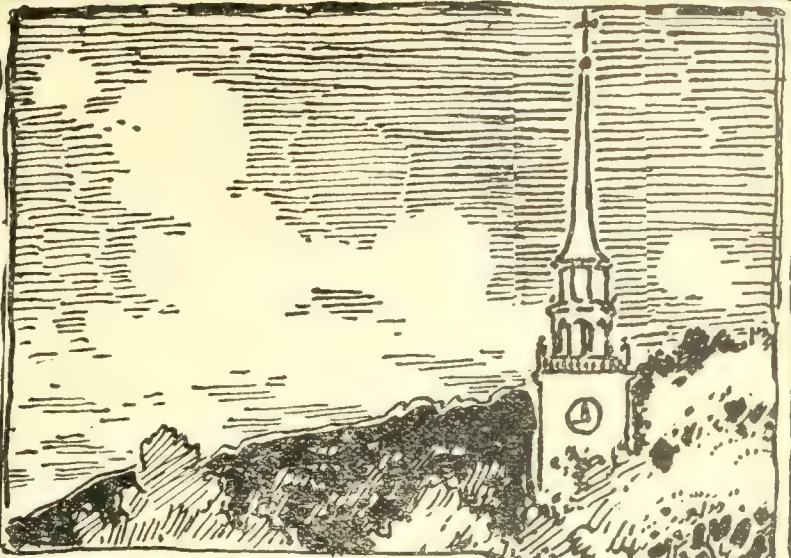
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

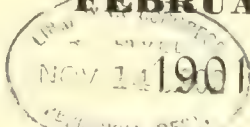
ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



FEBRUARY



TO A CORN FLOWER - M. U.

CINQUEZ—THE BLACK PRINCE
Charles Ledyard Norton

NATURE - - - R. B. Brandegee
The Woodpeckers.

ART - - - - - Walter Griffin

BOOK NOTES - Charles Foster

A LETTER FROM SOUTHERN
SPAIN - - - W. Bradford Allen

VILLAGE NOTES M. D. Brandegee

EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK

FARMINGTON - CONN.

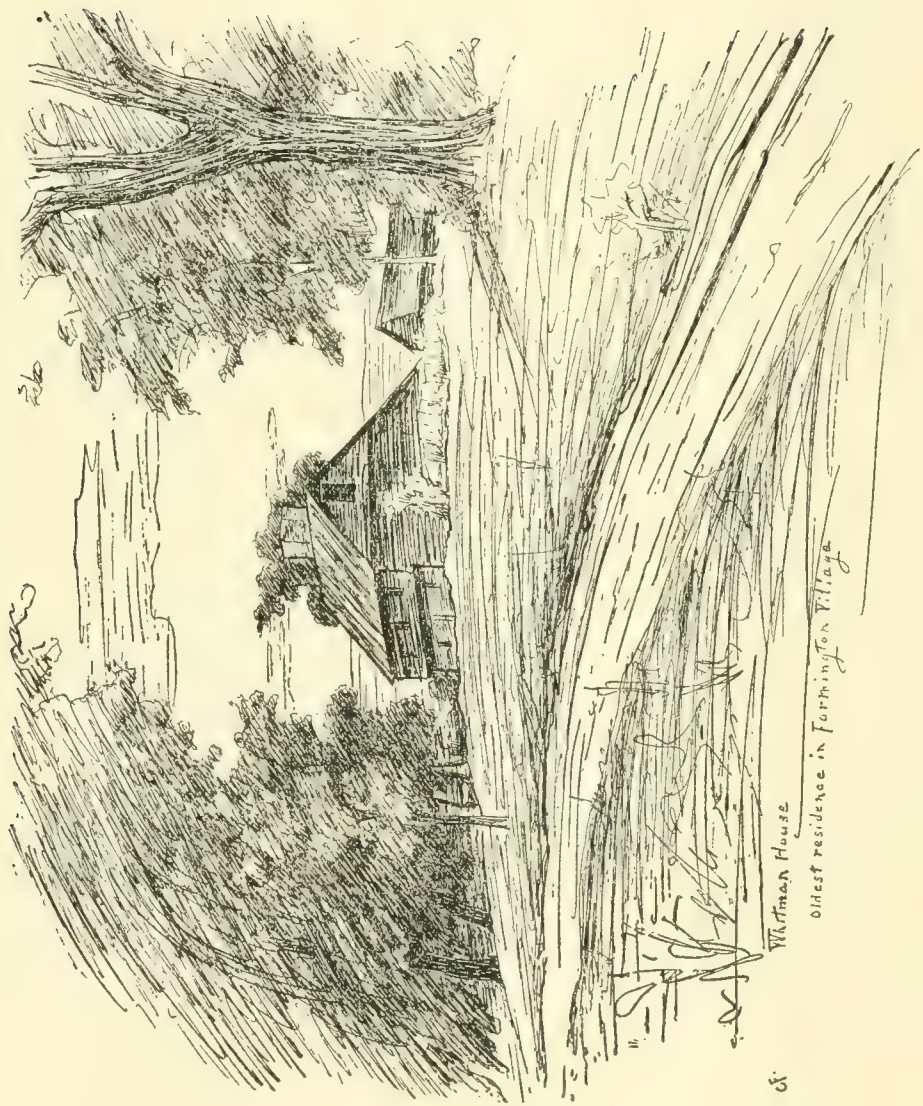
MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.
\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.
PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



di

Wiltman House

Oldest residence in Farmington Village

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1901

No. 4

To a Corn Flower

LONESOME little star of blue
 gazing through
From the tangled weeds and grass
 as I pass,
Noble must have been thy race,
Thou art pure and fair of face,
 Though thy field is dusty, sear,
 and commonplace.

Do not tremble at the rushes
 rustling near;
Tho' the nettle crowds and crushes
 do not fear.
Weeds and rushes can not hide thee,
Nor the lusty nettles chide thee;
 Thou a cherished child of nature,
 And thou bringest hope and cheer.

M. U.

*Cinquez—The Black Prince

SIXTY years ago a band of African savages led by their warrior chieftains and in defiance of opposition on the part of many townspeople, invaded our peaceful village and in a way took possession of the place. To very many of the present generation the foregoing statement may seem altogether incredible, but it is nothing more than history slightly "embroidered" for dramatic effect.

In 1841 the case of the "Amistad Captives" was of international importance, and never has Farmington been so truly the center of public attention, as when these distinguished foreigners were among her summer visitors.

Their story is quite as romantic as those that are served up in the modern novel, and I am permitted briefly to recount it here for I can clearly remember, as clearly that is as a child may who was barely three years old at the time—how this same Black Prince used to toss me up and seat me upon his broad shoulder while he executed a barbaric dance on the lawn for my entertainment. There are those, however, living in Farmington, whose personal recollections of Cinquez* and his following are clearer than mine, so I hasten to cite the story from authorities.

In the year 1839 sailing masters on the high seas were still on the lookout for suspicious craft, and deemed it prudent to give a wide berth to "long, low, black schooners with raking masts," beloved in the story books of venturesome boys and very justly the terror of honest merchantmen. When, therefore, such a schooner was sighted on an August morning of the year in question, boxing about off Montauk Point, all well disposed coasters and fisher folk fled to the nearest ports for safety, and the government was notified by mail, the telephone being out of order, that a sure enough pirate was ravaging the eastern end of Long Island.

Steam was unknown to the revenue service of that period, and several days passed before the swift sailing cutter "Washington," Lieutenant Gedney, overhauled the supposed marauder and with her crew at quarters sent an armed boat to take possession. During these few days before the revenue cutter put in an appearance, the supposed pirate had sent very formidable looking and nearly naked black men ashore to purchase supplies for which they paid in Spanish doubloons, and certain venturesome sailor men with confidence in the speed of their boats had drawn near enough to the suspected schooner to see that she was manned entirely by blacks, and apparently only wanted to be let alone. Her name was found to be the "Amistad."

No serious resistance was offered to the revenue men, but one splendid specimen of an African plunged overboard, struck out for the open sea, and was only rescued from death by drowning through the efforts of an entire boat's crew, who lassoed him and hauled him aboard after he was quite exhausted by his exertions. This was Cinquez, the Black Prince, and he afterward admitted that it was his intention never to be taken alive.

*Also spelled "Cinque." It was popularly pronounced "Sinqué" in New England. The Spanish terminal z is here adopted as most likely to be correct.

Below decks were found two white men, Spaniards, Montez and Ruis by name, and Antonio, a cabin boy. All hands were taken to New London and held for government action. Then it came out that the "Amistad" was a slaver, and that the thirty-four black men and three women found on board were the survivors of a "cargo" run off from the west coast after the usual methods of traders. They must have been treated with somewhat more humanity than usual for less than a score of them died and were thrown overboard during the passage to Cuba, where Montez and Ruis bought the whole outfit and sailed at once for their plantations at Puerto Principe.

But they had reckoned without consulting the Black Prince. His must indeed have been a high order of native intelligence, for although born, so to say, in an African jungle and having lived his thirty years or so in all essentials as a barbarian, he was observant enough during the voyage to notice that the sun always rose astern and set ahead. Therefore, said this Prince to himself, as he lay chained and gasping for air between decks, "when I sail towards home I will steer toward the rising sun."

The capture of the schooner before she reached her destination was more in the line of Cinquez' experience. None of the crew were ever heard from again, but Ruis and Montez had merely bought the black men as chattels in open market so these two were saved alive with the cabin-boy aforesaid, who was neither old enough nor big enough to have made enemies among the negroes. Cinquez notified his prisoners in unmistakable terms that the ship's course was east, but naturally enough while the unlettered African could lay a course by the sun the mystery of the mariner's compass, with its strange hieroglyphics, was too much for him, so the white men managed to keep her headed to the north and west between sunset and sunrise, and eventually she brought up as been related, off Montauk Point, and straightway the slavery and anti-slavery factions were set by the ears.

The slave holders and their northern sympathizers supported the claim of the Spanish minister that the Africans were lawful property, while the anti-slavery faction held that since the trade in human creatures was illegitimate alike under Spanish and American law, the captives were well within their rights when they demonstrated their title to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" on the high seas. This last mentioned view of the case was taken by the lower court, sustained by the district judges, and thence carried up to the United States Supreme Court, where it was argued by the venerable John Quincy Adams of Boston and the Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin of New Haven. Mr. Adams devoutly wrote in his diary on the day when he decided to act as counsel in the case: "I implore the mercy of Almighty God to so control my temper, to enlighten my soul, and to give me utterance, that I may prove myself in every way equal to the task." Whether in answer to this petition or not, his speech occupied more than two days, and on March 9th, 1841, Justice Story delivered the opinion of the Court, affirming at last the freedom of the captives.

During all the weary months since their capture the Africans had been kept in confinement at New Haven, where they were provided with more creature comforts than they had ever known before. Mr. Lewis Tappan, of New York, a

noted philanthropist, and one of the founders of the American Missionary Association, was a leader in all steps taken for their benefit. He was well known to many of the older generation in Farmington, and if I mistake not, often visited the town. During this stay in New Haven some of the students in the Yale Divinity School devoted much time to the instruction of the captives in the primary branches of an English education, so that when the edict of emancipation went forth, the brightest among them were able to read and write a bit, and all had been lifted a little toward the light of civilized Christianity.

When it was decided to quarter them in Farmington, pending arrangements for their return to Africa, there was consternation among the timid souls in the quiet village. Stories of hereditary cannibalism were plentifully circulated, and there were not wanting formal protests against forcing such a burden upon the community. But Mr. Tappan and his friends prevailed at last, and with but little delay the whole band of thirty-seven embarked on a canal boat,* and, singing the Christian hymns that they had learned, voyaged up the placid water way that then led from New Haven to Northampton.

Barracks had been erected on land at the rear of the old Wadsworth House, now occupied by Mr. Dunning, and adjoining the cemetery, and here the late captives speedily made themselves at home. These barracks were still standing when I last visited the place, though I am under the impression that they have been moved somewhat from their original position.

Cinquez was a born ruler, and, ably seconded by his lieutenant Grabbo, he maintained a very creditable degree of discipline among his half savage followers. They were for the most part free to roam about except for regular school hours, and the townsfolk soon ceased to fear them. Anxious mammas at the first trembled and kept their tempting morsels of children behind bolted doors, but before long the belief in tales of cannibalism died out, and it was no uncommon sight in those days to see the big grown-up black children playing with little white tots in village door yards.

The African visitors, or some of them at least, were often welcomed by my father, the late John T. Norton, at his home, now the property of Mr. Newton Barney, and as I have already said I retain dim, childish memories of the strange, kindly black men. A broad flight of steps then led down from the southern piazza of my father's house, and I distinctly remember seeing the athletic Cinquez turn a somersault from these steps and then go on down the sloping lawn in a succession of hand springs heels over head, to the wonderment and admiration of my big brothers and myself. Again I recall a visit to the barracks, where I beheld the whole black company clad, as it seems to me, in dark brown or gray jeans. In my childish eyes they seemed a mighty host, and as such they will always remain in my memory, for probably I had never before seen so many men together at any one time.

I was a favorite, too, with Grabbo, the second in command, who was allowed

*It has since been learned that the Africans probably came up from New Haven in wagons that were sent for them.

sometimes to take me out for excursions in the neighborhood. I can even remember that my mother was very anxious at first about these expeditions, but eventually acquired entire confidence in these big sable playmates of her little boy.

The ex-captives were expert swimmers, and very fond of bathing in the canal basins or in the mill pond until, unfortunately, poor Grabbo*, on a certain day, was taken with a cramp, and drowned, in spite of the efforts of his companions to rescue him. A messenger came at once for my father. We were sitting on the piazza in the cool of the evening; it was early dusk when we saw a dark figure striding up the path; taking no notice of the rest of us, he went straight to my father, and said in broken accents, "We—want—you—Grabbo he daid," and with that he turned about and sped away, the big tears chasing one another down his dark cheeks.

Such are some of the dim memories that linger with me concerning this singular episode of sixty years ago. It is with some diffidence that I venture into print with them, for after so long a time I may easily be at fault in details, and as I have already hinted, there are some, older even than I, whose recollections of the Black Prince and his people must be far more worthy of record.

Eventually, through the efforts of charitable folk and the Missionary Society, the thirty-six survivors were sent back to their native Africa with a generous equipment of funds and teachers, and in January, 1842, were established in a colony known as the Mendi Mission, near Sierra Leone.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

Nature

The Woodpeckers

WHAT are you hanging up that piece of old bone for? I said, for the lady was fixing a bone in the branches of a bush.

Come inside, said she, and you will see! In a few minutes a woodpecker came and examined the morsel. I thought it was the Downy Woodpecker, but closer examination showed it to be the Hairy Woodpecker. The Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers look much alike, but the latter is the larger of the two.

Almost anyone is startled when he sees the great Pileated Woodpecker for the first time, his great size and scarlet crest make him very noticeable. He is much commoner in northern New England than with us; and it is only through the winter months we may see him, and the noise of his mighty hammering is like the hammer of Richard the Lion Hearted. In size he is as large as a pigeon, and so remarkable with black and scarlet you will be sure to notice him. So keep your eyes wide open.

*Called Fooni in records.

The woodpeckers don't trouble themselves much about music. They go round and round the trees looking for worms, or as some say sap. A Mr. Bowles tried some experiments with the sapsuckers, by filling little holes with rum and water, and the sapsuckers drank the rum with avidity, and a Yellow Hammer (or Golden Winged Woodpecker) got into such a foolish state that he lay down on a limb with his wings hanging down on each side. Even a humming bird came and sipped of this rum and water, and became so hilarious that it pains one to describe it.

Isn't it interesting to see a bird make the chips fly just for fun, or to build himself a house, but we must hasten not to do the woodpeckers too much credit for it is probably a great pleasure for them to hammer the wood with their bills, as their heads are a kind of complete battering ram. But I think it affects their brains finally, for you can place corn in their nests and remove their eggs and they will go right on sitting just as though the corn were their own eggs. They are almost as stupid as hens. And then their heads are all more or less red, and they look very crazily out of their eyes, showing that hammering perpetually with the end of the bill is not good for the brain. There is a Spanish proverb which says, "dine with your aunt but not every day," and I am inclined to believe the Yellow Hammer never heard of this proverb, because almost any time you may see him hopping along on the ground picking up ants, indeed he is so eager after them he will stand near an ant hill and spear them by the dozen with his long bill. His very flesh smells of formic acid, and all the other birds look askance at him, as we do at a drunkard.

The Yellow Hammer or Golden Winged Woodpecker (not to mention his twenty or more other names), walks on the ground a great deal for a woodpecker, and it is probably his love of insects that gives him this habit. The young Yellow Hammers make a great deal of noise which makes it easy to find their nests; and they will hiss at you when you look in the hole where they live. Perhaps they are making believe there is a snake there. But when one has been in a heronry of Green Herons there is nothing in the bird line that can startle one very much. You should know that the young Green Herons watch you climbing the tree in perfect silence, as the Americans awaited the British at Bunker Hill, and when you arrive just under the nest, the whole nest full of young herons lean over the nest side and are seasick all together all over the tree; it is unexpected and bewildering and not at all nice as we say in England. But I am getting away from my woodpeckers. Their eggs are laid at the bottom of the hole they have dug, without any attempt at a nest. And after the young woodpeckers are hatched and flown, the hole is used by the blue birds, the wrens, or even by the great crested flycatchers. The screech owls are almost too large to use the woodpeckers' homes. And last of all the boy who reaches in his hand to take some woodpeckers eggs, suddenly finds his arm clasped by a black snake, and both come to ground in great disorder.

THE great State of Connecticut shows a real appreciation of the honor of having the birds visit her and stay with her. Many and stringent are the bird laws. There is something really beautiful when a powerful state like Connecticut covers the slightest creatures with its protecting wing; when it welcomes with open arms these messengers of peace. These are the things to take more pride in than to be anxious to have some horrid instrument of destruction named Connecticut. Perhaps the birds will all fly into Connecticut, as the game flies for protection into the Yellowstone Park.

R. B. B.

Art

Limitations

THE January number of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE contained an article entitled "A Winter Landscape," and to those who read it I am sure that I need not explain that the landscape was seen through the eyes of a naturalist. For nearly twenty years it has been my business and pleasure to study and observe landscapes during every hour of the day and, I might almost add, night. This constant study of changes and moods had led me to believe that I was somewhat observant—that I had learned to see many things unnoticed by the average observer. But "A Winter Landscape," seen through the eyes of a naturalist, is not only a revelation to me, but shows me how little we all see, and that what little does come under our observation is that which we are looking for, or expecting to find. It also shows me that we must be to some extent armed with a knowledge of a subject before we can see it in the true sense. For instance, during my many walks, I must have had many times within the range of my vision all the things described by the naturalist, but they were an unknown language to me and told no story. I have seen the imprint of the feet of a small animal in the snow, but what animal? It may have been one of a dozen. But the naturalist not only knows by what animal the crust of the snow was broken, but he also knows the condition of the little thing's mind at the time it flew across it. He knows who its pursuer was, and the object of the pursuit. Supposing the animal is a squirrel, the artistic mind is taken up with the color, the form, and the action. He sees only the things that his eyes have been trained to see—what he is looking for.

While the artist searches for the general effect and impression the naturalist is hunting for detail. The artist is allowed full play of his imagination but the naturalist must obtain facts. The landscape to the artist means masses of color, form, light and shade.

And it must be that the farmer traveling over his land sees that which has escaped both the artist and the naturalist. The mineralogist, too, must see another world in the same landscape.

So each person sees only his side of nature—of the world—and is it not well,—for it makes each depend upon the other for that which we are unable to discover for ourselves.

W. G.



BRAUPORT. (Leaf from a Sketch-book)

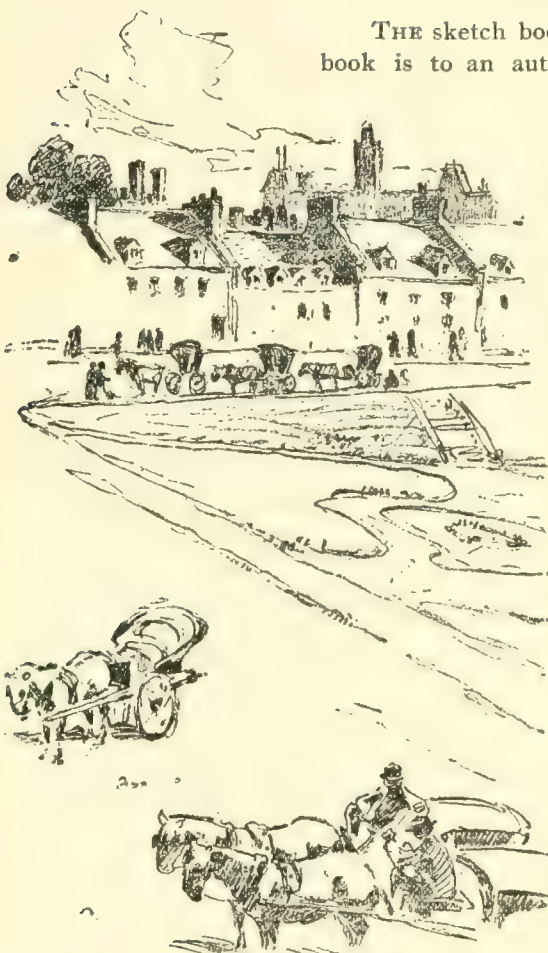


The Value of Sketch Books

THE sketch book should be to the artist what a note book is to an author. Well trained as the hand and mind may become, there are times when the memory needs aid, and the artist who cannot refer back to his notes must be at loss. The sketch made one, two, three—yes, ten or twenty years ago, may be just the bit of truth required in the picture produced to-day.

Fragments of great paintings can often be traced back through years in the sketch book of the artist, showing that his production was one born of years of study.

The art student can have no better practice and ground work for his art than by sketching everything he has time to sketch. The constant



companionship of a sketch book forms in the student the habit for drawing in a natural and direct way. Sketch books are usually free from mannerisms and other affectations so often found in the more serious work of beginners.

The student who always carries his sketch book will, after a few years, have a wealth of material on which to found his future work.

W. G.



Apropos of St. Valentine's Day

WHEN Patience trod the village street, two hundred years ago,
The country-side was fairer far than in these days I'm told,
And all the bards and romancers would have us moderns know
That "nowadays" can never be like to the days of old.
The skies were then a deeper blue, and whiter was the snow,
When Patience trod the village street, two hundred years ago.

When Patience trod the village street in that dim, bygone day,
The gray-haired blacksmith left his forge, the scribe laid down his pen,
And all peered out to see her pass a-tripping on her way—
For bards are wont to sing that maids were far more comely then,
And gallant swains bore flint-lock guns to fend them from the foe,
When Patience trod the village street, two hundred years ago.

Since Patience trod the village street, the artist, Father Time,
Has not undone his handiwork—the picture is the same;
Save that the gray majestic elms were then but in their prime—
And nature sings each year new songs to put the bards to shame:
Full half the valley's fairest charms were then unborn, I know,
When Patience trod the village street, two hundred years ago.

And where she trod, now tread the feet of groups of merry maids—
To make the scribe throw down his pen and to the casement fly:
A fig for bards and romancers (who sit behind drawn shades),
If they will leave To-day for me, I'll give them Days Gone By.
For Patience in a golfing cape is fairer far I know,
Then when she trod the village street, two hundred years ago.

B. J.

Book Notes

THERE are two very different reasons why we enjoy our favorite books; it is hard to say which is the stronger. We enjoy reading of that which is familiar; old scenes, types easily recognized, long known, delight us. Also we are fascinated when we are led into regions new and strange, introduced to an atmosphere and to manners totally different to those we meet every day. Never do we feel this last fascination more completely than when we read in the old idyllic literature of the loves of nymphs and shepherds, the sylvan concerts on oaten pipes, and all the joy attendant on the golden age.

An exquisite example of this kind of literature is the *Amyntas* of Tasso—the Italian poet made immortal not only by his own songs but in Goethe's pathetic drama. The *Amyntas* has just been done into English verse, very musical and sympathetic, by Frederick Whitmore, and privately printed by him at the Ridgewood Press in Springfield, Mass. The bookmaking is most satisfactory, and the poem has been charmingly illustrated by the translator's brother, making on the whole as dainty a bit of Arcadian literature as one could wish.

Torquato Tasso lived in Italy during the last half of the sixteenth century at the time when affectation in art was the natural thing, and many other paradoxes were rife in the land. Realism was not dreamed of, only the impossible was food for the imagination. With some poets and painters this was so conscious an effort, a pose, that the results weary us now, but with men great as Tasso, as Sir Philip Sydney, as Coreggio, the results transport us to a land flowing with milk and honey, musical with the pipe, fragrant with amaryllis and narcissus. Nymphs gaze at their own loveliness in every pond, and mock at the satyrs or fond shepherds who chant their praises.

Tasso's pastoral drama, the greatest of its day, sings the love of one *Amyntas*, a shepherd of rare virtue, for the nymph Sylvia, wondrous in beauty. The lilt of the songs, the charm of the scenery, haunt us, and we bless Tasso that he succeeded as he did in the poet's search for Arcadia.

E. H. J.

Venice, of all backgrounds for color and romance, is one of the richest. Yet *The Golden Book of Venice* by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, whether from a determination to avoid the "theatrical" at all cost, an insistent "good taste," or lack of the gift of developing a "situation" to its fullest artistic possibilities, the situations always leave one a little cold and dissatisfied that the writer's enthusiasm has not carried—unconsciously compelled her—to emphasize her book at certain points, where she *almost* touches the dramatic, but invariably fails. It is very well worth reading for its historical "essay" qualities. But one sincerely regrets the love story, the story of a lovable woman, whose religious fanaticism breaks any number of hearts, so that one grows to hate her in many parts of the book. (*Century Co.*)

C. F.

A few of the books added to the library since the last issue of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE: The Heart of the Ancient Wood, C. D. Roberts. Life of Abraham Lincoln, 2 vols., by John T. Morse, American Statesmen Series. The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland. The Golden Book of Venice. Napoleon III. at the Height of His Power, Imbert de Saint Amand. Quisanti, Anthony Hope. Literary Friends and Acquaintances, William Dean Howells.

A Letter from Southern Spain

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE has received a letter which is sure to prove interesting to many of its readers. Though Spain is becoming more familiar to us every day, still there are characteristics which must always be surprising to Northerners, and then it is always a pleasure to go sight-seeing thro' the eyes of a friend.

It would be presumptuous for the traveler in Southern Spain, who stops only at the more important towns and stays in none more than a few days, to write of the customs of the people. Still, there are peculiarities which at once strike one, made more prominent by the great contrasts which are presented. The hovel is crowded close to the palace, the people live in an atmosphere of the past, and the duties of the day are put off to the morrow.

The superb relics of Moorish civilization, as instanced in the Alhambra and Alcazar, are brought out in greater distinctness by the shabby buildings which surround them, and the luxury which must have accompanied the palaces is in startling contrast to the squalor seen on every side.

In the beautiful cathedral at Cordova, where priests intone the service and the voices of the choir boys float upward with the dreamy smoke of the incense, is seen the Mihrab, the Holy of Holies of the Moors who first worshipped here, and verses from the Koran in brilliant mosaic look down on the devout peasants saying their Ave Marias.

The utter disregard of the value of time is everywhere most noticeable. The railway trains leave when they will, arrive when they will, and in the meantime crawl along at a snail's pace. It is no infrequent thing to arrive at one's destination from two to three hours late.

Always accompanying the train are two of the *Guardes Civil*, picked men and trustworthy,—in every essential feature up to date, but dressed in a costume of a century ago. Their queer cocked hats, their long-tailed coats faced with yellow and red and crossed in front with broad white straps give them an eighteenth century appearance. The rifle, revolver and sword these men carry, belie any antique appearance they may have, and serve to overawe any unscrupulous highwaymen who might wish to take undue liberties with the train.

The view from the window of a railway carriage is interesting because of its novelty, the slowness of the pace being here a decided advantage. Mile after mile of olive trees and grapevines are passed, the green of the leaves contrasting beautifully with the lighter color of the growing grain. Here an old man is tending turkeys, there a little girl is standing guard over a herd of pigs, while in the next field, perhaps, are many bulls doomed some day to meet their death in the bull ring.

In the cities one misses the busy life of more northern towns. Men are everywhere sitting in the shade smoking the inevitable cigarette or lounging at the little tables of the *cafés* drinking coffee or wine. Women walk along fan in hand wearing black mantillas over their heads. Black is the prevailing shade of the women's dress. The absence of color in the costumes of the people surprises one who has believed that Spaniards, like other Southern people, are fond of gay and variegated costumes; and the sombre hues of the clothing seems reflected in the manners which lack the merry laugh and quick repartee.

The water sellers are one of the curious sights. They go along the streets crying "Agua, Agua," carrying their stock in trade in a goat's skin or cask strapped to their backs. Fat priests saunter leisurely along, their heads covered with curious shovel hats, large silver buckles on their shoes, their well fed persons adorned with a black santon. Patient little donkeys walk along under enormous loads, which often cover the donkey entirely, four little hoofs, and an honest face capped with huge ears giving the only hint of the whereabouts of the motive power. Everything seems strange, as if one had stepped backwards a hundred years. Suddenly an automobile comes rushing along the street making the crowds scatter, fat priests and patient donkey yielding place for the nonce to the latest creation direct from France.

Where the dividing line between Spanish and British territory occurs at Gibraltar, the difference between the decadent Spanish civilization and the more vigorous Anglo Saxon is most noticeable.

The sentries of Spain and England pace to and fro on either side of the neutral ground—the Spaniard, small in stature, slouches along on guard, his attention divided between his duty and the cigarette he is puffing. On the other side is the British sentry, alert and business-like in his bearing, his well-knit figure showing off to advantage his scarlet coat.

One pauses to look back, the contrasts continue to the end.

W. BRADFORD ALLEN.

Village Notes

ABOUT seventy-five years ago, more or less, when the old church was refitted, the panel work which formed the box pews was removed, and by diligent use of axe and saw made into the division line of the horse sheds. A short time ago these sheds were pulled down. The panel work was then found to have been almost destroyed, for the horses following the lead of their superiors in intelligence had shown it no respect, but wherever they could reach had gnawed it in pieces. This fact suggested to me the desirability of a place where articles of historic or local interest might be carefully preserved. If trailing black-bordered robes, adornments of fountains and statues are the "outward and visible signs" that Farmington is as other girls are, may we not hope that she also has the "inward and spiritual grace" of reverence for her ancestors and a desire to preserve their good work.

HENRY HALL MASON.

It is hoped, for the sake of the children attending the Center School, that the Village Improvement Society will not cease to take an active interest in the laying of asphalt walks until the walk is extended from the Main Street to the door of the school house, for in winter the condition of the approach is such that few children can reach the building dry shod, and there is no doubt but that this improvement would result in greater regularity of attendance during the months of snow, heavy rains, and mud.

THE eye test in the Center School this year resulted as follows: Number of children tested, 132; notices sent parents, 15; per cent. of whole sent to parents, 11.3%; per cent. last year (1899), 19.5%.

IN THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE for November, mention was made of the fact that half the expense of putting in order the New Britain road was to be paid by a citizen of Farmington. We are glad to learn that the town immediately voted the other half, and these improvements are to be begun early in the spring. One suggestion for a change of name has been received, that of Hillside Avenue.

There has been a tendency in this country to change the "roads" and "lanes" to "avenues" and "boulevards," a tendency which it is to be hoped is dying out. London is rich in old names familiar to all lovers of Dickens and Thackeray. Should we enjoy Tottenham Avenue or Holburn Boulevard?

Happily in New England old names are being renewed, and "Ocean Avenue" is again the "Harbor Road." If we long to preserve the characteristic in our architecture why not also history in the names of our streets.

M. D. B.

WHEN Gov. Treadwell was writing his History of Farmington in 1802, which was never printed, and the manuscript of which was probably lost in a fire in Albany, Judge Mix furnished him with material from which I copy.

"There are now only two foreigners in this town. They are from some of the English European dominions. . . . There have emigrated from this town into other states between August, 1783, and March, 1802, inclusive, 147 families. Allowing five to a family will make the whole number 735, besides a number of young unmarried persons of both sexes not belonging to those families, which I believe may be fairly estimated at 40 more. This will make the total amount 775. These are principally gone into the states of New York and Vermont."

ANENT the old Whitman house,—it has had all sorts of occupants like most old houses whose history runs back to 1700. A naval officer writes of it as he remembers it sixty or seventy years ago. "When I was a boy, there was an old woman named —— living in it. The boys with the usual reverence of boys for age, used to call her 'Old Granny ——,' and we faithfully believed she was a witch. I remember the night she died. The ladies in the neighborhood were there, and my mother took me with her. I was left alone in the old kitchen, a single candle for light, a chip fire in the big fireplace and an iron tea kettle boiling over it. The steam kept the lid clattering, and I sat there in momentary expectation of something weird and uncanny making its appearance."

The Editor's Sketch-Book

THE frontispiece represents the old Whitman House, the property of Mrs. Farnam, of New Haven, built as nearly as we can learn, about the year 1700, though a much earlier date has been given by some. It has passed through many hands and various vicissitudes, but has at last come back to its rightful owners, who have restored it as near as may be to its original appearance. One very interesting feature of its architecture is the pendant at each corner of the overhanging second story.

THESE are the days of reclaiming the old home. Children of New England especially are coming back to her to find the homes of their grandmothers, the places about which cluster memories of the dead whose name and heritage they bear, and to restore if possible the old familiar scenes. Farmington is happy in some of these reclaimed homesteads—in many that need no restoration. One of the mournful things about the growth of a city is the inevitable swallowing up of the lawns and orchards of the early founders. We go back searching for familiar places about which hover the romances we created in childhood, and find the trolley and the fifteen story building. In the country it is possible to bring back old times, enhancing them with new beauties, but the growth of the city forbids all this, and in most cases we must watch in silence the gradual blotting out of ancient landmarks. Such a lot has been the fate of my great grandmother's home, my castle in Spain, for a while real and tangible.

As all old homesteads should, this stood on a hill, and was approached by an avenue lined with maple and horse chestnut trees. I wish I could picture to you this long stretch of road, a pebbly road, with a slate walk on one side, a path on the other, and wide lawns reaching out in either direction. Down by the high wooden gates, and half way up the hill, the grass grew long enough for us children to play at hide and seek in, with daisies and buttercups everywhere in the spring, and many, many violets. Near the house the lawns were close cut, with symmetrical flower beds neatly edged with box scattered here and there. Even now the spicy odor of this shrub carries me back to the old garden, and I am standing in the clean paths looking longingly at the verbena and Sweet William, and timidly picking an occasional posy, for great grandmamma was rather particular and a bit terrifying.

Here right before us is the homestead itself, slightly terraced above the lawn,—a great white old-fashioned mansion with fluted pillars and a broad piazza. I think we must have played out of doors a great deal, for I remember the house very vaguely. There was a wide hall which extended through from the mahogany front doors to the entrance towards the orchard at the back. Its walls were hung with huge and ugly oil paintings, and there were old-fashioned parlors on either side. When the visit, which we always made to grandmamma in her mysterious and dim upper chamber was over, we went to play in the orchard behind the house, or by the pond. There was an arbor, too, across a little rustic bridge; a very dark and mysterious place it was, fit retreat for the fairies tired of the brightness and cheer of the garden.

And these were not the only places which the fairies frequented. They were everywhere, in the long grass by the gates, down in the deep old well, and especially over the wall beyond the orchard; it was all Fairyland on earth, the favorite visible resort of her majesty, Queen Mab.

But alas for the dreamland, the Paradise of our childhood! The great city swallowed it up; the grounds are cut into streets, and the dear old house is become a free hospital for the blind and deaf. I often wonder if it could have had any nobler destiny, and if the fairies and spirits that formerly dwelt there ever whisper the songs I used to hear, in the ears closed to all earthly sounds; and if the children with closed eyes ever see the bright wings as they hover in the air. Truly, if air-castles ever do visit this earth, they are of exceeding short duration, and leave but faint and unsatisfactory impressions on our memory.

THESE few facts concerning the Mendi Africans were sent by Mr. Rowe to the *Church News-Letter* a year ago, and we reprint them, thinking they may be of interest in connection with Mr. Norton's article.

In the year 1841, a vessel in the slave trade drifted toward the New Haven harbor having on board some 23 Africans and two men from Spain, Ruis and Montez, who claimed the Africans as their property. The District Attorney and the Judge of the United States Court declared the Africans free. Farmington citizens, aided by Amos Townsend and others of New Haven, interested themselves in the welfare of these strangers, and they were brought to this town with the Rev. Mr. Raymond as teacher. The upper room in the building, now the store of E. H. Deming & Co., was used as their school room. The men most active in caring for these strangers were Messrs. A. F. Williams, Samuel Deming, and Captain Richard Cowles, who were joined by many others. The building next northeast from Mr. Vorce's dwelling was erected by Mr. Williams, where the Africans were housed. The place was facetiously called Cinque Park, as the name of the acknowledged leader was Cinque. One of their number was drowned, or drowned himself in the canal basin west of the road running past the Parsonage. In the company were two young girls who were instructed by the ladies of this village and were given English names. A considerable sum of money was raised, and the Africans were transported to Mendi, on the African coast, where a tract of land was secured and the Mendi Mission established. Mr. Raymond went as teacher. Contributions were made by Farmington citizens and by other friends of the enterprise for many years.

It is believed that on the whole this Mendi Mission was not a success, its individuals relapsing into a former condition by the power of early habit.

The Trolley

It is rumored that it is again planned to run the trolley through the main street of Farmington.

When an action is premeditated vitally affecting the interests and character of a village it is only right that the plan should be carefully discussed in the village before anything is decided. Why not use the trolley on the back streets?

Letters of opinion on this subject may be sent to THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE before February 10th.

Imagination

WITH darkened eyes, I look on floods of sunshine,
Deep in my heart I hold the sky and sea;
My ears are closed, yet every bird of heaven
Stays in its flight, and sings and sings to me.

The purple clouds, the tender twilight showers,
The poppies nodding in a dazzling band;
The round-faced children, with their gleeful laughter—
All flock into my mind at its command.

The Farmington Magazine

Charles S. Mason, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.
Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER B. ABBEY, D.D.S.

Hartford, Conn.

Room 77

Sage-Allen Building

HENRY O. WILCOX

Carpenter and Builder

Repairing and Jobbing—Estimates Given

Main Street

Farmington, Conn.

D. R. HAWLEY

Decorating

and Painting

Artistic Interior Work

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connection

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

"There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet."

FARMINGTON DRUG STORE

—KODAK FILMS—

BANJO STRINGS

VIOLIN STRINGS

HOT-WATER BAGS

SPONGES

"FARMINGTON MAGAZINE" FOR SALE HERE

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building,

HARTFORD, CONN.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Charles H. Riggs, D.D.S.

Sage-Allen Building,

902 Main Street,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHSCCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

Huyler's

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for
Huyler's Candies.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GALLET'S, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.

CANDIES

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention.

PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.



E. P. CAHILL,

Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR

Has just returned from New York with

ALL THAT IS NEW

In Style, and Spring Goods.

105 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY
AND THE REVIVAL OF MINIATURE MAKING
CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTONE'S
STUDIO

Hartford's Leading Photographer,
45 Pratt Street, Hartford, Connecticut

FIRST DOOR WEST OF PRATT STREET SAVINGS BANK

Platinotypes, Carbon Process, Miniatures. Children a specialty

Portraits made in the homes of patrons if so requested

Write for pamphlet, "Art in Photography."

It Tells—What to Wear, Something about Posing, How to Dress for a
Portrait, Best Hours for Sitting, and describes the processes used by
Mr. Johnstone.

The Optimist

A Little Journal of Criticism, Review and Inspiration

The Daintiest Little Journal in Existence.

Sixty four pages, 4½ x 6½, on heavy antique, deckle edged paper, rubricated titles and initials, clever illustrations by artists of note, and text by charming writers. Not a faddive, but a genuine, serious magazine, for the reading of thoughtful and cultivated people. The only magazine of its kind that has won instantaneous success and achieved a large circulation in the New England and Middle States.

The Optimist is published monthly at \$1.00 per year.

If you would like to see a Sample Copy send ten cents to

THE OPTIMIST, Boone, Iowa.

It's nearly the same

AS LIVING UNDER THE
SHADOW OF THE

BIGGEST GROCERY IN NEW ENGLAND

(Boston excepted.)

You buy Five Dollars worth (or more)
of Groceries and they are delivered
AT YOUR DOOR EXPRESS PAID, same day.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE ESPECIAL ATTENTION.

Prices the same to all.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

W. W. WALKER, Hartford.

Largest Assortment,

Best Quality,

Polite Service,

Prompt Shipment,

Reasonable Prices.

GROCERIES ❧ FRUITS ❧ VEGETABLES

The PRODUCTS OF OUR OWN BAKERY, &c.

FIVE DOLLAR ORDERS AND UPWARDS
DELIVERED FREE IN FARMINGTON.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.

THE WARNER PHOTOGRAPH CO.,

Ground Floor Studio, 92 Pratt St.

FINE PORTRAITS

Portraits of Children and Old People at their Homes a specialty.

Expert finishing of Kodak and all amateur work.

Bromide Enlargements.

New Studio. Best Equipment in Connecticut in all departments.

Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

Drawing from Plaster Cast and from Life.

Graduate from The Art Department of Miss Porter's and Mrs. Dow's School.

Terms moderate.

Miss MAE SAUNDERS,

Unionville, Conn.

Valuable Property For Sale.

FARMINGTON, MAIN STREET.

Fine old Colonial house, extensive grounds, about 650 feet front, with a depth of about 700 feet. Location unsurpassed. Near to trolley service. Beautiful views, &c. For particulars and price, address

F. G. WHITMORE, 900 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

GIRDLES PSYCHE CORSET

20th Century Models.

UNEQUALLED IN THIS COUNTRY AND WE SEND THEM ABROAD.

Endorsed by a refined and distinguished clientele.

A. B. HODGE, Hartford, Conn.

64 Pratt Street.

FARMINGTON SKETCHES

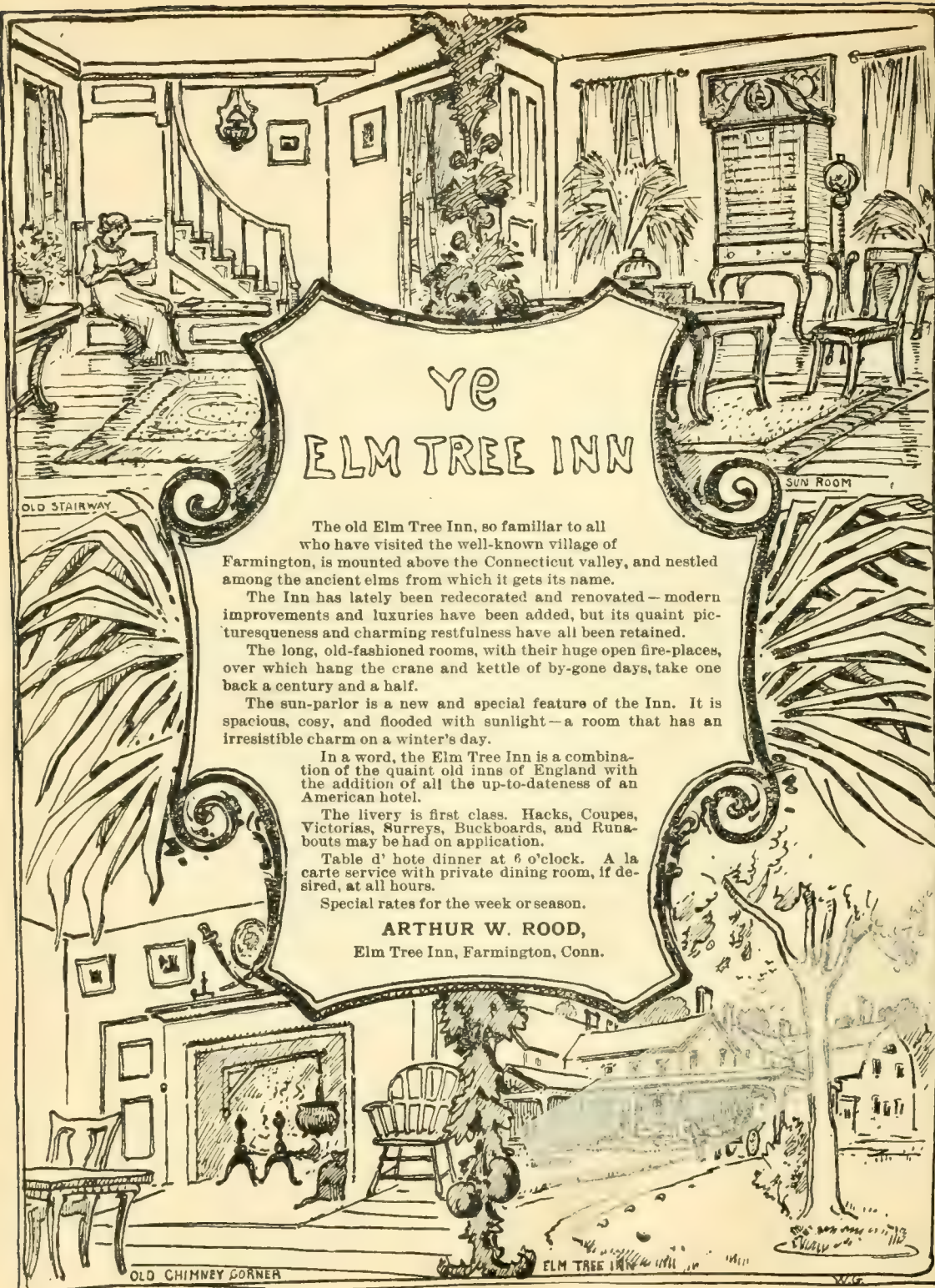
By **WALTER GRIFFIN.**

6 in hand lettered portfolio. Price, \$5.00. Single Prints, \$2.00.

Now on Sale. Farmington Drug Store.

Cheques and Money Orders should

WALTER GRIFFIN, 700 Main St., Hartford, Conn.



Ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hote dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

ARTHUR W. ROOD,
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD STAIRWAY

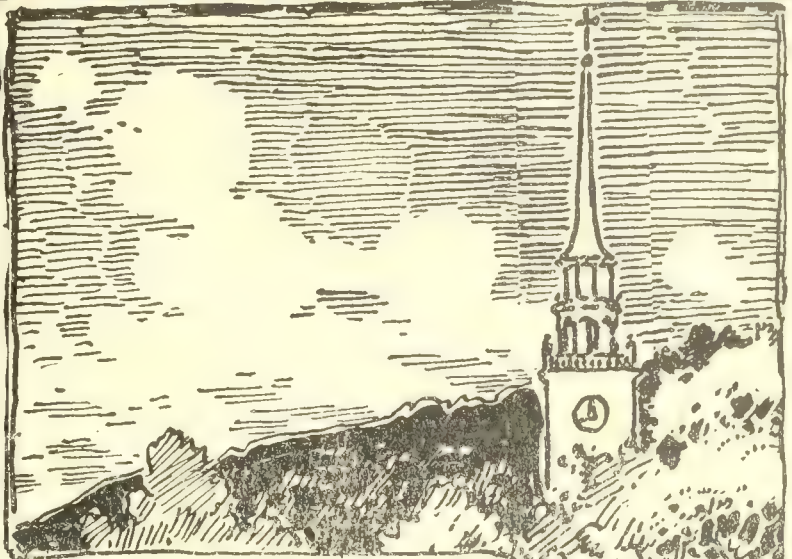
SUN ROOM

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



MARCH

Volume 11
1901

IN MEMORIAM	-	M. R. J.
THE DIARY OF DAVID	-	
GLEASON	-	Julius Gay
THE CHINESE PUSSY	-	
		Edith V. Cowles
NATURE	-	Robert B. Brandegee
		About the Junipers.
ART	-	Walter Griffin
BOOK NOTES	-	Charles Foster
THE OLD CHURCH	-	E. H. Johnson
THE CHAPEL BUILDING	-	
		M. D. Brandegee
VERSES	-	G. F. Dunning
EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK		

FARMINGTON - CONN.

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.
\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.
PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1901

No. 5

In Memoriam

S. P. Feb. 16, 1900

IN Life's front rank she stood, calm, wise, and strong.
As to the shelter of a rock, elate
Her daughters came and went a happy throng,
Gathered from Eastern Shore to Golden Gate.
So true she was they leaned upon her word,
And learned the loving kindness of the Lord.

But now she sheltered them, and she has gone—
The flowers lie heaped upon the new made grave.
'Twas but a step to Heaven, now follow on,
Taking her place to comfort, strengthen, save.
So true she was; still lean upon her word,
And trust the loving kindness of the Lord.

M. R. J.



Diary of David Gleason

THE diary of David Gleason, extending from the year 1781 to 1795, or such parts thereof as time and nibbling mice have spared us, is interesting, not for any remarkable events recorded, but as incidentally calling up pictures of every day life familiar to our older men and women, but scarcely conceivable by the present youth of our New England villages. Mr. Gleason lived in that part of the town of Farmington known from its position as Northington, but at present forming the separate town of Avon. His residence was on the west bank of the Farmington River on the sandy road which leads up from where a bridge once stood, to the old meeting house and its well populated graveyard. He was at times a farmer, a schoolmaster, and a public functionary.

"April 28. Saturday fair. Mend fence. Wash sheep.

June 19. Early. Go with team to Windsor. Get home just at dark with loom.

June 20. Fair and windy. Put up loom.

Sept. 3. Cloudy and rains some. I drag in some rye. Jerusha (Alford from Wintonbury) goes home. Dime (Deidama Alford) works here to spin."

In the days of the Revolution, when factories, long frowned on by the mother country, were almost unknown, every farmer was able to clothe his family from the proceeds of his own acres. On some warm April day his flock of sheep was driven to the river side and one by one each individual was soused in to remove the winter's accumulation of dirt from her thick fleece. Then came sheep-shearing day when the flock was taken to the barn floor and each sheep "dumb before the shearers" was quickly relieved of her heavy fleece and ran off all naked to single out her own lamb from the bleating multitude. The dexterous use of hand cards, a weary process before carding mills sprang up by every brook side, reduced the fleece to rolls ready for the spinning wheel. I remember well the monotonous hum of the wheel every winter evening until the appointed number of skeins was reeled off, the kitchen fire banked for the night, and the wheel put away in its accustomed corner. Next came the mysteries of the indigo dye pot which prepared one portion of the yarn for the busy knitting needles, while another part was reserved to be woven into white flannel sheets for sleeping rooms where fires were unknown. Spinning bees a century ago were common and were stimulated by patriotic considerations. Even as late as the fall of 1859 I passed on a bye road in Farmington, Maine, at the dusk of evening, a merry procession of young women with their spinning wheels, much assisted by young men, on their way to a spinning bee. In the same neighborhood I saw in a farm house an old hand loom with the most unwieldy machinery turning out not a bad quality of cloth.

"Sept. 21. 1779. Tuesday. Go to a freeman's meeting. Chose John Treadwell and Gen. Hart deputies."

In those primitive times the best men were sent to the legislature as a matter of course.

"Oct. 14. 1779. Thursday. Fair. Mend some fence. Thrash out rye. Shell corn. Go to mill. Bridge broke. Let me in slap. Lost all my grain.

Nov. 2. 1779. Tuesday. Foul. Grows colder. Go to town middle afternoon. Have a spell here for to quilt bed quilt."

An amusement less laborious but quite as merry as the spinning bee.

"Dec. 8. 1779. Wednesday. Fair. More moderate. Go to Lovelytown. Measured some land."

Like Goldsmith's schoolmaster "Lands he could measure," and next to the minister, he was quite likely the most learned man of the village.

"Dec. 13. 1780. Monday. Clear. Go to a town meeting. Chosen lister again."

"Jun. 27. 1781. Wednesday. Cloudy. Go and bring home a barrel of cider of Isaac Wilcox. Afternoon go to town. See the French there moving to the North River."

The French army under Rochambeau marched through Farmington on that day and encamped a mile and a half south of the village on the great plain where the citizens, young and old, turned out to do them honor, the young ladies of the place, according to tradition, dancing with the French officers in the evening festivities.

"Feb. 14. 1785. Tuesday. Fair. Grows more moderate before night. Go and write a will for Capt. Miller. Stays here at night one Graham a peddler of Winstbury."

The peddler, with his two tin trunks suspended from a neck-yoke, one on either side and filled with all that could tempt feminine desire, was a frequent and a welcome visitor at the scattered farm houses.

"March 3. 1785. Thursday. Afternoon a singing meeting at the meeting house. March 5. 1785. Saturday. Something of a snowy day. Dont do much business, but sweep the shavings out of the meeting house for Talbot has been lately rigging up the gallery. . . . March 10. Thursday. A cold, sour, blustering day. To day was a singing meeting at the meeting house. . . . March 20. Sunday. Very fair. Go to meeting. Sing to day new-singing."

So it appears that the young people of Northington had persuaded their elders to allow the new way of singing, and the village joiner had prepared them a place in the gallery.

"May 10. 1785. Tuesday. Fairs. Go with Moore to Hartford. Put him in jail. Also put in one Joshua Phelps on an execution I levied on him Monday."

The two unfortunates were, of course, imprisoned for debt, according to the laws of the time. During the years that Mr. Gleason was constable he served writs on his neighbors at very brief intervals. This passion for petty lawsuits, sometimes about ill-defined metes and bounds, and sometimes about small debts, was the one disturbing element that turned the otherwise peaceful and happy New England village into an abode of bitterness and contention. The world, whatever it has lost of old fashioned simplicity of life, has at least largely out-grown this baneful habit.

"Jan. 13. 1794. Monday. I went out to Lovelytown to keep school. Boarded at Lent Hart's."

Mr. Gleason continued the practice of teaching school each winter as long as his diary continued, "boarding round" one week at a time with each family of his patrons being the universal custom.

"Feb. 2. 1794. Sunday. Fair and pleasant. The south wind blew. Go to meeting. Forenoon Rev. Mr. Hawley had his text in Eccl. i. 7. Afternoon ii. 22. Jesse Wilcox was cried off to widow Comfort Marsh. Sam. Marshall and Lucy Andrus together."

Publishing the banns in this manner was required by law in Connecticut until a little more than forty years ago, and much enlivened the solemn services of the day. The principals were expected to be present or be despised for want of courage.

"Feb. 3. 1795. Monday. Fair morning. Early in the morning I put in our old horse with Tim. Hawley and we go to Hartford. Get 15 books for the village library money. Cost £4-19-4. We got back 1 hour by sun. Attended library meeting."

The village library in the days when newspapers were rare and book agents had not begun to swarm over the land, was an interesting institution that had much to do in forming the character of the New England mind. About this time there were seven within the limits of Farmington. This library was begun Nov. 9, 1789, by Timothy R. Hawley, the minister's son, and three other boys. The printed catalogue, a broadside dated Nov. 4, 1798, lies before me. Of the 122 books, 48 are classified as Divinity. There are 6 books of travel, including, of course, those of Anson and Cook. In 1800, Mr. Hawley sending some statistics to Dr. Trumbull for his history of Connecticut remarks, "We propose paying one dollar yearly in quarterly payments for the purpose of increasing the library in Divinity and History. Novels we have enough of already."

The novels of which the minister's son thought they had enough, were Smollett's *Launcelot Greaves* and *Roderick Random*. The *History of Eliza Wharton*, the scene of the early part of which was laid in our own village, *Joseph Andrews*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *Robinson Crusoe*.

"Feb. 16. 1794. Sunday. Fair and very cold. Go to meeting. Mr. Hawley's text A. M. Rom. vii. 9; P. M., Mat. xxii. Forget the verse but the words were 'How can you escape the damnation of hell?'"

The Rev. Rufus Hawley, for fifty-six years the pastor of the church, was a "painful preacher of the word," according to the language of the day. Farmer as well as minister, as the parson had to be or starve, he was a very able and worthy man well known to all the country round, not only for his solid worth, but as one of the earliest of the many preachers to whom has been attributed the business-like prayer for rain in which was specified the precise sort of rain wanted, "not a devastating tempest, but O Lord, a regular drizzling, drozzling rain."

"April 17. 1794. Thursday. Fair and pleasant. I set out to go to Wethersfield. Buy 33 shad. Come home about ten or eleven o'clock tired enough."

This was the common practice of farmers, whose principal animal food during the winter was salt pork, varied by salt shad as a great luxury.

"June 8. 1794. Sunday. Cloudy. Go to meeting. No preaching, Mr. Hawley being sick. Keep meeting. I read two sermons in Davis' Works."

Davis' Sermons in three volumes were a part of the books of the village library.

"June 22. 1794. Sunday. Fair and very cold for the time of year. Stay at home. Have no meeting, Mr. Hawley being gone to an ordination frolic."

This is the only instance in the diary in which Mr. Gleason failed to go to meeting on Sunday.

JULIUS GAY.

The Chinese Pussy

FROM "THE LIFE OF TWO CATS"

I REMEMBER the first day when my relations with the Chinese pussy cat became truly affectionate. We were far from land, cruising about the northern part of the Yellow Sea, during a dreary September season. I had been obliged to close my port-hole, and only a dim light now entered my room through the pane of thick glass over which the wave-crests passed in green transparency, causing intervals of darkness. Before that narrow little sliding desk, which is alike in all our state-rooms, I was installed writing, during one of those rare moments when the service leaves you in perfect peace, and when the longing to withdraw into your own room as into a cloister cell comes over you.

It was nearly two weeks since the Chinese pussy had taken up her abode under my bed. There she led a very retired, discreet, melancholy existence, seldom showing herself, nearly always out of sight, and as if overcome with homesickness for her native land whither she was never more to return. Suddenly, I saw her appear in the dusk, stretch herself slowly, as though to gain time for further reflection, then advance towards me, hesitating, with an occasional pause; sometimes even affecting a grace altogether Chinese, she held one paw in the air for an instant before making up her mind to put it down in front of her and take another step. And all the time she looked at me fixedly with a questioning air.

What could she want of me?—

Evidently she was not hungry; a most appetizing porridge was served to her twice a day by my orderly. What, then, could it be?—

When she was very near, so near as to be within touch of my foot, she sat down, curled up her tail and gave a soft little mew.

And she continued to look at me, to look me full in the eyes, which of itself indicated a world-full of intelligent thoughts in her little head; first, she must have understood, in common with all the higher animals, that I was not a thing, but a thinking being capable of compassion, and responsive to the mute appeal of a look; moreover, my eyes must have been to her, eyes, mirrors in which her little soul sought anxiously to catch a reflection from mine.

Truly, it is appalling to reflect how nearly we are allied to animals that can conceive such thoughts.

As for me, for the first time I scrutinized attentively the little visitor who had shared my lodging for nearly two weeks; fawn-colored like a wild rabbit, covered with spots like a tiger, with a white nose and neck, ugly indeed, but chiefly on account of her sickly leanness—and, on the whole, rather queer than ugly to a man like me, untrammelled by any of the ordinary rules of beauty.

Quite different, moreover, from our French cats, she was short-legged, lengthened out like a weasel, with a preternaturally long tail, with great erect ears, and a triangular face, all the charm in the eyes which were raised at the corners like all the eyes of farther Asia and of a beautiful golden yellow instead of green, eyes forever restless, wonderfully expressive.

And, while looking at her, I let my hand slip down on to her queer little head, and stroke her rough fur in a first caress.

What she felt was surely something more than a physical impression; in her forlorn abandonment she became conscious of my sympathy and protection.

For this then, she had come out of her dark hiding place; this was what pussy had decided to ask of me after so much hesitation; it was neither meat nor drink, it was a little company here on earth, a little friendship for her cat's soul.

And then her eyes became still more expressive and persuasive, telling me quite plainly: "This autumn day, so dreary to the mind of a cat, since we two are here all alone in this wave-tossed lodging, lost in the midst of I know not what dangers, what infinite space—what if we were to give each other a little of that sweet thing which soothes one's troubles, which has a semblance of immortality and eternity, not subject to death, which is called love, and which is expressed from time to time by a caress."

EDITH V. COWLES.

Translated from the French of Pierre Loti.

Nature

About the Junipers

WHOEVER created the universe had a most happy thought to let some of the trees remain green all through the winter. Midsummer is almost monotonous with the earth and trees loaded with green, but how precious an oasis are the evergreens in the white desert of the winter. From one summer to another the evergreens carry their color, like the vestals with their sacred fire. Even the winter breezes are softened in the long hair of the pines. The hemlocks shelter the little wild animals from the storms, and the cedars hold out their clusters of blue berries for the winter birds.

The humblest tree among the serious evergreens is the Juniper—the one that grows close to the ground, and looks like a cup, or a "tree standing on its head." Under favorable circumstances the Juniper will still grow tall, but long ago it became discouraged trying to rival the other trees of the forest and took to its present form.

Our red cedar, *Juniperis Virginiana*, is one of our handsome native trees. When it is in blossom it is covered with a deep golden color, or "stands all bathed in sunshine like a poet." The red cedars are such serious monk-like trees, and some very compact individuals are almost as dense-foliaged as the cypress. A very characteristic New England sight is a pasture filled with young cedars, that suggests a school, or a congregation rooted to the spot.

It isn't for nothing that the Juniper holds its ear close to the earth. The humblest insect that sings is its companion. The sparrow that makes a nest under its branches, the hop-toad, the cricket, are its own gossips and friends. The Junipers have relatives in Ireland that are very short, and stand up stiffly, like a miniature poplar, and a pretty relative with thick foliage is called the *Juniperis Striata*, and an ambitious one that has yellow trimmings on the outer twigs the *Juniperis Variegata*. Among the near relations on the Farmington Mountain, there is much variety, some very blue and others a deep olive green, and all have a rosy flush when young which they lose with years.

I have noticed that a surprising number of people know that the fruit of the Juniper is used for flavoring gin, and some even know that the French word for Juniper is *Genièvre*, and that in some parts of France the peasants make a kind of beer from Juniper berries, called *Genèvrette*. I am afraid the temperance people would never have given the Juniper such a wide circulation around the globe, for it grows almost everywhere in the Alps, and Appennines, Persia, Asia Minor, and up in Lapland, where they make robes of its bark. And way back in a fossil state there are Junipers, just as human beings have their distant mummy relations.

I have also learned with surprise that the "Savin" (one of the Junipers) is poisonous "acting as a general stimulant Diaphoretic and Anthelmintic." That's what's the matter with the Junipers; do you wonder people like the taste? It makes one's tongue dry to pronounce those words. But not to dwell too long on the shady side of these trees. Let us remember the red cedar wood has a delightful smell and is used in lead pencils, and as it takes a fine polish it works into the nicest kinds of furniture. There have been some fine tables and chairs made from the red cedar in Farmington. There are those who have asked me, with a significant shut of the eye, what are you raising so many Junipers for anyway? eh?? And I reply, innocently, the Juniper is a beautiful tree, a very useful tree. And there is a variety in Spain and Portugal called the Incense tree, and—and it is a praiseworthy quality to be curious, but not to be over curious.

On the crest of the hill, that overlooks Farmington, is Hooker's Grove. I do not believe the donor of that beautiful place ever knew what a perpetual pleasure he has given to the people of Farmington. It is there the red cedars and hemlocks live in beautiful peacefulness. Every year they lay down their carpet of yellow brown, and the rents in the carpet have been patched and repatched with the partridge berry vine, in summer covered with beautiful flowers and in winter with red berries.

The long trunks of the trees suggest the pillars of a church. It is said that the sacred groves of Greece cannot compare in beauty with our own Hooker's Grove. And although we may not see Jupiter the Thunderer here, nor hear the cry of a lost Dryad, there is the nearness of a Greater God. And anyone who cares to stay here after the sun sets may see the Indian with the deer thrown over his shoulder pass down the side of the mountain.

R. B. B.

Art

WE have only to look back about twenty years through the files of our leading magazines to see and assure ourselves of the rapid strides made along the lines of illustration. Most of the illustrations published then would not be allowed a place in our fourth-class magazines of to-day, nor even in our Sunday papers.

The wonderful advances that have been made in the art of reproduction have had much to do with this, and also the inexpensive way in which line and wash drawings can be reproduced. But the main difference lies in the original drawings themselves. The competition among illustrators has become so enormous, that the publication of poor drawings is becoming less possible each year. The best artists in the country have entered into it heart and soul, and the publishers, who once struggled for good work are now swamped with it, and can pick and choose from the portfolios of the most able men.

The camera made a wonderful change in the aspect of the illustrated magazines and there were many who believed that it would fill the place occupied by the illustrators. It did for a time, and for some years it held a mighty sway, but there is no question that it is waning. The best publications only use it to illustrate facts. The camera is accurate, and, in the hands of a scientist it is invaluable as an illustrative medium, but it can seldom be a poet. Photography is suggestive and when it reaches colored reproduction it will be capable of realism in its truest sense.

The comic weeklies by offering small inducements are responsible for much poor illustration, and for the mental and artistic cramping and warping of many promising art students. They open a poorly paid avenue for clever work that is done without foundation or knowledge. I think it is safe to say that at least half the art students that have come under my notice and instruction have been for a time, and sometimes altogether, led from the necessary drudgery unavoidable to one who succeeds, by some newspaper story of the fortune a year made by some prominent illustrator. When a young student comes to me with a story of this kind, I long to take him or her for a tour of the New York studios, and to let them listen to the illustrators, let them see how many of them live and what they endure, and more than all let them hear what the handful of successful men have been through in order to arrive.

In a word,—to be a good illustrator a man must be a good artist—and like Rome a good artist is not built in a day.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has just paid \$80,000 for a Velasquez. "What a price," says the public. "What a bargain!" say the artists.

To those who have sighed at the thought of the distance of the Paris Exposition, after reading of its glories, it will be a pleasure to know that many of its wonders are to be brought as near as Buffalo, for the Pan American Exposition. Of these and their easy access, the Art Department will endeavor to give some details in the April number.

W. G.

Book Notes

THOSE readers who find Weir Mitchell's *Doctor North and His Friends* dull, deserve pity. It is not a story. The trifling romance which threatens to become either tragedy or happiness for two persons, does not develop and is of slight value. A small coterie of men and women are blessed with means to gratify their taste for works of art, travel, yachts and wine (all these are but accessories—a pleasant background to a series of delightful talks upon many subjects): Psychology, Ethics, Poetry, the morbid, the eccentric and the amusing, are all discussed by intelligent kindly persons in a manner that is enthusiastic and sensitive. The book abounds in stories, frequently personal experiences. Those of the real intimate coterie, are felt to be precious to each other through trust, loyalty and fine sensibilities. To be of such a set of persons, must come as near to satisfying one with life as in our blind groping is possible. When I find myself hoping that the mental disease specialist—North (Weir Mitchell?) will go a little deeper into psychology, or Vincent—the lawyer—into his law, I am the next instant satisfied that they have said just enough, and accept the limitations as judicious. This characteristic, by the way, is true of all the best scientists who write. There is a reserve force that carries conviction as surely through suggestion, as by what is actually said. The book is so sane, so hopeful and helpful. One of the casual guests—the pessimist—is thus disposed of, when he is made to say, "Set aside America. Can you look at Spain, Italy, France, and not share my belief as to human failure?" "But," said Vincent, "history is a record of necessary, even desirable failures. Is not the destruction of the inadequate hopeful? The world has been drowning her bad puppies since the world began." There is no suggestion throughout the book of any arbitrary standard whatever. There may be periods of stagnation—apparently—in this world; even retrogression, but there is always in operation the forging by unseen, unguessed forces, to no point of perfection, but to points nearer to it, as endless and impossible to imagine as the beginning or ending of time, matter or space. This is the message suggested by the book. It can have nothing to say to those who read for entertainment for the moment. (*Century Co.*)

C. F.

In Memory of John Hooker

By a Townsman

My first acquaintance with Hooker was in the Academy of Mr. Simeon Hart in the winter of 1829. As the seasons came and went an intimate friendship was maintained for many years. I came to regard him as a gifted, broad minded young man, well calculated to take a high place in social and public life. For many years he was my next door neighbor at the Hooker homestead. His course in life differed materially from mine. A collegiate education fitted him eminently for his chosen profession, the practice of law. Of his success in gaining the con-

fidence of his clients and of the members of the bar abler pens than mine will testify. While residing in his native town he was ever forward in all enterprises calculated to promote the welfare of society and the best interests of his fellow men. Now in the sere and yellow leaf of my life let me say *such men are rare*, and the world is poorer when their labors are ended.

Another fellow pupil of the school in 1829 lately passed on to his final reward, Rev. Giles M. Porter, a preacher of the gospel of peace. A good and true man has gone to his rest, leaving the example of a righteous life. Shall schoolmates gather at the river and join again the loved teacher on the blessed shore?

C. ROWE.

The Old Church

THE Ecclesiastical Society of Farmington has voted to accept plans drawn by Mr. Charles Whitmore for improving the Congregational Church, these plans to be put in execution as soon as possible.

They include building a recess behind the pulpit to hold a new organ, the gift of Miss Jennings, lowering the pulpit and altering the front porch. It is also planned that the interior shall be redecorated and the side vestibules shall be repaired. All these improvements will be made in the most reverent spirit, and as the committee phrase it, nothing will be done that might not have been done by the original architect.

Concerning this original architect and his work, it might be interesting to make a few brief statements. From President Porter's historical address at the 100th anniversary of the erection of the church edifice, we learn that the building was set up in July, 1771, the dedication lecture was preached November 25, 1772, and on the Sabbath following the house was first used for a religious service.

"The first recorded movement toward the erection of this building was on February 2, 1767, when at a meeting of the parish 54 voted, 24 being in the negative, that it was necessary to build a meeting house in the first society of Farmington." One penny in a pound was voted to procure timber, and a committee was appointed to procure "thick stuff for the building." This "thick stuff" came from the Province of Maine, and was of the choicest quality. "The stuff was clear of all knots, the shingles were of white cedar, and most of them remain to this day as they were originally laid. The frame is of the heaviest white oak timber, and is still entirely sound and the lines of the building are perfectly true." The bill of all the timber which went into the church giving the dimensions of every stick, is still in existence.

The directions given the architect were very specific. The building was to be 75 feet long and 50 feet wide. It should have a steeple at one end and a porch at the other for the stairs leading into the gallery. This last specification was a very important and rather unusual one, for the stairs were wont to lead to the galleries from inside the church, and as the young people, who were the least important part of the congregation, sat in the gallery, many reverent elders were

much and often disturbed by noisy entrances and exits which the tything man could not wholly suppress. The steeple was built on the ground and raised when finished to the top of the tower. This famous spire has always excited great admiration. Elihu Burritt says of it: "I shall never forget the feeling of awe and admiration which the first sight of Farmington produced in my child-mind. . . . I had never before seen a church with a steeple, and measuring this above us with a child's eye it seemed to reach into the very heavens. . . . And this thought was uppermost in all that filled my mind. . . . If I could only stand where that brass rooster stood on the steeple, could I not look right into heaven and see what was going on there? In later years I learned that what to my youthful imagination appeared to be a rooster, was in fact a crown placed there in honor of the King, under whose reign this house was erected." In 1836 the golden crown was taken down to be regilded and never restored. In its place was put a star, said to be made of the brass of the crown. This star is still there.

The west door was not mentioned in the specifications, and must have been wholly a thought of Capt. Judah Woodruff, one of the committee, and architect and master builder of the church. The ornamentation is similar to that of many of his houses in Farmington Village. Among the houses built by him are those owned by Mr. Anson Porter, Miss Deming, Mrs. Edmund Cowles, Mrs. Hardy, John Thompson, Mrs. Whitman and Miss Lewis. The present Country Club, the old Fisher Gay house, was also built by him. Fisher Gay was Capt. Woodruff's associate on the committee.

President Porter gives an interesting account of the life of Judah Woodruff. He was born about 1720. About the age of forty he served as 1st lieutenant in the French and Indian war, and was at the battle of Ticonderoga. At the close of the war he returned home and commenced building, and during the interval between the French war and the war of the Revolution, built ten houses, including his own, and also the church. He served as officer in the Revolutionary war, and after its close built four or five other dwellings. "He was a man of energy and persevering industry, as was proved by his working at late hours carving upon the pulpit for the church with his knife after the labors of the day. He was also a man of taste and close observation, and introduced a style of building which added to the respectability of the buildings of this village. His carvings on the front of the pulpit representing vines of the English ivy was much admired." He died at the age of 79. There is in existence an interesting correspondence between Rev. Joseph Washburn, pastor of the church, and Capt. Judah Woodruff, consisting of admonitions for failure to attend divine service: "Whereas, You have been guilty of a censurable breach of the Laws of Christ's Kingdom in having neglected for many years to attend upon the public worship of God, etc.," and Capt. Woodruff's defense—a most dignified and manly one. In spite of the citations and the sentence of excommunication, which was finally passed, the Rev. Timothy Pitkin, at the death of Capt. Woodruff two years later, bore testimony to the latter's earnest piety. There were many of these sentences at one time, and we now recognize them as an inevitable part of life when Church and State were one, and as not reflecting at all on the Christian character of those sentenced.

The description of the pulpit as it first stood, decorated by Capt. Woodruff, is very interesting. "Looking down upon the middle aisle was the formidable pulpit with a window behind it. It was reached by a staircase on the north side, and was overhung by a wondrous canopy of wood, with a roof like the dome of a Turkish mosque, attached to the wall behind by some hidden device. . . . Along the front of the pulpit was the deacons' seat. . . . A door opened beneath the pulpit into a closet of which it was fabled that it was reserved by the tything man for boys especially unruly in behavior." The front of the pulpit was carved in wreaths which were painted green. One writer speaks of it as "tub-like."

In 1793 the church was painted for the first time. In 1810 two large chandeliers were provided for singing meetings at night. These are still in existence. In 1824 stoves were introduced. Previous to this period foot-stoves were the sole substitute. These must have been dangerous things; there is a story how one of them which had just been filled at the "Sabba-Day House" for the homeward ride, tipped over in the sleigh onto the straw in the bottom, and the occupants quickly alighted.

In 1825 the pews and the long seats in the galleries were demolished and slips substituted for them, with doors for more special and private occupation. This made it far easier to keep order. In 1836 the pews were removed from the floor, the old pulpit and sounding board disappeared, new windows were made with blinds, at a cost of some \$2,186.70. Timothy Porter was the builder in charge of the alterations and much of the cost was defrayed from the last legacy of Solomon Langdon. The old pulpit gallantly served a term as well-curb, and the last that was heard of it was its use as a chicken coop. One would inquire with all reverence, if the very crowing of the cocks was not affected by their environment. The latest addition to the church was a new furnace, put in during the fall of 1900 through the generosity of one of the parishioners.

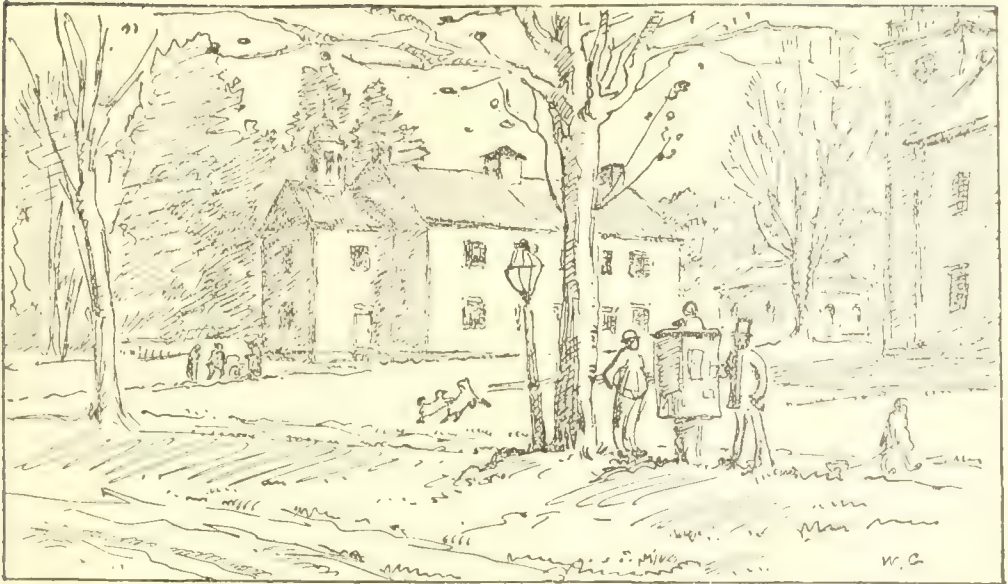
We cannot close better than by quoting from Hon. Francis Gillette: "It was built for the ages. No pains were spared to make it a worthy gift to posterity. It was founded upon a rock. Its timbers are massive oak; its covering is the selected mountain pine, and the winds and rains and wintry storms of a century have beaten upon it; it still stands firm, lifting its tall and graceful spire steadily toward the heaven, whither so many of its humble worshippers have gone, and pointing us to the same blessed hereafter. May it stand forever!"

E. H. J.

The Chapel Building

DEACON EDWARD HOOKER writes in his diary "Mch. 15, 1816, A. M. Met with committee to fix spot for Society House." Before the following December the present building was erected under the supervision of Maj. Samuel Dickinson, then the prominent builder of the town.

The lower room first used as an Academy was opened on November 15 of that year, and made known to the outside world by an advertisement in the *Connecticut Courant* of November 16. This school must have been well attended by the large and growing families in the village, and many scholars came from



surrounding towns. Simeon Hart, who took charge of it in 1823, is spoken of with reverence by the few left who studied under him.

Quite a handsome piece of printing is the catalogue of 1827, showing 51 boys and 24 girls on the roll, also three assistant teachers, Leonard Welles; William Hannaford, lecturer on chemistry; Philip Strong, student-assistant. A year or two later, when Mr. Chauncey Rowe graduated from West District School into the Academy, Master Hart had as teacher of penmanship a political exile from Greece, Petros Mengous by name, who, I am assured, wrote very handsomely.

Miss Sarah Porter went here with her brothers. A scholar of the twenties recalls a school exhibition where Giles Porter had to recite a humorous piece, telling about the visit of the Crown Prince to the old woman making apple dumplings, and how he could not find the seams where she had put the apples in; John Hooker declaimed Anthony's oration over Caesar's body, and following after that was his own recitation full of green fields and skipping lambs, which subject in midwinter gave the girls much cause for merriment. The pleasure of that occasion had spanned three quarters of a century and made '29 seem but yesterday.

Sometimes the exhibitions took place in the church on a temporary platform. George D. Cowles once gave there a musket drill, and for a touch of realism in a dialogue or play, Bezaleel Rockwell, town shoemaker, was seen there with bench and tools pegging away for a living.

When the crowd which came to town-meeting was too big for the chapel room, it adjourned to the church. Mr. Rowe, then store-keeper, remembers being summoned, and seated with ink and pen in the square roomy pew of that time, to write votes for a favorite candidate whose chances seemed doubtful. The Grenadiers were also known to drill there on a rainy day, but I am getting across the street from the chapel.

Mr. Julius Gay has given some account of the Academy rooms fifty years ago in these words:

"The present square tower with its bell stood as they now appear. Turn the main building around to the left 90 degrees and join the center of what would then become the west side, to the tower, and you have the building as originally erected, the eaves of the main building and of the tower being of the same height, and the whole structure presenting a much more harmonious appearance. You enter and find yourself in a square room painted a dingy red, and on a week day you pass through the door into a dark little room with doors on all sides except the south, where hang the shawls and tippets and one thing or another of the school children, while on the shelves stand their dinner baskets. Are you one of those happy youths who did not know then, as now, how jolly it all was? Then enter the door directly in front of the teacher's desk, salute the master according to the forms then and there required, and pass up the main aisle to the high and honorable seats in the rear, or sit quietly down among the little folks in front, as your years may require. If you are of an older growth and desire to get into the library room of a week day and have things all to yourself, which could not be at the regular Sunday evening meetings of the company, you will make known your wants to the schoolmaster, who will, if he thinks you trustworthy, reach down the big old iron key from a nail back of his desk, and with this you will proceed through the dark room and recitation room leading from it, into the room in the south-east corner and find all the literary treasures of half a century's accumulation within your reach. In one corner stands, just as it stands now, the great closet with whose appearance you are familiar, but with a diversity of hoarded treasure. Directly before you ranged the Edinburgh Encyclopedia containing to the boy's notion, all the knowledge of the ages. On the shelves above in orderly array, stood the apparatus of the old Farmington Academy. Around the room ran book cases which had done service when the books well nigh filled Deacon Porter's kitchen. In the center was a huge table piled up with books in the most disorderly fashion. The room was for recitations, but more often was used as a play-ground for the children on rainy days."

In the troubled years before the Civil War the Home Guards, sixty in number, drilled in the lower room; with arms furnished by the state, and in soldier caps and scarlet flannel coats they made a fine show on parade. Very few of these men helped to make up the thirty-two who went to the war at the first call of the President, but they did help to fire the martial spirit that sent more than our quota of volunteers.

When the Academy closed the room was taken for general public use, and the partitions were removed, leaving one large room, usually dirty and littered. This was entirely unlike the well-kept and attractive room known to us since the Ladies' Benevolent Society transformed it for their own use, and by their courtesy for the use of others.

The upper room of the chapel was not opened until January 1, 1817. Deacon Hooker wrote that day in his diary: "Remarkably fine weather. The new room lately built for the use of the Ecclesiastical Society was opened for evening

worship the first time, and a sermon was preached in it by Rev. Mr. Porter. About 450 people attended, and more could not be accommodated." In those days the heart of the community centered in the church, and the privilege of church-going was highly esteemed.

Next to the church, this may be called our most historic building. The education and pleasures of several past generations are closely connected with it, and we rejoice to hear that an honorable future yet awaits it.

In the next number of the magazine we hope to give a more detailed account than it is possible to obtain now of the new building which will be erected as a memorial to Miss Porter.

M. D. B.

About Clubs

AFTER reading the article by Aliquis, we Farmingtonians are proud to be that people approved by the ancients—a clubable people.

The Union Club has been addressed by Mr. Potter, Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Edward Porritt of Farmington, and by Charles Hopkins Clark and Rev. Mr. Potter of Hartford, on subjects of far reaching interest.

The Young Men's Club, besides its evenings of recreation, is having a weekly dumb bell drill under the training of Mr. Allen, director of athletics in the Hartford High School.

The Girls' Club is the center of interest for those who have finished school, yet seize the opportunity to develop along different lines, in the classes it carries on for both practical and artistic work. The dramatic class gave a play Feb. 19 to put some money in the treasury.

M. D. B.

Picture of Hawk Stealing a Fish From Pelican's Beak

Poor disappointed pelican!
Your feelings very well I can
Conceive and understand.
I wouldn't think, would you,
Sky-soaring bird would do
A thing so underhand?

Well, so it is in life:
In its never-ending strife,
Too well we know,
There are birds of lofty graces,
Which, from elevated places,
Stoop awful low.

What though your dinner *non est*
You have damages most honest
Accruing still;
And when yon thievish sinner
Again bespeaks your dinner,
Present your bill!

G. F. DUNNING.

The Editor's Sketch-Book

MANY in Farmington remember the school of Philosophy which held a few sessions here, and one of Prof. Davidson's most cherished disciples, Edward Howard Griggs.

Prof. Griggs is now lecturing in many cities on different subjects, and it was my good fortune to hear him in New Britain a few weeks ago. His subject was *Education the Art of Life*, and the secret of his success in this lecture seemed to me to be that he raised the details of our life to great dignity by making them parts of a perfect whole.

The true art of living is to consider the separate acts of our lives as connected and contributing to the whole life which is thus made a unit instead of a sort of patch-work. It is the difference between some helter-skelter arrangement of bric-a-brac in a house, and a carefully planned design extending from doorstep to kitchen. As few plan their lives as their houses in this way. We cannot but be benefitted when we listen to a man who calmly, yet with enthusiasm, can put before us an optimistic philosophy of life. All need inspiration to be lifted out of the dead level of commonplace we are apt to sink into. You see, according to Prof. Griggs, nothing is common-place, for the design of our lives certainly is not, and therefore each incident, each every day happening, if we regard it—as we should—as contributing to that design, must be dignified and made important.

One thing which the lecturer said was very striking—"Leave room for the unexpected to happen." The best in life is most often the unexpected, and we must not take too much for granted nor fill our lives so full that we leave no room for these gifts of the gods.

Education is a most important feature of life, its "art," and so especial heed should be paid to the education of the children. In comparing the graded system of the cities in all its perfection and economy with the wasteful, wearing, district school methods of the country, Prof. Griggs spoke of the one advantage which the district school has over the graded: the greater opportunities for personal contact between teacher and pupil. As education is so much a matter of personality, I wonder if we of the country realize and make the best use of our advantage in that respect?

SEVERAL letters concerning the coming of the trolley to Farmington have been received by the editors from property holders, and those who would be property holders. All with one voice cry to protect the village street.

Reason for the fright seems to have disappeared, but the result of the "excitement" is interesting in that it shows how many regard the coming of the trolley to our main street as disadvantageous to the sale of property, rather than as so often supposed, a good business venture.

All success to the road to Plainville, say we, if only it knows its place.

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE has decided to adapt itself to its environment and in opposition to the almanac and established usage, regard April as the first month of spring. Our spring poems and spring fashions will accordingly appear in that number, and several changes and additions are meditated, which shall more perfectly express the bright and balmy days we confidently expect in that hopeful month.

CHARLES S. MASON, Florist, Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.
Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER B. ABBEY, D.D.S.
Hartford, Conn.

Room 77
Sage-Allen Building

HENRY O. WILCOX
Carpenter and Builder

Repairing and Jobbing—Estimates Given

Main Street Farmington, Conn.

D. R. HAWLEY,
**Decorating
and Painting**

Artistic Interior Work

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist

Farmington Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

FARMINGTON DRUG STORE

—KODAK FILMS—

BANJO STRINGS

VIOLIN STRINGS

HOT-WATER BAGS

SPONGES

"FARMINGTON MAGAZINE" FOR SALE HERE

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building,

HARTFORD, CONN.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Charles H. Riggs, D.D.S.

Sage-Allen Building,

902 Main Street,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHSCCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

Huyler's

CANDIES

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for Huyler's Candies.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GAILLET'S, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention.

— **PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.** —



E. P. CAHILL,

Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR

Has just returned from New York with

ALL THAT IS NEW

In Style, and Spring Goods.

105 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.



LARGEST ASSORTMENT.

BEST QUALITY.

POLITE SERVICE.

PROMPT SHIPMENT.

REASONABLE PRICES.

GROCERIES ❧ FRUITS ❧ VEGETABLES

The PRODUCTS OF OUR OWN BAKERY, &c.

FIVE DOLLAR ORDERS AND UPWARDS

DELIVERED FREE IN FARMINGTON.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY

AND THE REVIVAL OF MINIATURE MAKING

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTONE'S
STUDIO

Hartford's Leading Photographer.

45 Pratt Street, Hartford, Connecticut

FIRST DOOR WEST OF PRATT STREET SAVINGS BANK

Platinotypes, Carbon Process, Miniatures. Children a specialty

Portraits made in the homes of patrons if so requested

Write for pamphlet, "Art in Photography."

It Tells—What to Wear, Something about Posing, How to Dress for a Portrait, Best Hours for Sitting, and describes the processes used by Mr. Johnstone.

Dinner Party Canned Vegetables.

This line of celebrated canned vegetables stands in a class by themselves, way ahead of all others. We have handled many brands, but not one equal to the DINNER PARTY BRAND. A trial can will prove this to you. Following is the assortment: Sifted Champion of England Peas, Sweet Wrinkle Peas, Cream Sugar Corn, Green Pole Lima Beans, Succotash (composed of Cream Sugar Corn and Green Pole Lima Beans), Beefsteak Tomatoes, Solidly Packed Squash, Tiny Strawberry Beets.

Certified Canned Vegetables.

13 cents a can, \$1.40 a dozen. Certified Brand of Canned Vegetables at the price, 13 cents a can, \$1.40 a dozen, cannot be duplicated. In the assortment there is tender Telephone Peas, Sweet Tender Corn, Lima Beans, Succotash, String Beans, Tomatoes, Squash.

Simon Pure Canned Vegetables.

11 cents a can, \$1.25 a dozen. The Simon Pure Brand of Canned Vegetables are very fine goods. At \$1.25 a dozen we have not seen their equal. Assortment Tender Peas, Sweet Corn, Lima Beans, Succotash, String Beans, Solid Tomatoes, Squash.

\$5.00 Orders, and over, Delivered Free of Charge in Farmington.

HILLS & COMPANY.

BEST OF ALL ARE THE BISHOPS PRESERVES.

The Optimist

A Little Journal of Criticism, Review and Inspiration

The Daintiest Little Journal in Existence.

Sixty-four pages, 4½ x 6½, on heavy antique, deckle edged paper, rubricated titles and initials, clever illustrations by artists of note, and text by charming writers. Not a faddive, but a genuine, serious magazine, for the reading of thoughtful and cultivated people. The only magazine of its kind that has won instantaneous success and achieved a large circulation in the New England and Middle States.

The Optimist is published monthly at \$1.00 per year.

If you would like to see a Sample Copy send ten cents to

THE OPTIMIST, Boone, Iowa.

THE WARNER PHOTOGRAPH CO.,

Ground Floor Studio, 92 Pratt St.

FINE PORTRAITS—

Portraits of Children and Old People at their Homes a specialty.

Expert finishing of Kodak and all amateur work.

Bromide Enlargements.

New Studio. Best Equipment in Connecticut in all departments.

Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

Drawing from Plaster Cast and from Life.

Graduate from The Art Department of Miss Porter's and Mrs. Dow's School.

Terms moderate.

Miss MAE SAUNDERS,

Unionville, Conn.

Valuable Property For Sale.

FARMINGTON, MAIN STREET.

Fine old Colonial house, extensive grounds, about 350 feet front, with a depth of about 700 feet. Location unsurpassed. Near to trolley service. Beautiful views, &c. For particulars and price, address

F. G. WHITMORE, 900 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

WRIGHT & DUNHAM,

Dentists,

911 MAIN STREET,

NEW NUMBER.

JOEL F. WRIGHT.

HARTFORD, CONN.

FRANK W. DUNHAM.

ROBERT H. PRUTTING,

Solo Pianist—

For Receptions, Dances, Teas,
and Private Parties.

Address: P. O. Box 808, Hartford, Conn.

Telephone, 237-5.

FARMINGTON SKETCHES

By WALTER GRIFFIN.

6 in hand lettered portfolio. Price, \$5.00. Single Prints. \$2.00.

Now on Sale. Farmington Drug Store.

Cheques and Money Orders should be sent to

WALTER GRIFFIN, 700 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

Ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated — modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight — a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hôte dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

ARTHUR W. ROOD,
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD STAIRWAY

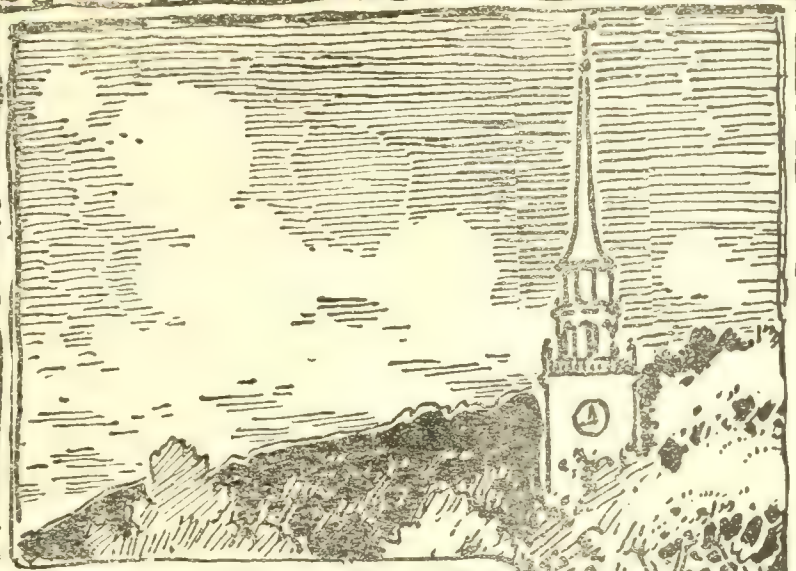
SUN ROOM

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



APRIL
NEW 1901

THE VITALITY OF ERROR	-	Julius Gay
MURAL DECORATION IN FARM- INGTON	- - -	Farmington
SONG AT THE LEAN-TO	- -	
A Sketch		Charles Foster
NATURE'S HINTS FOR COLOR IN DRESS	- - -	L. L.
NATURE	-	Robert B. Brandegee
Spring Time—Fantasie.		
ART	- - -	Walter Griffin
BOOK NOTES	-	Charles Foster
WORKING GIRLS' CLUB	- -	
		Grace H. Dodge
VILLAGE NOTES	-	M. D. B.
EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK		

FARMINGTON = GOWN

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.

\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.
PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



AH Josephine, the woods were green,
The river flowed serenely by.
Above the willow boughs between
Were little slips of sky—

Were little strips of bright blue sky,
And clouds that come and go;
And sky and green and Josephine
Were mirrored down below.

R. B. B.

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1901

No. 6

The Vitality of Error

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are her's;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

So SANG Bryant, and so does the optimist believe with an unfaltering trust. Doubtless in "the eternal years of God" it shall all come to pass, but in the brief periods of human observation error seems to have the greater vitality. Every reader of history knows that an error of fact is refuted only to reappear with renewed vigor. It is like some noxious weed which grows more vigorously the oftener it is cut down. A famous instance is that of the divine who, during our struggle for independence as a nation, stirred up the same feelings toward himself that an Anti-slavery orator at the South would have done during the late Civil War. Fleeing to England, he paid off old scores by the invention of the "Blue Laws" which are eternally attributed to our Puritan fathers as genuine, though as often shown to be malicious inventions. Both the Rev. Samuel Peters before his flight and the supposed orator at the South may have preached sound doctrine but at an amazingly unseasonable time.

Every community can show similar examples of the vitality of error. Those which have become Farmington history interest us especially. Our anger is often called down on the Indians who are said to have burned the house of John Hart with all its inmates in the night of December 15th, 1666. But numerous contemporary accounts of the disaster, preserved in the diaries of the time, make no allusion to any Indian agency in the disaster. The Tunxis Indians were in general a quiet, peaceable, harmless set of men, so thoroughly bullied by the fierce Mohawks, and so dependent upon the protection of the whites that they were fast losing their savage habits and soon began to join the church, attend school, and read in the primer. Again, every amateur genealogist writing of our ancestors, deplors the loss of our town records in the same fire. Not one volume of either town, church, or society records is missing except the well-known "Ould Town Book" which held the priceless records of town meetings and town grants before 1672, and this book was in existence as late as Feb. 6, 1718.

It seems useless to refute the oft told tale that Farmington was settled by eighty-four men known as the Eighty-Four Proprietors. These were well-known men whose names appear on our records very many times and always the same. A large part of them were not ten years old at the settlement of the town in 1640, and so could hardly have been of much value. And what shall we say of the important services rendered in its settlement by Abraham, Isaac and Jacob Bronson who were all born after 1640, or by the three proprietors who were born nine years afterward, or the four who were born eight years afterward; and by numerous other proprietors who first saw the light of day in the log huts of the village? The Eighty-Four Proprietors were eighty-four men whose names first appear on the tax-list of 1673.

The "reserved lands" were divided, piece after piece, among these eighty-four men or their legal representatives, from time to time, as fast as they were needed, during the next one hundred years.

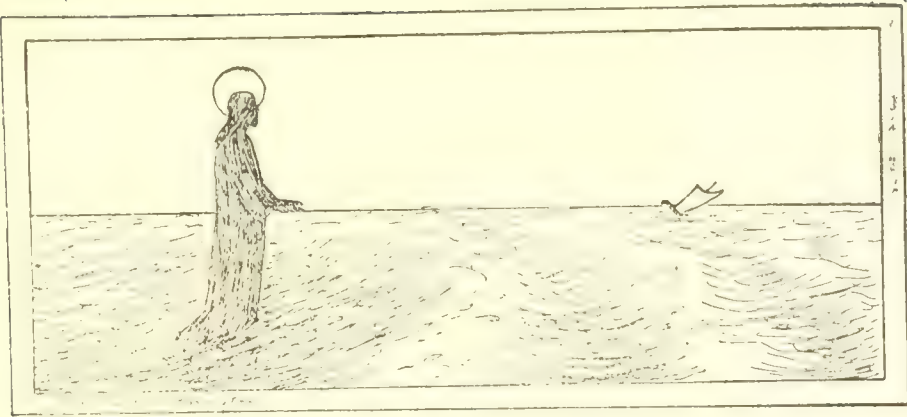
We are told also that our first pastor, the Rev. Roger Newton, was lured away from us by an invitation to the more numerous and wealthy church at Milford. Mr. Newton left us in September, 1657, and was not installed in Milford until Aug. 22, 1660, three years afterward. His intention was to return to England. John Hull, Mint-Master at Boston, he who coined the famous Pine-Tree shillings and lesser coins, tells us how the minister's ship was delayed six or eight days at Nantasket, waiting for a favorable wind, and that as soon as Mr. Newton stepped on shore for a conference with Rev. John Norton, the wind changed and the shipmaster sailed away without him, looking upon him as a second Jonah and the cause of all the trouble.

JULIUS GAY.



'Twas only one, but deeper red
Than all the roses growing!
'Twas only one—the word it said
Yet told me all worth knowing!

H. NICHOLS.



Mural Decoration in Farmington

LIKE many other arts the art of mural decoration is traced back to Egypt, 4000 B. C. There seems to have been a combination of sculpture and painting when the Egyptian kings had their great deeds marked into the walls. Ninevah and Babylon had its walls ornamented with birds and animals; the Moslems covered their walls with intricate geometrical figures; India and Persia had much the same kind of wall decoration, and it also extended into Spain.

The Greeks and Romans had the secret for a cream colored stucco, with which they coated their temples; it could be polished, stood the weather well, and was a fine ground for wall decoration. The Pompeian walls are a beautiful example of frescoing. Those that are preserved in the museum at Naples are probably much more beautiful than when the Pompeians admired them on their own walls, for since they were uncovered from their load of lava, the wind and sun have toned them down in the beautiful harmonious way that only the elements know. Some of these Pompeian decorations are peculiarly beautiful in that they make a part of the architecture, that great requisite of wall decoration. A great many of the Italian frescoes are beautiful as pictures rather than as parts of a building. Most of the modern French decorations are easel oil pictures put on the wall and not a part of the building, with one great exception the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes.

The Greeks seem to have had a beautiful way of using painting with architecture, judging from the accounts of their writers, and even their statues we so much admire they painted over with some color. But almost nothing of the Greek painting has come down to our day. Italy developed a style of its own which was less severe and more pictorial, and many beautiful examples by Giotto, Mantegna and Raphael have been preserved.



The Italian artists, to prepare a wall for mural decorations, laid the stucco on, and while still moist, applied the color and drew in the design. Each artist applied just the amount of stucco he was able to cover in one day. This method gave much of the spontaneity, freshness, and charm to their fresco work.

Although the mural decoration in Farmington may not seem very great compared with the mural work of the little Italian towns, still such as it is, it is very interesting as our first essay in that direction.

Perhaps our first mural decorator was Miss Caroline Townsend who became Mrs. Scudder. She painted on the wall at William Chidsey's house, a snarl of wild roses within the circle of the motto "Sing heart, thou art young and

the world is in blossom," also a piece of scroll work with the motto "Withouten gladness availeth no treasure;" at Mrs. Barney's she used branches of chestnut leaves in a wall decoration. With Mr. Brandegee's help Mrs. Scudder began the decoration of the bare walls in the dining room of the Inn. The subject used was the beginning and progress of man and his future destination, either above or below,—but it was left largely in outline and the picturing of a purgatory was not wholly approved of, so at the second annual housecleaning it was covered with a coat of whitewash. The Muse entered by the kitchen door into the house now owned by A. A. Redfield. Here decorations on the wall were made by Griffin, Bartlett, Brandegee, and Mrs. Scudder. A number have been obliterated but there is left still a handsome sheldrake since touched up by the housepainter.

Mr. Gernhardt of Hartford has left a number of interesting decorations in the houses at which he has stayed from time to time. On the door of an upper room at Frederick Miles' he painted cherubs and at Henry Gallagher's

on one parlor door he painted the dream of Endymion, on another, dancing figures full of movement and rich in color, tho' not yet finished.

There are three panels in the big settle at the Gymnasium of Miss Porter's School done by Edward Brooks. One panel is of the mill and dam; another of a winter scene at the red bridge; the middle and largest panel is a landscape of the meadows beyond the bridge, steeped in the hot, hazy atmosphere of an August afternoon. He decorated mantel panels in the house that he occupied for a time. One of the mantelpieces has since been painted over but the other has thus far escaped an added coat.

At Anson Porter's there is a marine sketch on a mantel panel showing on the horizon the three caravels of Columbus' fleet; at Charles Lewis' there are door and mantel panels and fireplace decorations; at Charles Brandegee's a group of the Holy Family over a mantel, all done by R. B. Brandegee.

The small studio at the School has landscape decoration over the whole wall space. It was designed by Mr. Brandegee and worked out by Miss Roberts and her pupils.

On the walls of the music room at R. B. Brandegee's is told a tale of chivalry: the mounted knight, the group of villagers blessing his departure and the sleeping dragon, the object of his quest. The background is one of forest, plains and hills. This decoration has the effect of water color, altho' it is in oil as are all the others mentioned.

In the Catholic Chapel are two large canvasses by Brooks and Brandegee used as mural decorations. The Brooks canvas represents Christ and his disciples on the walk to Emmaus; the other, Christ walking on the water toward the fisherman's boat, a speck on the raging waters. Both paintings are done in a large and simple way and the sight of them brings one nearer to the life of our great Teacher.

Almost all our artists have looked with longing at the great white spaces in some of our country churches. If they were asked to express themselves religiously on those bare walls the result might be interesting in a great many ways, but the Puritans seem to have had the feeling that a certain severe baldness was pleasing to God. When the blossoming trees and gorgeous butterflies looked in at the church windows and wondered what was done in that cold place and learned it was where the people worshipped God—"What, our God!" said the blossoms and the butterflies.

The Catholic Church has always been a friend of the Muses. The great painters grew up under the protection of the Popes and Cardinals. It is probable that a large part of the work of Raphael and Michael Angelo would have been lost to the world had it not been for the intelligent care of the Catholic Church. Whereas, with our Protestant Church, the Arts have grown as flowers grow that sprout under large stones.

This article would not be complete without some mention of the beautiful frescoes which were made in the Williams house in 1852. These do not belong



to the simple beginnings treated in this article. They were the work of three accomplished Italian fresco artists, Nolte, Eiffe and Likeit. These men worked four months on the ceilings and walls of the hall and four rooms. The result must have been a constant delight to those with an eye to grace of design and beauty of color. In the vicissitudes of a country house they have been damaged by water so that they now show but a remnant of their former beauty and those in the large drawing room have been replaced by modern decorations.

It is rumored that some day the Misses Cowles will decorate the walls of the Episcopal Chapel and the day such a rumor becomes fact, ought, in the art calendar of Farmington, to be one to celebrate.

FARMINGTON.

Seaweed

PROUD man, where you would fear to be,
I have been screened from harm and nourished;
Where death would seek you in the sea,
So frail a thing as I has flourished.
I've seen great beds of gleaming pearls,
I've danced where wildest water whirls;
I've kissed a mermaid's laughing lips
And brushed against her finger tips.
The breaking waves have been my home,
And drowning men near me have panted;
I've tossed about in nests of foam,
My cradle-song by storms loud chanted.

L. J. 10

Song at the "Lean-to"

A Sketch

Bowdoin was opening a box of sardines in the kitchen, while Croesus set the table in the front room for the supper of the two artists. They had hired the old lavender colored "lean-to" for the summer, in a primitive farming district, no matter where. Croesus took a last glance over the table, then stepped into the front yard to rest his jaded brain after his quarter of an hour of domestic duties. Shortly Bowdoin heard a low whistle of welcome from the yard, then a still lower response from the bottom of the hill. "Who is it? Who is it, Croesus?" "Its the Dane." "Now for some singing. Bring him into supper;" and Bowdoin followed the invitation by joining the other at the old front gate where together they watched the approach of a solid, blond young man as he swung his way up to the house. "How goes it? How's Madame? Why didn't she come?" "The horses and coachman all dropped dead this afternoon and Madame is not a good walker," answered the Dane in excellent English.

The Dane and his wife were camping out at the village three miles away, in an abandoned house—as the two artists were—where they were rusticating with their music, all of them free for the moment from the sickening visits of landlords and some other people.

In a short time the three men were taking supper of toasted sardines, chops, marmalade and tea. The warm August air and light came in at open windows and doors. Coats and vests were thrown aside, reducing costumes to shabby trousers, and flannel shirts. The small chat and joking went on toward the end of supper to tea and tobacco time. An observing person knowing the two painters would have noticed a shade of anxiety in their manner, but when the tea was consumed Bowdoin quietly remarked, "that little 'Chaminade' has been running in my head all day." Croesus was startled at the attack as he would have been at anything else that would precipitate the thing both were so carefully scheming for, i. e., that the Dane should sing. Bowdoin's tact was great however, and eminently successful, for at a grotesque and carefully planned error in his own attempt at the song the Dane broke into a merry laugh and corrected him. So that was the way it was done and intended to be done. Very quietly and softly the delicious little air came from the singer's lips, and the two much gratified artists settled back into their chairs and listened. The song ended and then came a little discussion of its charms,—another snatch of song,—an explanation; then a Danish folklore song in which the voice had a quite definite suggestion of swaying pines. The twilight became dark evening. No lights were lit. The talk lessened but the song went on and on into Massenet, McDowell, and finally long arias from Elijah and Tristram, the beautiful cello-like voice becoming more rich and enthusiastic as he took up the more characteristic pieces. At 10 o'clock the Dane quietly arose and the two others accompanied him to his home in the village. Upon leaving the "lean-to," blurred forms moved silently away. They were the few rather distant neighbors come to listen, not daring nearer positions thro' fear of breaking the song.

The three men did not talk much. The dim meadows and dark masses of hills, the whole night was filled with such rich harmony for them, that no one cared to speak. For many days one could imagine the peaceful landscape listening for a return of the sweet mystery that had dared to sing its own unsung song.

CHARLES FOSTER.

Nature's Hints for Color in Dress

A MOST dainty butterfly, stripped in black and white, with two bright spots of scarlet on his wings. I stood watching him with admiration, when I heard behind me the good-natured voice of my colored cook, "Catch him, Miss Nannie, and bite off his head, and you will get a dress exactly like him."

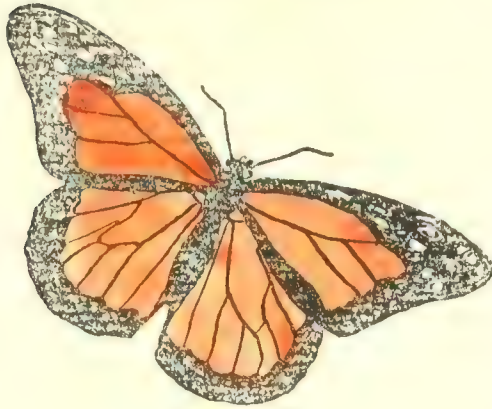
I laughed, of course, as I was meant to do, at this specimen of darkey lore, but her words set me a thinking. What a charming dress it would be, black and white stripped silk, with trimmings of black, and just a touch of scarlet to give it distinction and style, a scarlet velvet collar perhaps, or a knot of scarlet among the laces at the breast. It would certainly be very *chic*, and Frenchy, although the model was a plain American butterfly.

My New England home is far from fashionable dressmakers, or large stores, but very near to Nature's Pageantry, the flowers and the birds. Why not go to them for my spring opening, for hints in my summer wardrobe, in the matter of color at least, and so get my pretty frocks from the butterflies, even while leaving their poor little heads on their shoulders. The lovely lunar moth might furnish me with a ball dress, a delicate green, trimmed with pale yellow chiffon. My traveling and street dress should be of the soft graduated browns you see on a partridge wing. I confess my soul longs for a wrapper, just the shades of red and pink I find in my geranium bed, only I am afraid they would laugh at me if I took two flowers to the store to match, and I should not dare to trust my own eye when I came to combining red and pink. I would rather let nature do it for me.

Then my hats; what hint could I find for the color of these? Have you ever noticed how almost invariably the heads of birds are darker than the rest of their bodies, thus making them look smaller and more elegant? Take your hint from this and never wear a hat lighter than your costume. If this is white then the hat may be white also, and you will look as fresh and cool as the little white garden butterfly.

But I do not mean to furnish a list of instances, only suggest to you an amusing and profitable occupation for idle summer hours, to make Nature help you to look like her flowers and birds, and give you some of her wonderful hints for color in dress.

L. L.



Mature

Spring Time—Fantasie

WHEN the sun has gone to its farthest point in the south, and after a few days of hesitation has concluded to return and the days begin to lengthen, there comes into the early morning air a certain quality of light, a delicate smell, that tells of the coming of spring. The willow trees assume a warmer color and the arbutus sheds its fragrance through the spring woods. 'Tis then the blustering March roars before the portals of the spring, lest some aged trunks of trees or decrepit part of humanity should enter into the new spring. Even into the month of April the Dogs of March make excursions, leaving the door of winter wide open; and puffs of sleet and snow follow for the venturesome early flowers.

There are always certain sunny nooks in the woods where the Hepaticas arrive earliest, and among the hundreds of "Liverwort" blossoms, one or two tussocks that are most perfect. As the sun shines on them the stamens throw shadows like the shadows of eyelashes, and the flowers have a kind of startled look like timorous deer. Then arrives the cautious Bloodroot with its green coat drawn over its ears, and the sun must be very warm before it spreads out its beautiful white cup filled with gold.

We used to dig the Hepaticas from the sleeping mountain's side in February, and tempt them to blossom in the house, reminding one of the portion taken from the sleeping Adam's side, which has blossomed into so many beautiful flowers. Like a great dragon the sandstone crops through the earth and along its thin lips are lines of Saxifrage that take each other by the hands and dance along the wrinkles of the stone, like the Fra Angelico Angels.

Then arrive the tufts of Columbine, and regiments and armies of Adder's Tongues and Dutchman's Breeches, and the wild Anemone, *Thalictrum Anemoides*, which is perhaps the loveliest flower that God ever created. Who can look at it and not think that God is very good, so much better than some of his bungling interpreters would have us believe. The Anemone is like Mozart turned into a flower,—there is the daintiness of a young girl and the saintliness of an old lady. They tell a story of Courbet, the artist, who visited

another artist, a German. The two visited the galleries; but unable to talk each other's language, their feelings had to be expressed by signs. When they arrived at a fine picture, they nodded, and winked, shook hands, and slapped each other on the back. In the same way there are no words to describe the Anemone. There they are on their fragile little stems, God bless them! "And so gentle reader" consider yourself shaken by the hand, winked at, and slapped hard on the back, and then we will both understand.

Over the damp meadows the sheets of Bluets look like drying clothes. The Violets are here again, and the Dandelion has returned from its voyage to the center of the earth, where it renews its fire; it shoulders its way through the sod and spreads out its fountain of gold in the warm sun.

There are those who think the Blue birds go south in the winter. But we know better—the Blue bird goes up to heaven, and there renews the color of his wings; and his little song like a halo, which he repeats as though striving to recall more, is a refrain that was learned in paradise. Against the cold March skies, the roaring winds, and bare trees, the Blue bird sings his song of hopefulness and love—the refrain that was learned in paradise.

My White Birches are beginning to awake,—the nuns among the trees. But no, for in autumn they are dressed in gold. It is said the winter complained it had no trees to carry the tradition of winter through the summer, and pointed to the Evergreens which carry their summer green into the winter. Then nature gave the winter the White Birch, and these are the daughters of the snow. And the primitives were so convinced of this story, they would lean against the White Birches to keep cool in the hot weather. Did you never notice the shiver that passes over the summer flowers when they see a White Birch?

A very old lady used to tell us "there was one thing that never grew old, and to which she always looked forward with renewed enthusiasm,—the coming of spring." Perhaps we are much duller than we think, or we would not need the lesson every year that there is a wider circle than a year and its spring time is the resurrection, and its summer the reunion in paradise.

R. B. B.

Art

IF the exhibition of pictures that I saw in the Philadelphia Academy two weeks ago, was a sample of what there was to be seen at the Paris Exposition of nineteen hundred, I am sorry I missed it. It was not until I had been through the galleries, that I realized the truth of what had been told me, by other painters, of the strength of the work of the American painters on this side of the water. After seeing that exhibition, I should think that those of my countrymen who have been living abroad in order that they might steep in the much advertised "artistic atmosphere" would hastily pack camp stool and easel, and return to the land in which the landscapes by George Innes, Homer Martin, Ben Foster, H. W. Ranger, and William M. Chase were painted.

And those portraits! How they did hum. I hope they will be a lesson to the unfortunates, who have paid out hundreds of dollars for bad portraits with French names attached. The daily papers tell us from time to time of the fortunes reaped from Maine to California by some Frenchman who has long since passed his prime, and appears in the middle West on a dollar-hunting expedition, with the perfect assurance that his worst work will be cheerfully paid for, if it bears his name. The owner will point with pride to his three thousand dollar jobs, while the old Frenchman laughs in his sleeve at the easy mark, and looks for another. But the next generation will turn the picture to the wall. The third will destroy it.

I saw a Bunce that did my heart good. It was a moonlight, low in tone, rich in color, and painted as only a master and a poet can paint. He has got more sentiment on those few feet of canvass than most painters of Venice get into their life's work. Fortunately Bunce is a man who received recognition early in life, and is appreciated by both connoisseur and artist, and the painters of two continents take off their hats to Bunce's color.

The portrait of M. Flagg by Robert Brandegee, was well hung and looked the masterful piece of painting that it is. Though mellowed in tone it is as fresh in color as the day it was painted, and has more of the old master quality than any portrait in the exhibition.

George DeForest Brush's portrait of his family is an example of what an American painter can do in the way of portraits when he gives his mind to it. The portrait contains three people. The artist has produced a painting that is of value as a picture and of double value as a picture and a family portrait.

But what is the use—all these things will straighten themselves. We all like to do a little kicking now and then, but reform in art will have to come as slowly as reform in politics, and it is a comfort to feel that the time will come, when all paintings will be weighed by their artistic value alone, and the price that is paid for them, and the name of the painter, will take their just place.

W. G.

The next big display of pictures will be the Spring Exhibition of the Academy of Design.—It opens April first. This is usually an important exhibition as the painters display the finished work made from the sketches of the summer before.

The students of the Art Society of Hartford are preparing for their annual exhibition which takes place in April. They have had the advantage of twelve lessons in painting under the instruction of William M. Chase of New York.

Pan American

THE Pan American Exposition will have within its walls the finest exhibition of paintings ever brought together in America, with possible exception of the collection that went to Chicago. The American exhibition will surely be ahead of the American exhibition at the World's Fair, for, the last ten years has

brought forward many new men and the work of the older men has grown and advanced. It is interesting to know that both Mr. Sargent and Mr. Whistler—the two strongest American painters living abroad—will exhibit in the American display, though unquestionably, both men will have strong inducements to send their work with that of England and France, and it is not unlikely that Mr. Whistler, in true Whistleresque fashion, will send a picture with each of the three exhibits. Would that he might send one from every country on the globe and a few from Mars! Surely a man unbound by country, school, class, or period, should not have to conform to the rules of any exhibition. But then,—there need be no fear. Another treat that picture lovers are hoping to find at the Pan American is a picture, or pictures by Albert Pinkham Ryder, one of the greatest and least known of American painters. Mr. Ryder seldom exhibits, and is known to but a small circle outside the painters. Space is too limited to even suggest the great promise of this exhibit, and the pictures will be but a small part of the art department of the Exhibition. The sculpture will be a great feature—all the well known American sculptors will be represented, and many of the most noted French.

There will be a wonderful exhibit of pottery and fine china collected from all over the world. As a whole, the exhibition will be free from many of the clap-trap entertainments found within the grounds of the World's Fair.

The Pan American Exhibition is the first in the East and many who could not consider the one in Chicago, or think of Paris, will be able to turn this summer's vacation into a ten days' jaunt to Buffalo. The trip from New York over the Lackawanna Railroad takes one day and costs only six dollars each way,—and in Buffalo, as elsewhere, one can make their expenses almost what they wish.

L. B. G.

Book Notes

Overheard in a Garden, by Oliver Herford, is a small volume of verse intended to make you laugh, and nothing more, unless you have the habit of committing all such things to memory for the entertainment of others. The illustrations are by the author. Some of the figures are very charming indeed and suggest a strength much greater than is found in the verse, also a regret that the writer's long habit of being funny could not be thrown over. However dainty the idea, frequently expressed charmingly, the joke is certain to assert itself sooner or later. This is what he calls "Moonstruck."

I watched the moon let down her hair
 In ripples on the sea.
 She loosed each diamond pin with care
 And stuck it carefully
 In the dark pin-cushion of sky.
 "Ah, *now*," I said, "I know the why
 And wherefore of the stars.
 I always used to think at night,
 To see them shine, they were the light
 Of seraphim's cigars.
 Now I have learned and none too soon,
 They are the hairpins of the moon."

THE two-volume work, "*The Yangtse Valley and Beyond*," by Mrs. Bird Bishop, gives as clear and entertaining an account of a large area of China as any work upon that country. There are others more exhaustive certainly, and possibly keener and truer in their theories as to China's future; but this traveler with her English frenzy for seeing and telling what she sees, is most entertaining and instructive. There is a certain amount of questioning as to the country's fate, and the English enthusiasm for figures; but its attractiveness lies chiefly in a straightforward presentation of the country and its people's appearance. Just the way to begin a study of any country or people. It is a fine ground-work for deeper study of a land, a foundation one must lay in order to follow the outcome of a subject that is to become a dominating one. Mrs. Bishop is singularly free from the tyrannising prejudices of most English writers upon similar subjects. She has traveled enough, apparently, to have really developed a just perception of things. She discusses the missions, opium, and Chinese business methods as they might be dealt with by commissions of appointed experts. There is one British characteristic in the writer that cannot be pounded out. This is her delight in being pounded. The more she is beaten and abused, the more serene and enthusiastic she becomes. This eccentric temperament is absolutely necessary to civilization of course. But we don't fully realize it. The book is illustrated by good photographs. Its type is large and good and the work can be found at the village library. C. F.

NEW books come out in families nowadays. The historical novel is an example, and that group of books that makes us familiar with the wild flowers and the native trees and the wild life not far from our own homes. Perhaps the best known writer of these nature books is John Burroughs. He does not strive after effects, but his style is like the clear atmosphere through which we observe his pets. He has told us much about bird life, and now in his attractive book *Squirrels and Other Furbearers*, he tells us about the furry folks, until we long to look them up in their own haunts. What a summons to early spring walks, is this; "The first chipmunk in March is as sure a token of spring as the first blue bird or the first robin, ... When I hear the little Downy Woodpecker begin his spring drumming then I know the chipmunk is due. He cannot sleep after that challenge of the woodpecker reaches his ear. What a clean, pert, dapper, nervous little fellow he is. How fast his heart beats as he stands up on the wall by the roadside and with hands spread out upon his breast regards you intently." Apparently the first thing he does is to go courting, for we know that "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." What pains would not one take to see the fox, "agile and graceful, loping along like a plume borne by the wind, or like a large red thistledown," or to watch the "remorseless, subtle, fearless weasel, with its round, thin ears, its prominent glistening bead-like eyes, and the curving, snake-like motions of head and neck," or the "frolicsome and loquacious squirrel at home in his woods." When Burroughs loses sight of the animals themselves, he can read us tragic stories from their tracks in the snow. His book teaches observation, inspires with keen interest, and gives new meaning to quiet country life. M. R. J.

The following books have been added to the library recently: *Life and Letters*, Thomas Henry Huxley, 2 vols. *In the Desert*, G. Ebers. *Lord Macauley's Essays*. *The Influence of Christ in Modern Life*, Newell Dwight Hillis. *The Romance of Ludwig II.*, Frances Gerard. *Memories of the Tennysons*, Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. *Eben Holden*. *Up from Slavery*, B. T. Washington.

Working Girls' Clubs

MISS DODGE, a former pupil of Miss Porter's School, is now a recognized authority on Girls' Clubs. This is a movement arousing more and more interest, one which we in Farmington have lately begun to consider. By request Miss Dodge has kindly sent to THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE the statement of a few of the principles underlying the well known Girls' Clubs in New York, the prosperity and influence of which are so largely due to her great interest and wisdom. Ed.

A PRODUCT of recent years, clubs for busy girls stand for distinct purposes, and have had great influence in developing sisterhood among young women.

Those represented in the New York Association of Working Girls' Clubs have for motto words, co-operation, self-government, self reliance. Character defines their life.

"Not the money but the brains of it" suggest their interest. The clubs are in no convenient rooms, have great struggles to accomplish results and do not aim at large membership. Appreciation, loyalty, love are however felt, and the words "We, Us and Company" express a great deal to each member.

Every phase of busy girl is in the Company, but those who are called at times the girls or women of leisure or culture are often the busiest of all, and recognize that while they inherited certain good things, their fellow-members have secured from life and discipline qualities of character and an insight into duty rarely given to the more favored members. All gain from each other ideas and impulses which tell not only on personal lives but also on neighborhoods and great movements.

The obligations and advantages of members are as follows: They must be over fourteen years of age, pay an initiation fee and monthly dues of twenty-five cents.

The advantages are: Free use of rooms, library, piano and writing materials; privilege of consulting the Club Physician; access to Musical Drill, Lectures, Talks and Entertainments, Sewing and Embroidery Classes, and Penny Provident Fund. By paying class fee, they have the privilege of joining Dressmaking, Cooking, Millinery, School Extension, and other pay classes.

Practical talks are valuable features, dealing as they do with every day subjects. A leader is selected, and her duty is simply to bring out the ideas of those gathered together, and to aid them in focusing their thoughts, either in a verbal summary or a written paper, longer or shorter.

The Association or combined organization of Clubs has its three Holiday Houses, and the Summer gives opportunity for vacations and outings.

The Mutual Benefit Fund is an organization to provide for its members in case of illness or death.

The Junior Clubs are for younger girls, while the Domestic Circle draws to its afternoons, members who have married, and who still desire club opportunities.

Work for poorer, sadder people is gladly undertaken, and hundreds of little children as well as sick people are made happy by the side organizations planned by busy girls to bring cheer and gladness to others.

Statistics are rarely collected for they tell little of a movement which means "everything" to those enjoying the dear old Clubs. Members gladly share their good times and still more gladly help others start similar societies.

There has been formed a combination composed of the Associations in New York, Brooklyn, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Ohio, under the title of National League of Women Wage Earners. The Secretary is Miss C. C. Wilkinson, 807 James Street, Syracuse, New York, who gladly sends data relating to the work. The League publishes monthly *The Club Worker*.

GRACE H. DODGE.

THE Village Girls' Club of Farmington started without a definite organization and with the simple idea of bringing the girls together for healthy amusement. Finding that the reverse of the adage "all work and no play," produced among girls if not dullness, a like satiety, classes in dressmaking, singing, embroidery and dramatics were formed.

If a full treasury, a large membership, with an average attendance of one-half, and growing interest, proves success, the Club has certainly been a success. It is the hope of the originators that another year will prove that the Club is here to stay, that it will grow into an organization with high practical aims, working towards a definite end. The experiences of this year will aid in determining such aims and such an end.

MARY I. POTTER.

Village Notes

TO-DAY there is a great deal said about the necessity of making the school room a place of beauty. In our outlying district schools, the teachers have made a beginning in that direction but need help and encouragement to carry it further. The bareness of the barrack room has prevailed in the past; this is not good for little children, who drink in unconsciously all beauty within reach. To brighten such disheartening surroundings will be a pleasure, we are sure, to all. Those who have either pictures or casts or any contributions for the schools in the Waterville, East Farms and Scott's Swamp districts may send them to our Acting School Visitor, Miss Eleanor Johnson.

Before one of the teachers at Miss Porter's school left Farmington and America for a life work among the people of her native land, she gave to the middle district school a plaster cast in relief of a most spirited group of men and horses—which must inspire the quick and cannot fail to stir the most sluggish in some dim way.

THE yearly miracle of spring, its coming proclaimed by the bluebird more than a month back, is fast working its wonders. From the frozen ground of our Village Green is starting the earnest of hidden wealth. Nature will soon prove to us in a velvet lawn, and a riot of blooms, that the time, care and money devoted to making this waste place blossom has not been thrown away.

At this feast the eight foot skeleton of wire fence at the south will be clothed with dozens of yellow, white and red ramblers, with honeysuckles, wistarias, trumpet flowers and Virginia creepers. Sheltered by the evergreens at the corners, the rhododendron and laurel blossoms will flash upon us from the partial gloom, while from the open, other shrubs will give freely of their color and fragrance to all who but glance their way.

Comfort as well as beauty is in the measure of this gift to us. A rustic arbor, with seats and a light under the roof for dark hours, will be erected in the center of the Green. Back of it will stand the Town Pump, a reproduction of the Salem Town Pump immortalized by Hawthorne. This will give for the drawing a draught not to be surpassed by that from the automatic faucet of any city ice-tank.

Our gratitude is due, not only to the one who gave us the Green with an income for its perpetual preservation, but also to those who have given so freely of their thought and time, in suggestion and supervision, to carry out the idea of the donor.

It belongs to us, this beautiful Village Green. If the children of our Village once realize that with the possession comes the responsibility to preserve its beauty, once realize that it belongs to us all instead of "to nobody," their delight in it is sure to be doubled and no hand will be put out to pull a blossom that belongs to fifteen hundred other people.

M. D. B.

Farmington Village Street in 1802

IN the handwriting of Gov. Treadwell, and evidently designed as a part of his *History of Farmington*, occurs the following:

"The Town Street for about one mile in the center is built upon the declivity of the East Mountain as it descends towards the meadow. The south end of the street runs just at the foot of the mountain. The north end is at the break of the mountain on the road leading to Hartford. In this limit there are about one hundred dwelling houses and about fifty stores, shops and offices. The houses at each end are somewhat scattered, but in the center they are much more contiguous. All except one are built of wood and some of them may be styled elegant and all convenient. They are in general kept in good repair, although some have been erected more than 100 years."

A SCHOOLGIRL OF TO-DAY, in an essay, thus describes our village street, the street of Governor Treadwell's time:

"The Main Street reminds me of a stately picture gallery, the tops of the arching elms forming the ceiling, their trunks the supporting columns, between which are the panels hung with the loveliest landscapes. These never remain the same, for Nature constantly retouches her canvasses and so makes the exhibition more varied than any which man can show."

The Editor's Sketch-Book

One who recently heard a lecture by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, the Roycroftier, Disciple of William Morris, says:

"It was very interesting. The general idea was that we should make more out of the material in our own towns. For instance, if we wish something original in the way of andirons, tongs, or any intricate iron work give the native blacksmith the work. In the same way demand anything in the way of fine wood work of the village carpenter.

There always seems such a lot of ability running to waste for lack of executive capacity to set it flowing in the proper channels. Every town has its painters, its musicians, its writers, its orators; let us keep our eyes wide open and especially see that the art element enters into the life and crafts of all our workmen.

With art which is the creative faculty in man goes happiness. It should not be restricted to the rich; we Americans are getting over our crude worship of riches."

This leads directly to the thought of the value of manual training in the public schools. One may have all the artistic feeling in the world, but he must have technical knowledge along with it or his feeling goes for naught. It is only when the artist has mastered the rules governing the use of his materials, that he can disregard them and originate,—work out his own thought. Successful manual training in even the smallest and most remote district school ought to solve many problems of village life.

CHARLES S. MASON, *Florist*, Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.

Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER B. ABBEY, D.D.S.

Hartford, Conn.

Room 77

Sage Allen Building

HENRY O. WILCOX

Carpenter and Builder,

Repairing and Jobbing—Estimates Given

Main Street

Farmington, Conn.

GREENSTEIN, The Leader in Fine Ladies' Tailoring. ❁ ❁ ❁

MR. GREENSTEIN'S experience in HIGH CLASS LADIES' TAILORING
is unexcelled by any of the metropolitan tailors.

Stearns' Building, 75 Pratt Street, Rooms 22, 23, 24 and 25, Hartford, Conn.

HUGH CHESNEY, *Florist*

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

FARMINGTON DRUG STORE

—KODAK FILMS—

BANJO STRINGS

VIOLIN STRINGS

HOT-WATER BAGS

SPONGES

"FARMINGTON MAGAZINE" FOR SALE HERE

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building.

HARTFORD, CONN.

D. R. HAWLEY,

**Decorating
and Painting***Artistic Interior Work*

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHSCCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

Huyler's

CANDIES

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for Huyler's Candies.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GALLEY'S, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention.

PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.



E. P. CAHILL,

Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR

Is showing a great variety of

SPRING STYLES.

Ladies get as good results here as in New York.

105 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.



Larned & Hatch,

High Class

Perfect Fitting

Shoes

945 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

MISS PIERSON,
Easter and Spring Millinery,

70 Pratt Street.

HARTFORD, CONN.

CHARLES O. WHITMORE,

Architect,

45-46 STEARNS' BUILDING,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Telephone 106-5

R. BALLERSTEIN & Co.,

IMPORTERS OF

MILLINERY GOODS AND KID GLOVES,

904-908 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

Ready to wear Hats a specialty.

RANDALL,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

HARTFORD, - - CONN.

SEIDLER & MAY,

Have a Large Assortment of

MEDIUM AND FINE FURNITURE.

We can show you an assortment of

PRAIRIE GRASS FURNITURE

That you will be interested in. SOMETHING NEW.

Furniture suitable for PORCH AND LAWN.

SEIDLER & MAY,

306 to 318 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.

A STRONG COMBINATION.

Our Carpet, Rug, Wall Paper and Drapery Stocks.

This store is a strong combination when it comes to carry out the task of furnishing homes.

The Carpet and Rug Department

Offers a range of qualities, patterns and prices that puts it nearest to your wants. We do the work of making and laying Carpets in a prompt and well experienced manner.

Wall Papers.

There are some pretty large and good Wall Paper stocks in these New England States: therefore when we say that we have the largest and best of them all, we lead you to expect a great deal of us. We warrant your greatest expectations.

The Draperies.

The Drapery question is most satisfactorily settled here. Every known fabric that concerns the art of Draping is here, and the execution of the work itself is done by thoroughly experienced experts in this line.

LINOLEUMS, OIL CLOTH, MATTINGS, SHADES.

The Chas. R. Hart Co.,

894-902 MAIN STREET.

LEADING HOUSEFURNISHERS.

Sage-Allen Building, Hartford, Conn.

FRUITS ❀ ❀ FRESH VEGETABLES

AND OUR OWN MAKE OF

❀ ❀ BAKERY PRODUCTS ❀ ❀

THESE ARE AMONG THE SPECIALTIES OF OUR MODERN STORE.

NO GROCERY HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND
(Boston Excepted), IS AS WELL EQUIPPED
TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF
CHOICE EATABLES AS WE ARE.

\$5.00 Orders Delivered Free in Farmington.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.,

338-342 Asylum St.

HARTFORD.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS In Carbon or Platinum Pigments

Are absolutely permanent. You know how unpleasant it is to find that photographs, for which you have paid even a cheap photographer, are slowly, but surely fading out. Yet many people still feel that any sort of a picture — so long as it may be called a photograph — is bound to be satisfactory. But in the case of a dearly beloved father or mother, or son or daughter, or other near relative having passed beyond recall, the question of permanency in a photograph becomes a serious matter. *It is not difficult to procure photographs that are never faded.* We know all the modern processes at our studio, and we strive also to make all our work highly artistic. Let us try to please you with an order.

C. A. JOHNSTONE, Photographer,

45 Pratt Street, ... Hartford, Conn.

(Reception Room on ground floor.)

INER SEAL CRACKERS.

Grocers from all parts of the United States are acknowledging the INER SEAL PACKAGE as a rousing success. Have you bought your crackers in this new style package? It's really a great benefit for you to receive your crackers in a sealed package. They are not broken, they are exceptionally clear,—they keep much better in the INER SEAL PACKAGE than most any other way and the prices are about the same as the bulk goods cost you. There are forty or fifty different kinds of crackers packed in this new style. Try a package.

Red Cherries in Marasquin.

A NEW SIZE BOTTLE.
THE LATEST.
25 CENTS.

Choice Table Apples.

BALDWINS, RUSSETS.
By the peck or dozen

Bread Prices Reduced

Large Loaves.....8 cents.
Small Loaves.....4 cents.
.....ALL KINDS.

HILLS & Co.

GOLD SEAL COFFEE.

When we are convinced of the quality of any special article in our stock, we talk, talk, talk about it, until perhaps you tire of seeing it brought up before you so many times. But when you want that special article, and what you have been using does not just suit, don't you think there is a slight thought cast in the direction of our ad.? Is there one single thing you buy from your grocer that provokes you more than coffee? You will say: NO. We can say: TRY OURS—(OUR GOLD SEAL BRAND)—for in this coffee is collected all that you imagine ought to be there. It meets the requirements to the period. A better coffee never was brought to the States. Price 40 cents a pound, two pounds 75 cents.

\$5.00 ORDERS AND OVER DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE IN FARMINGTON.

The Optimist

A Little Journal of Criticism, Review and Inspiration

The Daintiest Little Journal in Existence.

Sixty-four pages, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, on heavy antique, deckle edged paper, rubricated titles and initials, clever illustrations by artists of note, and text by charming writers. Not a faddive, but a genuine, serious magazine, for the reading of thoughtful and cultivated people. The only magazine of its kind that has won instantaneous success and achieved a large circulation in the New England and Middle States.

The Optimist is published monthly at \$1.00 per year.

If you would like to see a Sample Copy send ten cents to

THE OPTIMIST, Boone, Iowa.

THE WARNER PHOTOGRAPH CO.,

Ground Floor Studio, 92 Pratt St.

HARTFORD,

FINE PORTRAITS—

Portraits of Children and Old People at their Homes a specialty.

Expert finishing of Kodak and all amateur work.

Bromide Enlargements.

New Studio. Best Equipment in Connecticut in all departments.

Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

Drawing from Plaster Cast and from Life.

Graduate from The Art Department of Miss Porter's and Mrs. Dow's School.

Terms moderate.

Miss MAE SAUNDERS,
Unionville, Conn.

Valuable Property For Sale.

FARMINGTON, MAIN STREET.

Fine old Colonial house, extensive grounds, about 350 feet front, with a depth of about 700 feet. Location unsurpassed. Near to trolley service. Beautiful views, &c. For particulars and price, address

F. G. WHITMORE, 900 Main Street,
Hartford, Conn.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.

ROBERT H. PRUTTING,

Solo Pianist—

For Receptions, Dances, Teas,
and Private Parties.

Address: P. O. Box 808, Hartford, Conn.
Telephone, 237-5.

FARMINGTON SKETCHES,

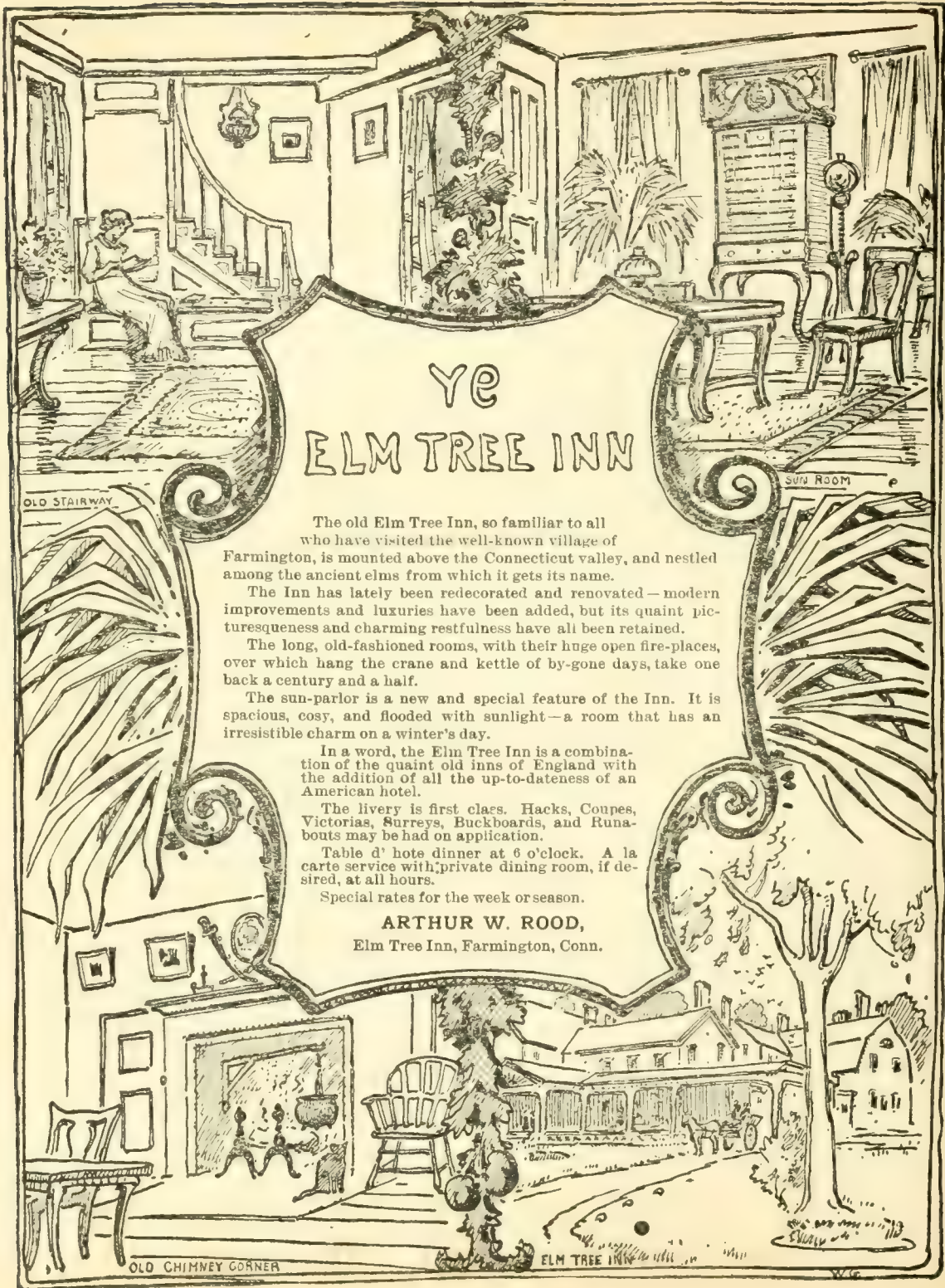
By WALTER GRIFFIN.

6 in hand lettered portfolio. Price, \$5.00. Single Prints, \$2.00.

Now on Sale. Farmington Drug Store.

Cheques and Money Orders should be sent to

WALTER GRIFFIN, 700 Main St., Hartford, Conn.



YE ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d'hôte dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

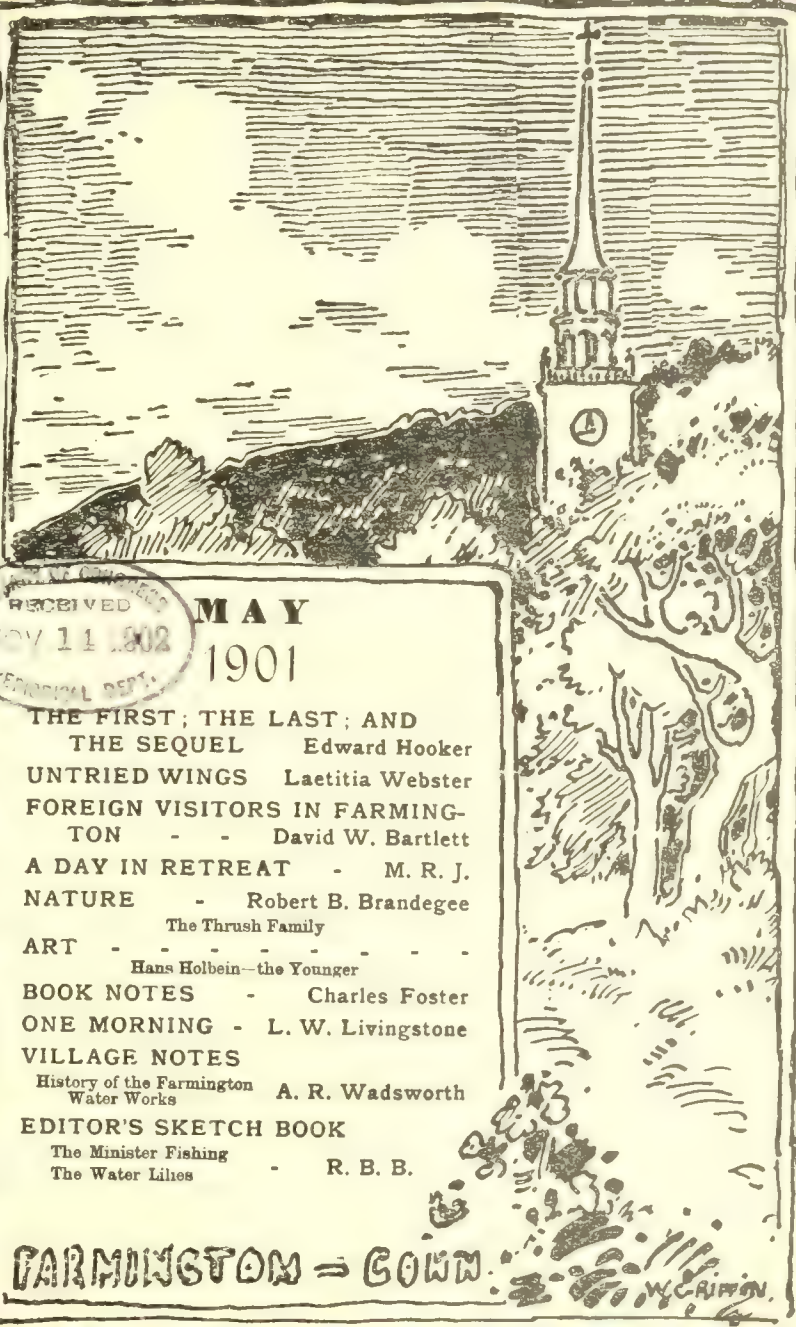
ARTHUR W. ROOD,
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



RECEIVED
JULY 11 1902
LIBRARY DEPT.

MAY
1901

- THE FIRST; THE LAST; AND
THE SEQUEL Edward Hooker
UNTRIED WINGS Laetitia Webster
FOREIGN VISITORS IN FARMING-
TON - - David W. Bartlett
A DAY IN RETREAT - M. R. J.
NATURE - Robert B. Brandegee
The Thrush Family
ART - - -
Hans Holbein—the Younger
BOOK NOTES - Charles Foster
ONE MORNING - L. W. Livingstone
VILLAGE NOTES
History of the Farmington A. R. Wadsworth
Water Works
EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK
The Minister Fishing - R. B. B.
The Water Lilies

FARMINGTON = GOWN.

W. C. RAYN.

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.
\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.
PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



A FARMINGTON PASTURE

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

MAY, 1901

No. 7

The First; the Last; and the Sequel

THE settlement at Farmington was commenced in such a desultory manner, and with so much dependence upon Hartford as the home, that many necessities were overlooked, and so, when death came among the little group of adventurers and claimed its first victim, no place had been provided for the burial of the dead. In this emergency the Indians, with a kindly spirit which they had before exhibited but which is seldom credited to them in historical works, came promptly to the white men and in effect said: Death has laid its heavy hand upon you, and you have no place prepared to bury your dead. Come to us; bury your dead with our dead; they will sleep peacefully beside each other, and when the Great Spirit wants them, He will know where to find them. This kind invitation was promptly accepted, and the first dead white man of Farmington, clothed in the woolen habiliments prescribed by the laws of England, was coffined in the rude, straight-sided box in which the early colonists buried their dead, and borne to the Indian burial ground. There he was laid to rest among the Indian graves, beside many who had never seen a white man, who had never dreamed that an adventurous people from a far away country across the wild waste of waters would invade the land of their birthright.

In the bleak and dreary days at the waning of 1820, on the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the Farmington church bell tolled forth a summons unique in the history of New England.

In resonant tones that bell called upon the descendants from that first dead colonist, upon the descendants from the little group that bore their first dead to the Indian burial ground, and upon those who had since that time made a home at Farmington, to assemble and pay back that debt of gratitude incurred by the original settlers almost two hundred years before, when that little group accepted the Indians' invitation and bore their dead to the Indian burial ground and laid him to rest among the Red Men's graves. Obedient to that sonorous appeal, the people of Farmington assembled and stood with uncovered heads around the bier on which rested the inanimate form of the last full-blooded Indian of Farmington. The youthful minister, standing by that bier laden with the last representative of the aboriginal possessors of hill and dale, spoke words of kindly tenderness and sympathy. Then gently lifting their burden, the people bore the remains of that last Indian to the white man's burial ground and laid him to rest among the white men's graves; as their progenitors had borne that first white dead man to the Indian's burial ground and laid him to rest among the Indian graves, with full assurance that when the Great Spirit wanted him he would know where to find him.

After the death of that first white man a small plot of ground was set apart for a burial place. From time to time additions were made to that ground until the limit of expansion had been reached, and the ground was so occupied by the generations that had passed away that a grave could not be made without encroaching upon the precincts of some old obliterated grave, and bringing to light relics of long forgotten dead. Thus it became necessary that Farmington should provide a new burial place, and a committee was appointed to select a proper and suitable plot and prepare it for occupation.

Upon that committee was one at least, and probably more than one, who knew the story of the burial of that first dead man in the Indian ground, and who had taken part in the burial of that last Indian in the white man's ground. So when the suggestion was made that the site of that old Indian burial place was most suitable and appropriate for the proposed new burial ground, it was promptly accepted, the place secured, the ground leveled and enclosed and made ready for use. The Indian relics brought to light in its preparation were carefully and tenderly gathered together and buried in one common grave, over which a simple and becoming monument was placed, bearing a beautiful and appropriate inscription; and thus this old Indian burial place, which had received the first white man that died at Farmington, became the new burial ground. In course of time the man who had urged the adoption of that old Indian site obeyed the great call and was laid to rest amid the dust of those old-time proprietors of the land. The venerable minister also, who in his younger days had said kind and hopeful words at the burial of that last Indian, borne down with a weight of years, and wearied with a life-long service which made him a venerable patriarch of the town, most of whose people he had baptized in infancy, married in youth, and buried when dead, was called to rest from his labors, and was borne by loving hands to a grave in the beautiful new ground. There he was laid to rest amid the dust of a people who were once the lords of the land, but were now scattered abroad, their family ties broken and their tribal bonds severed, while the remnant were gathered, regardless of kinship, upon reservations charitably granted to them by the white men who possessed the lands they once had owned.

To-day, when the grim King of Terrors lays his hand upon a Farmington household, that kindly invitation of more than two centuries ago is unhesitatingly accepted, and loving friends bear the dead to that old aboriginal ground and lay them gently away, leaving them to mingle the dust of white with the dust of long-departed Red Men, fully assured that when the Great Spirit calls for them He will know where to find them, be the call for Red Men or for White Men.

Untried Wings

NAY, little bird, it is not grace,
This timid flutter into space.
But overhead, against the blue,
In circles firm and swift and true,
A robin flies. A year ago
I found his nest, I watched him grow.
See with what ease he flies, he sings,
Who once, like you, had untried wings.

LAETITIA WEBSTER.

Foreign Visitors in Farmington

THE Pilgrims were the first foreign visitors and perhaps were most unwelcome to the Indians whose hunting grounds, broad meadows and beautiful river they came to possess. Unlike the later visitors, they never went back to the place from which they came. Two centuries later there came to us from the depths of Africa those black sons of Mendi, and strange visitors they were, who walked our streets for many a month and then silently departed. When a boy, I came with others to see them and once heard their Chief, the heroic Cinquez, speak from a platform. Every word was in his native tongue but in voice, gesture and impassioned energy, the speech was most eloquent. Still later came young Japanese to be taught in our schools. Here and elsewhere they laid in stores of wisdom and went back to aid in making Japan what she is to-day.

Less than twenty years ago some notable Chinese visited us; H. E. Cheng Tsao Ju and H. E. Chang Yen Hoon, Envoys from China to the United States. Mr. Cheng Tsao Ju was born in a small Chinese village and rose from poverty through scholarship to be the ruler of a great province and later to be Envoy at Washington. In the summer of 1883 he spent a few days in Farmington and during his stay was given an evening reception. He was delighted with his visit here and expressed himself greatly pleased to see the manner of life in a New England village, so different from the village in which he spent his own early life. He was a grave, serious man, trusted and respected at home and abroad.

Mr. Cheng's greatest trouble in travelling was the spring-bed upon which he was everywhere expected to sleep at night. He had learned to put up with our cookery for a brief space, and to please the ladies would occasionally drink his tea with cream and sugar, but the wire mattress he could not and would not endure. The morning after his first night in Farmington it was found that he had rejected the luxurious couch which had been assigned to him, and calling in his interpreter and servant they brought in from the adjoining hall an old fashioned hard bottomed sofa and upon this he slept

with comfort while he remained. Mr. Cheng's valet had served in China in a cavalry corps and was an expert horseman. He had not been here many hours before he hired a spirited horse and without a saddle he rode through our streets at a break-neck speed, his flowing garments and pig-tail fluttering behind and he apparently in an ecstasy of delight.

I took the Minister one evening to call upon a friend in the village who had a choice collection of Chinese vases and bowls. The time passed pleasantly until our host handed to Mr. Cheng a curious Chinese bowl, when his manner suddenly changed from smiles and affability to constraint and reticence. We soon left but when we were fairly out of doors the Minister stopped. The night was dark but by the light of the lantern which we carried I could see his face and that he was profoundly agitated. Turning to the interpreter he exclaimed in earnest tones: "Tell Mr. B. that *that* bowl had the Emperor's stamp on it. If it were found in my possession in China I should lose my head for it." The bowl doubtless was one of thousands of precious articles taken by the English and French troops when they looted the summer palace at Peking in 1857.

His Excellency Chang Yen Hoon, who succeeded Mr. Cheng as Minister from China to this country, visited Hartford and Farmington more than once during his term. He was in most respects a contrast to his predecessor for he was very gay, extremely fond of beautiful things, and spent his money recklessly upon them. His standing at home in Chinese scholarship was high and he was really a brilliant man.

A few of his friends in Farmington one autumn afternoon gave him a dinner at the Inn, and knowing his fondness for flowers, the table was ablaze with them, to his great delight. Some of the ladies present doubtless still remember the rich satins and brocades in which he was dressed, the curious jade ring upon his thumb and the large pear shaped pearl he wore on his forehead. Sometimes instead of the pearl he wore a splendid emerald set in diamonds that the Empress Josephine had worn before him, which he bought in Paris at a large price.

Mr. Chang was made Special Ambassador to Queen Victoria in the Jubilee Year and he was as popular in London as he had been in Washington. On his way home he stopped to see his friends in this country and was never more gay and brilliant. Little did he then think of the fate which awaited him in China.

Upon his return he was appointed a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen and was an earnest advocate for reforms in the Government of China and was a great admirer of western civilization. He incurred the bitter hatred of the anti-progressive party but it was thought that the friendship of the great Viceroy Li would make his life secure. But suddenly last spring he was sent into exile to a distant province and on his way thither he was decapitated one day in July. The order was in the name of the Emperor, but doubtless the bloody deed was the work of the cruel Empress Dowager.

DAVID W. BARTLETT.

A Day in Retreat

THE most interesting days of the whole year have passed with few to turn aside and observe them. We were intent on some house-cleaning and suddenly bethought ourselves too late. Last year these days happened to be leisure days — a dressmaker had disappointed us — and vexed about our disarranged plans, we suddenly resolved to take a day for the woods. And because one needs a mind at leisure from itself to be in harmony with nature, and to read its sign language, we resolutely put away all household perplexities as well as the advice of our family. "How foolish you are," spoke its united voices. "There are no wild flowers so early in the year and everything will be wet and cold. Stay home and look at the crocuses."

Gardens lack the sweet spontaniety of nature, they make you think of the hot house and the gardener, so into the woods we went. They were cold and bare and still, not a bird song, not a rustling branch. The leaves were lying just where the winter storms had laid them, and were sodden with the early spring rains. Silently we seated ourselves and tried to get into the spirit of things about us. It was the spirit of anticipation. When the winter sleep began, the woods had much the same aspect, and the air was exhilarating, but its life-stirring breezes awakened none of the sleeping things. In this early April morning, this hush before the waking, we felt that the sleepers were stirring. We seemed to enter with them into the joys of expectation. There was an electrical feel in the air, that as it stirred now and then, thrilled us with the sense that something wonderful was about to take place. We held our breath almost, and looked keenly about and listened intently to catch the promise of that May loveliness that rushes into full bloom.

Perhaps at day break some bird song had touched the silence, but it must have died away soon while the bird flew from the cold, leafless boughs to some sunny garden. But we saw a first fruit of the general resurrection. A gleam of color in the distance attracted us and there, framed in the brown leaves and looking like a bit of the violet flush of dawn, was a tiny Hepatica. Her clear eye seemed to say, "I too am waiting, I shall not be long alone." She was the first to turn our faith into sight, and there was a dignity in her solitary loveliness that made a deep impression upon us. She was the voice of the leafless trees, of the awe inspired birds. Only a breeze now and then, like the flower, whispered of the general awakening. As the sun rose high, we had a glimpse of a tender tint of green in the tree tops far above us where the sunshine warmed them, then some reddened branches contrasted with the brown, and again where the dead leaves had been disturbed, some tendrils pale but alive lifted tiny half closed leaves to the light.

Surely in our day's retreat to which we had betaken ourselves, much had been revealed to us that was inspiring and restful, and we rose superior for the time to petty cares and with a fresh view of the truer proportions of things.

M. R. J.

Nature

The Thrush Family

WHEN the great flying Lizard folded his wings and stretched his long body out in the sun he dreamed a dream; he saw his far distant descendants, some crawling along the earth as snakes, and some as feathered beings bursting into floods of song. It may have seemed a wild dream, but it became a fact.

Perhaps that far distant ancestor of the birds may have had musical aspirations that have been handed down carefully by the evolving ages and finally blossomed in the singing birds. This love of music is in the other branch among the serpents, and in the midst of all their wickedness the sound of music will make them pause.

Perhaps the ancestors of the flying Lizards were full of music, and the snakes, like Cain, have lost their powers. (Perhaps those who have no music in their souls are the non-elect.) Among the birds the gift of song is not very common, for those wild cries of the Hawks and Crows and Herons, are not specially musical, and the crooning noise that the hens make when they eat the neighbors' currants, is expressive of contentment but is not a song. All those birds which resemble the snakes with long necks, the Mergansers, the Geese, the Crows and Herons are almost songless.

The gift of song is given to the smaller birds, the Warblers, the yellow breasted Chat, and the Sparrows, and the Thrushes, some with glorious songs and some like the sparrows with lowly sweet songs that tell of life very near the earth. If we were only really wise, as Hiawatha was, and could know what the birds had to say, we would learn many traditions that may have been handed down since the creation among the birds.

But the real gift of song seems to have been given to the Thrushes. Among them is found the poetical Wood Thrush, and that genius among the birds, the Mocking Bird. But perhaps the most natural place to begin to write about the Thrushes is with the Robin. All the young Robins have the spotted vest so characteristic of the Thrush family, spots that are not unlike medals, or decorations that nature gives her meister singers. The Song Sparrow has a large medal of this kind which is worn carelessly in the feathers of the breast.

The Robins arrive in Farmington early in March and immediately take possession of the town. Hopping across the lawn, they give three hops and then stand still as though lost in thought profound.

Oh jolly Robin, lost within the grass,
Thy bosom heaves above the swelling green,
And all about thy little round eye keen
Sees, if a creature pass.

Soon he begins to build his "adobe nest," which is placed anywhere. I found a nest under some rushes in the pasture, probably that of an old bird or a bird that had been wounded, and its faithful mate was quite content to change her usual habits. Sometimes there is a pure white Robin or a case of melanism. But we all know them best with their brown grey backs and dull red breasts. The English Robin is only half the size of the American Robin.

I have taken the eggs of our Robin and placed them in the Wood Thrush's nest, and the Wood Thrush was considerably surprised when the young Robins hatched. The Wood Thrush opened his large poetical eye when he saw the young Robins eat fish worms,—eat their own weight in good solid fish worms each day; but the appetite of singers is always healthy. We all know of cases when *Prima Donnas* were unable to sing because of too much indulgence in eating.

It is difficult to write anything but verses about the Wood Thrushes. There is an indescribable sweetness and richness in their notes that touches some chord in the human heart. Through the damp dripping woods they let fall two or three globules of song filled with the spirit of solitude, like the cry of a lost Dryad.

How a few quiet notes can express the great depths of the forest, the growing of the ferns and wild flowers and all the mystery of the woods, is hard to understand. But I suppose that is the Wood Thrush's life. As he sits on his nest, he sees the trees waving above him, the wild flowers growing in the ledges, the Squirrel, the Fox, the Bees; and this is the book that the Thrushes have learned for a million years.

The Brown Thrush or Brown Thrasher is the largest of the Thrush family and has all the characteristics of the Thrushes in the most intense form; he is like a typical Yankee among Yankees. As he flies he looks like a long streak of cinnamon, and his vest is spotted and streaked and his sharp eye and long bill are a terror to evil doers. His wild eye has the gleam of a soldier of fortune, of a wandering knight,—and many are his battles with the Black Snake. The Brown Thrush advances to battle with his wing held over himself like a shield. What daring! We are reminded of St. George fighting the dragon. With his long sharp bill the Brown Thrush strikes the snake and buffets him with his wings until, thoroughly alarmed, the enemy slinks away hastily into the cover of the swamp. When all is over the Brown Thrush mounts to the top of a low tree and pours forth a hymn of victory, or he retires to his castle or nest in the thorn bush. There is his mate who has anxiously watched the combat. There are the precious eggs or the tender young.

Much might be written about the Hermit Thrushes. They nest farther north, but are very common during the migrating season. No little brook is perfect in summer without the Water Thrush. There is a tendency of late years to subdivide families so that any Thrush may go to sleep in the Thrush family, and wake up one of the Accentors. The Oven Bird or Golden Crowned Thrush, as he is designated in the older ornithologies, looks like a

real Thrush. He has the spotted breast and is so generally interesting, we will count him a Thrush this time. Most of his life is spent on the ground rustling among the leaves, or on the lowest limbs of trees. The Oven Bird, or Golden Crowned Accentor, makes a curious nest hidden away in the dry leaves on the ground and arched above like an oven with the entrance facing the south. When it is finished the Oven Bird walks with mincing steps, and looks at the nest critically like an artist. This nest is so hidden it might never be found were it not for the antics of the mother bird, for when flushed she rolls over and over on the ground, feigning to be wounded to lure us from the nest, but instead of following, we search and find the little home hidden under the dried leaves.

It is said that there is only one place in New England, (an out of the way corner of Maine,) that the Cat Bird does not visit. Who has not seen the Cat Bird's nest in the mysterious depths of some thick growing bush, with its dark blue green eggs? But it is not everyone who knows that the Cat Bird is one of our most beautiful songsters. They are said to be the most sympathetic of birds, and to be so plentiful that should they all migrate together they would darken the sky. There seems to be a prejudice against the Cat Bird because of his dress,—probably people feel there must have been some crime or nature would not have put the Cat Birds in mourning forever, although in human life some have to act as backgrounds for others,—or it may be the cat call disturbs those who dislike Cats. The Cat Bird and the Brown Thrasher have great powers of mimicry somewhat after the manner of their great relation, the Mocking Bird.

The Mocking Bird probably surpasses every bird in the world for variety of song, for not only is his own song beautiful but in his imitation of all the other birds he surpasses the originals. He takes up a simple theme, and as Robert Burns transformed the lays of Scotland, or as Beethoven could improvise on a simple air, the Mocking Bird will develop the humble songs of the little Sparrows into a long concerto. It is a pity the Mocking Bird rarely comes as far north as Connecticut, although there are records of an occasional nest in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Very little has been said about the Tawny Thrush, or the Veery, or the Grey-cheeked Thrush, or the Olive-backed Thrush, but this article does not pretend to be any more than a little talk about the Family *Turdidæ*.

R. B. B.

Art

Hans Holbein

The Younger

In the year 1497 Hans Holbein was born in the city of Augsburg. His father, his grandfather on his mother's side, and his uncles were all artists or decorators. There seems to have been a family Holbein tree that blossomed in Hans Holbein, "The Younger," not unlike the record of the Bach family in music which flowered with Sebastian Bach. The father of our Holbein took his sons, Hans and Ambrosius, into his own studio and all three worked together at all kinds of painting. It is easy to believe that they were taught in the most painstaking manner after the old method of the German School. There must have been a drawing of Leonardo da

Vinci's hanging on the studio wall, which the young pupils were taught to view with admiration. But who can explain why Hans from the very first, though the youngest, drew so much better than the others? One might use Hans Holbein's career as a striking illustration of the saying: "See'st thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." The number of kings and queens that Holbein painted was large, and before that other aristocracy, the lovers of the fine arts, Hans Holbein stands forever.

Hans Holbein had that peculiar mixture of qualities that makes the great painter, intensely practical and realistic with the poetic sense combined. We see so many painters who are endowed with one or the other of these qualities but rarely the two together. Perhaps Rembrandt was the most remarkable example of the perfect union of these opposite qualities.

Out of the hard shell of the early German school Holbein emerged and developed into the wonderful artist that we know. Among the greatest draughtsmen the world has ever produced, certainly Hans Holbein stands one of the first. It was not the manner in which he drew the hands, though that gives him this honor, for he never seems to have really understood a hand. But who can rival him, when we come to one of his portraits, in the setting of the eyes in the sockets, the attachment of the nose to the brow, the end of the nose with its nostrils, and the delicate play of form about the mouth,—or perhaps most remarkable, his power of drawing the contour of a cheek apparently with one stroke of the pencil. And when he arrives at the draperies he seems to have gathered himself together and drawn them so completely as to surpass everyone unless it be Raphael.

But after all these things are said and more that are matters that only an artist can thoroughly appreciate, this great accuracy, this painstaking, faithful care, would not have made Holbein one of the great portrait painters had he not also had that special gift of giving honestly the character and expression. Holbein and Velasquez seem to have seen the real man through his clothes, whereas Vandyke with all his powers, was never quite as honest as a portrait painter should be. But with Holbein, his faces look out at us as one of the most truthful records of the middle ages. Here we see the real people of the 16th century, people who lived in turbulent times, thoughtful people, with a prospect of martyrdom always near, with the uncontrolled plague crawling around upon the earth.

How little is known of Holbein's life. He made a voyage to England with letters of introduction from Erasmus. He drew and painted the nobility. He died of the plague. We know very little about his life, but his work stands forever as a peculiar record of honesty and faithfulness.

Perhaps the serious people whom he lived among may have influenced him to some extent, for are not the fine arts a satire or a glory for the age in which they live?

E. L.

Book Notes

It is less corruption, or heartlessness of Russian officialdom, than tyranny of routine, convictions atrophied by environment, upon which Tolstoy turns his artillery in *Resurrection*.

With all the courage of genius, secure eminence, and probably the feeling that his life work is approaching its end, nothing daunts him. Then with the knowledge that his books are read by thinking people in every corner of the earth, that he has nothing to lose or fear, he must realize that each criticism he makes must tell for or against his mission. The effect upon his own country, especially, must be enormous. His daring must command the admiration of those whom he attacks even. Prisons nor excommunications can deprive such a mind of its sense of liberty. His freedom from tradition, dogma, reverence for high positions—schemed for and won; his great christianity—standing solidly on both feet—transcending all conventionality, here is a free man.

He describes a certain room:

"There was the Icon, emblem of hypocrisy. The Emperor's portrait, emblem of servility."

Then a church official:

"The position occupied by Toporóff, involving as it did an incongruity of purpose, could only be held by a dull man devoid of moral sensibility. Toporóff possessed both these negative qualities. The incongruity of the position he occupied was this: It was his duty to keep up and to defend, by external measures, not excluding violence, that church which, by its own declaration, was established by God himself and could not be shaken by the gates of hell nor anything human. This divine and immutable God-established institution had to be sustained and defended by a human institution—the Holy Synod, managed by Toporóff and his officials. Toporóff did not see this contradiction, nor did he wish to see it, and he was therefore much concerned lest some Romish priest, some pastor, or some sectarian should destroy that church which the gates of hell could not conquer."

A young woman is unjustly condemned to four years banishment to Siberia. Prince Nekhlúdoff accuses himself of the responsibility for her vicious career of ten years, and decides to devote his life to her saving resurrection. The author's sorrowful pleading to all for a less selfish demonstration of their powers, a kind of "why *wont* you see that this alone brings satisfaction?" must unquestionably have its greatest effect upon a fresh, vigorous, and unvitiated people like the Russians, with all the abuses and horrors about to stimulate them. The book's description of incidents and character, are very convincing and that is all the writer cares for, probably. But from a point of view of art that charms—it cannot for a moment be compared with that of the Latin talent as epitomized by Zola (that terrifying Z.) Zola with his drawing and color of a human lip like a Velasquez—a moon rising over a wheat field like a Millet, demonstrating to us that a work loses nothing in force for seeing the beauties that exist. Tolstoy feels this subtle beauty *only* in human beings' minds, while Zola feels its existence there and every where else. What a small group they are—doing the big broadening work.

C. F.

One Morning

WEARIED with baffled search for full perfection
I laid myself to sleep, but just as dawn
Was breaking, something roused me; at my window
I stood and watched the wakening of the morn.

The rich green meadows and golden cornfields
In sweet mysterious silence round me lay.
The birds were singing in the waving tree tops
Their first clear morning carol. It is day!

When lo, within the sapphire depths of heaven,
Yet dim and distant in the calm, cool light,
A single star in loveliness unequalled
Shone out upon my vision. It is night!

Nay! rather in that wondrous early hour
The day and night were one harmonious whole
United in their beauty. Search was ended,
And perfect satisfaction filled my soul.

L. W. LIVINGSTON.

Village Notes

History of the Farmington Water Works

THE history of the present system of water works in Farmington would not be complete without recording the many attempts made by its citizens, since the earliest times, to bring the pure, clear water from the springs on the mountain side to their houses and barns in the prosperous village below. And this prosperity is not a myth. Farmington was in fact up to 1782 the center of the most populous district in the State. Likewise it can be safely stated that the wealth of the Town was at this time not second to Hartford.

That the early citizens of Farmington were able, energetic and resourceful is evidenced by the high grade and class of their homes and farm buildings, many of which on Main Street, erected before the War of the Revolution, stand to-day as the most spacious, comfortable and tasteful dwellings in the village. Into some of these water was conducted from an early period by means of a primitive and most ingenious system, which, for want of a more descriptive name, might be called "The Yellow Pine Log Pipe Lines." These log pipes were made by boring a two inch hole through eight foot sections of yellow pine logs, varying in size from six inches to one foot in diameter. The method of joining was to carefully taper the smaller end and ream the other to proper size. The well-known resistance of this variety of wood to

splitting made it possible to drive the sections together with great force, insuring a perfectly water tight joint, in fact these lines were laid through valleys and over hills, making not only good gravity lines, but to a limited extent serviceable force mains. Water could be diverted at any point by simply boring to the axis of the main, there reaming and plugging in a branch.

The "Log Lines" were met with every where in trenching Main Street and with few exceptions an axe was required to remove a section the width of the trench, so sound and well preserved were the logs. One, in particular, which supplied the buildings on the site now occupied by the Town Hall, after being cut through, maintained a flow of clear spring water for several hours and this flow was stopped only by thorough plugging. Residents in the vicinity for fifty years could not remember the laying of this "Log Line," which would indicate the longevity of these pipes under favorable conditions. These lines undoubtedly performed their mission faithfully for many years, cheapness being their great recommendation.

Another kind of pipe line frequently met with was constructed of red unglazed brick tile of great thickness and strength, having a small bore not over one inch. This was put together in sections of two feet with cone-shaped ends, the joints being packed in clay. These tile lines could only have been used as gravity conduits, as the resistance of the joints could not have been greater than that of the clay forming the bond at each joint; on the whole they must have been leaky failures and their use abandoned in the colonies before the advent of hydraulic cement, as otherwise the use of this form of tile would have served, to a limited extent, as a permanent and serviceable conduit.

The next departure was the use of lead in making pipes. This was obtained in sheets, cut into proper widths, and rolled and soldered together at the local tinsmith's. Some of this old "Seamed Lead Pipe," laid some seventy years ago, is doing service to-day. David Carrington claimed to have made the first of this "Seamed Pipe" for Samuel Deming, to displace an old Log Line. In laying it across Main Street it was actually run through the old log main, either for the purpose of protection or to save the expense of digging, or it may be both; at any rate this standard pioneer pipe was not molested or even found by the recent trenching for the water works or sewer system. This style of pipe in time displaced all the older, and many new ones were laid, reaching further up the side of the mountain. On the longest lines many persons joined in bearing the cost and sharing the privileges, so creating rights which are jealously guarded to this day and particularly valued for the excellent quality of the drinking water supplied. All the older pipe lines were laid with pipes of small diameter, generally one inch or less. These were capable of supplying only a very limited amount of water, say two or three houses and farm barns to one line, although there are two lines with pipes of larger diameter that supply several premises to each line.

The most notable, largest, and by far the most expensive of these private water conduits was the two inch conduit constructed about the year 1860, by Austin F. Williams from the "Gin Still Brook" to his residence on Main

Street, some two thousand feet. In 1878 the buildings of the writer were connected with this system, thus affording a happy relief from the unremitting toil of pumping water from a well for sixty head of stock during the winter months, a task continued from the earliest recollections of the writer. In 1881 an interruption occurred in this service from early in January to the following April, the cause attributed being the usual one, the presence of an eel in the pipe. The persistency of that eel, and the fact that the well went dry, so necessitating the hauling of water with wagons, were a combination that raised a determination to have from some source an independent supply for the farm; accordingly early in the summer of 1881 the "Gin Still Brook" was chosen as affording the only adequate supply for a gravity system. Land was bought of Lucius F. Dorman in the August following, and later of William Pentalow. The two purchases included the tracts known as the "Old Still Ponds," the lower being called No. 1, and the upper No. 2. In September a two inch galvanized wrought iron pipe was laid from No. 2, 3500 feet to the farm buildings and house. Under the pressure due to a fall of 112 feet, this gave a supply ample for several farms. Aside from repairing the dam to reservoir No. 2 there was no further development or extension of the system until the determination of a law suit in 1886, brought in the year 1881 by a lower riparian proprietor. The real extension of the system began in the fall of 1886 by connecting the houses of Miss Sarah Porter (parsonage), Mrs. Rebecca Keep, Mr. Chauncey Rowe, Mr. Jas. L. Cowles, and the farm barns of Miss Sarah Porter and Jas. L. Cowles.

In July 1887 a four inch cement water pipe was laid in Main Street as far north as the front gate of Miss Porter's School, connecting at this point with a one inch water pipe running as far as Charpentier Avenue. In October, a one inch pipe was laid in Charpentier Avenue from Main to Canal Street, and on Canal Street from Mr. Mason's on the south to the residence of Mr. T. C. Collins on the north. In 1891 the four inch main water pipe was continued on Main Street to a point opposite Gay's Store, setting four hydrants and two horse fountains, also running one branch down the Avon road to the house of Mr. Noah Wallace and another down the passway to the houses of Miss Julia Brandegee. Later in the same year a one and a quarter inch pipe was laid on New Britain Avenue to the residence of Mr. H. R. Woodward.

In 1892 it was clearly evident that the small reservoir was wholly inadequate to supply the rapidly increasing demands of the patrons on the new lines. Therefore a tract of land of thirty-two acres was purchased in this year, and in the following year a dam was constructed seven hundred and twenty feet long across the valley, setting the water over some twenty acres at an average depth of ten feet and impounding approximately sixty million gallons of water. All this water is supplied from springs, there being no brooks contributory to the system. The two-inch main from the mountain to Main Street was displaced by a six-inch "Cast Iron Pipe" and the two-inch pipe was afterwards laid from Gay's Store to the residence of Mr. D. N. Barney and later to that of Mr. Wm. S. Hooker, the present terminus.

The Farmington Magazine

In the session of 1895 a charter of incorporation was obtained from the General Assembly, and in June following The Farmington Water Company was organized under its charter with a capital stock of \$20,000, divided into 800 shares of \$25 each.

In September, 1895, a six-inch cast iron pipe was laid as far south as the Risley House.

In 1896 the one and a quarter inch pipe on New Britain Avenue was displaced by a six-inch main, and carried up the avenue as far as the upper driveway of Mr. Redfield's, and a one-inch pipe carried as far as the "Flush Tank" at the summit.

In 1899 a Filter Plant 80 by 100 feet was constructed below the main reservoir for the purpose of purifying and rendering wholesome the storage water during the summer months. The method employed is sand filtration, and this last season it gave entire satisfaction removing every evidence of fermentation indicated either by taste or smell.

In September, 1900, the water company made a contract with the fire district for five years, to set and maintain twenty-three fire hydrants at a stipulated price of fifteen dollars each. The water company in fulfilling this contract laid 4,700 feet of six-inch cast iron pipe on Main Street and 2,270 feet of four-inch cast iron pipe on the side streets and highways. They also set eighteen additional fire hydrants, making with the four at the south end and one on New Britain Avenue the full number of twenty-three, capable with one thousand feet of hose now owned by the district, of protecting nearly every house in the borough. The dependence of a community upon hydrants for fire protection has been demonstrated, from the standpoint of promptness and efficiency, to be the most economical and satisfactory. Especially is this true in communities where relative high pressure can be obtained, capable of maintaining at least two effective streams sufficient to cover the highest structures. The hydrants in front of Miss Porter's School and the Congregational Church, at a test last November, demonstrated that a stream could be maintained covering both structures at the same time, thus realizing in practice what was predicted before the installation of the present system, and the results cannot but be a satisfaction to all.

It can also be seen at once that the widely distributed hydrants form the basis of a more efficient system, whenever the wealth and necessities of the District require the purchase and maintenance of a Fire Engine. With a wise and proper distribution of the hose at points in the North, South and Middle Districts, where it can be obtained and promptly attached to the hydrant nearest the fire, the Borough would be in a position to secure the greatest efficiency of the present system; and this system would meet every demand and necessity that might arise, within reasonable bounds, for many years to come and be a substantial protection and safeguard to the inflammable property of the Borough.

From the above it can be seen that the present Water Works System has been one of gradual and natural development, based on the growing demands and necessities of a prosperous community, the members of which have at all times been ready to co-operate in its construction, and quick to avail themselves of its benefits.

In connection with the excellent separate system of sewers Farmington may be said to occupy a position, from a sanitary point of view, equal to that of the most favored community.

A. R. WADSWORTH.

The Editor's Sketch-Book

The Minister Fishing

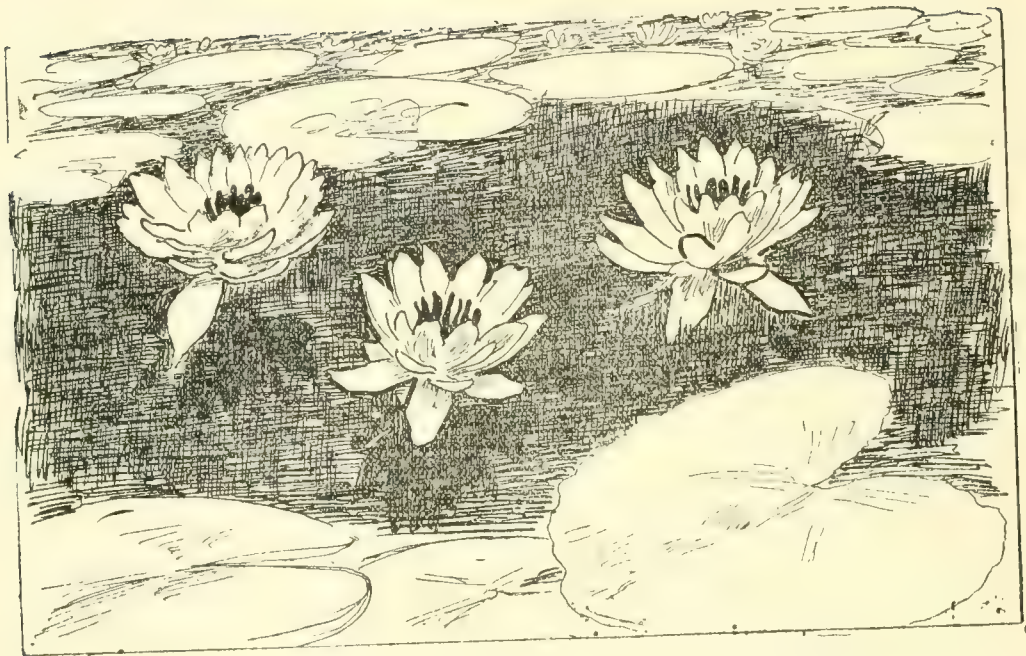
THERE are those who think that I love to fish because I am a minister of the Gospel. They have a very cunning idea that I am trying to be literally like the Apostles. But they are somewhat mistaken. As I grow older I dislike to take away any form of life; in fact it jars against me to put a struggling worm, or grasshopper on the hook. I had to give it up and I use artificial flies that nothing but a big blundering fish will bite.

There is so much room for the imagination in fishing, one watches the line where it disappears in the water, and it goes down and down into those mysterious depths in another world. The water is filled with warm bubbles, and ripples, and little whirlpools, and all mixed with the reflection of the blue sky and the amiable summer clouds. I almost seem fishing in the sky instead of the water.

My line is against the side of a big summer cloud. Perhaps I may fish up some secrets of the other world. If I could throw my line far enough and attach some electricity, I might touch another world. Was it St. Anthony who preached to the fishes? Well, it is enough for me to preach to human beings. One might have a worse congregation than the fishes. Look at the bull head, what a solemn air!—and the perch, and the aristocratic dace that sifts the water through its gills daintily and has the air to be thinking of something, and the suckers and snapping turtles. There are people in my congregation not unlike them, although I should never dare breathe that idea except to the brook. We have our trials we ministers, but nothing compared to our Lord. The people not only crucified Him physically, but they crucified His high ideals every day and since His death, and perhaps that caused the most suffering.

Over there beyond the clouds we say heaven lies, and since I was a child I have always thought of God as looking over the top of a big thunder cloud, His crown shining in the sun, and His long white hair flowing down the side of the cloud. When I was a young man I preached that, but now that I am getting to be an old man I find God is very much nearer than any of us supposed. When I look down at my congregation I think, there is God, and when a noble chord is struck and we all turn to look at each other with pleasure, then I realize God is very near. (*He catches a fish.*) There is something dreadful about this fishing. I feel like a butcher. (*He puts the fish back in the water again.*) Why should I disturb his happy life. I verily believe I am not any better than the Rev. Mr. Athletic Buckboard who drives the deer into the water of the Adirondack Lakes and then is rowed up to the poor helpless creature and butchers him with a rifle. I always felt that was very unministerial, to say the least. I think I won't fish any more to-day. I think I will make a peace proclamation to the fishes. (*He rubs his mouth with his handkerchief.*) Dear Friends, I mean Dear Fishes: Henceforward there will be peace between us forever; in token of which you may see me break my pole and line, and throw away these artificial flies.

The fish all rise to the surface and blow bubbles of contentment, and the water flowed in eddies and wrinkles, and one would have said the river smiled.



The Water Lilies

ALL riding at anchor the lilies lay,
Asleep in their round green leaves,
And ripples of wind on the waters play
And Nature hardly breathes.

The pickerel sees them from below,
As we see the saints in our dreams,
And wonders to see their tall forms grow
To a region beyond the streams.

R. B.

The Farmington Magazine

CHARLES S. MASON, Florist, Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.
Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER B. ABBEY, D.D.S.

Hartford, Conn.

Room 77

Sage-Allen Building

HENRY O. WILCOX

Carpenter and Builder,

Repairing and Jobbing—Estimates Given

Main Street

Farmington, Conn.

Patronize our Advertisers.

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building.

HARTFORD, CONN.

D. R. HAWLEY,

**Decorating
and Painting***Artistic Interior Work*

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for
Huyler's Candies.

*Huyler's***CANDIES**

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GALLETS, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUTS, Etc.

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention.

PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.**E. P. CAHILL,****Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR**

Is showing a great variety of

SPRING STYLES.

Ladies get as good results here as in New York.

105 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.

Larned & Hatch,

High Class

Perfect Fitting

Shoes

945 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Wright & Dunham, Dentists,

911 Main Street,

NEW NUMBER.

JOEL F. WRIGHT.

FRANK W. DUNHAM.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Valuable Property For Sale.

FARMINGTON, MAIN STREET.

Fine old Colonial house, extensive grounds, about 350 feet front, with a depth of about 700 feet. Location unsurpassed. Near to trolley service. Beautiful views, &c. For particulars and price, address

F. G. WHITMORE, 900 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

CHARLES O. WHITMORE,

Architect,

45-46 STEARNS' BUILDING,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Telephone 106-5

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.

ROBERT H. PRUTTING,

Solo Pianist

For Receptions, Dances, Teas,
and Private Parties.

Address: P. O. Box 808, Hartford, Conn.
Telephone, 237 5.

FRUITS FRESH VEGETABLES

AND OUR OWN MAKE OF

BAKERY PRODUCTS

THESE ARE AMONG THE SPECIALTIES OF OUR MODERN STORE,

NO GROCERY HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND
(Boston Excepted), IS AS WELL EQUIPPED
TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF
CHOICE Eatables AS WE ARE.

\$5.00 Orders Delivered Free in Farmington.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.,

338-342 Asylum St.

HARTFORD.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS In Carbon or Platinum Pigments

Are absolutely permanent. You know how unpleasant it is to find that photographs, for which you have paid even a cheap photographer, are slowly, but surely fading out. Yet many people still feel that any sort of a picture — so long as it may be called a photograph — is bound to be satisfactory. But in the case of a dearly beloved father or mother, or son or daughter, or other near relative having passed beyond recall, the question of permanency in a photograph becomes a serious matter. *It is not difficult to procure photographs that will never fade.* We know all the modern processes at our studio, and we strive also to make all our work highly artistic. Let us try to please you with an order.

C. A. JOHNSTONE, Photographer.

45 Pratt Street, - - - Hartford, Conn.
(Reception Room on ground floor.)

Special Sale of Sifted Champion Peas, 15c. a can, \$1.75 doz.

REGULAR PRICE 18 CENTS A CAN, \$2.00 A DOZEN.

We have a few too many of these Peas. To reduce the stock we have placed the accompanying low price. The quality is of the very best, they are small, tender, sweet, the cans are filled full. Be sure and secure a few.

CERTIFIED Canned Vegetables,

\$1.40 a Dozen.

ALL KINDS.

There isn't an equal to this Certified Brand of Canned Vegetables. At the price, they are the best goods we ever saw.

DINNER PARTY Canned Vegetables.

We are the same as ever towards this leading line of Canned Goods. We know their quality. We know there isn't a better line packed. We know there isn't a line of canned goods more solidly packed or more uniform in quality. We know these things because we have sold them for many years past

THE ASSORTMENT.

Cream Sugar Corn, Green Pole Limas, Succotash (composed of Cream Sugar Corn and Green Pole Limas), Sifted Sweet Wrinkle Peas, Beefsteak Tomatoes, Boston Marrow Squash, Baby Boy Beets (tiny)

HILLS & CO.

SIMON PURE Canned Vegetables.

\$1.25 a Dozen.

ALL KINDS.

Try the above brand. It's the only way to let you know how good they are.

SEIDLER & MAY,

Have a Large Assortment of

MEDIUM AND FINE FURNITURE.

We can show you an assortment of

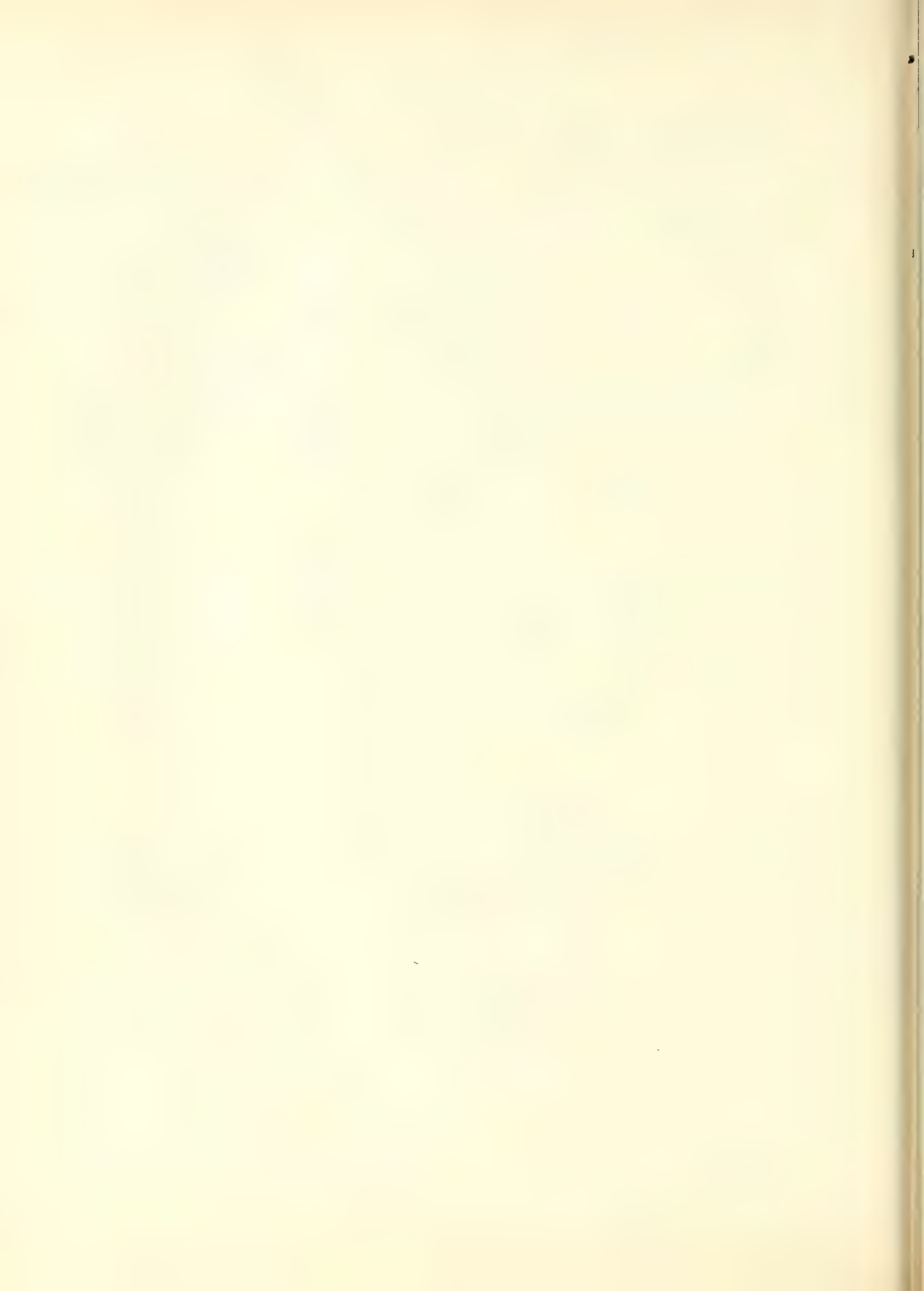
PRAIRIE GRASS FURNITURE

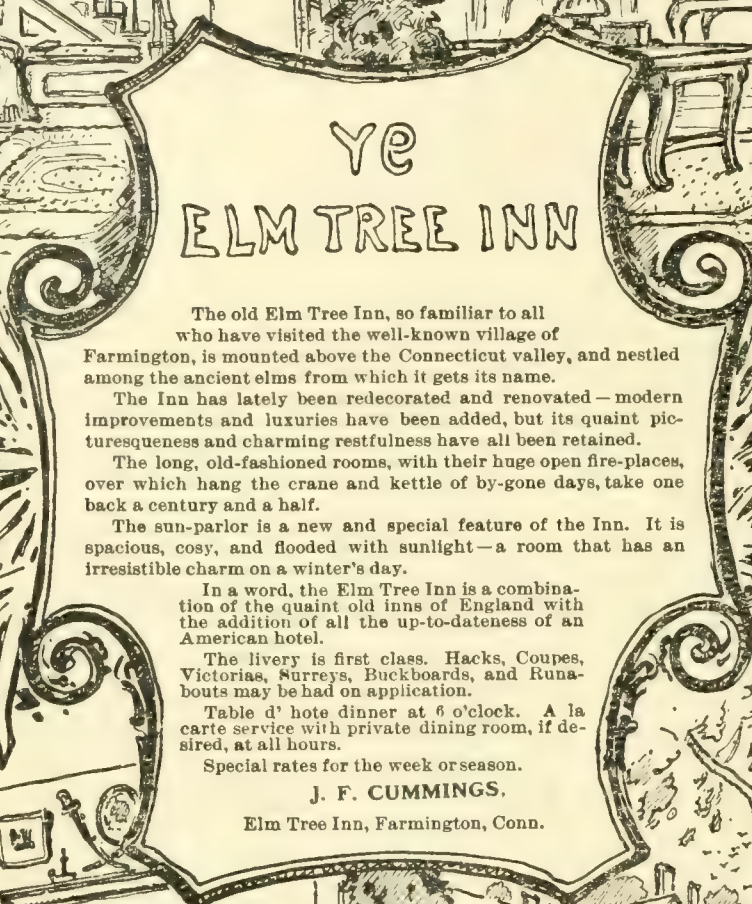
That you will be interested in. SOMETHING NEW.

Furniture suitable for PORCH AND LAWN.

SEIDLER & MAY,

306 to 318 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.





YE ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hote dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

J. F. CUMMINGS.

Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD STAIRWAY

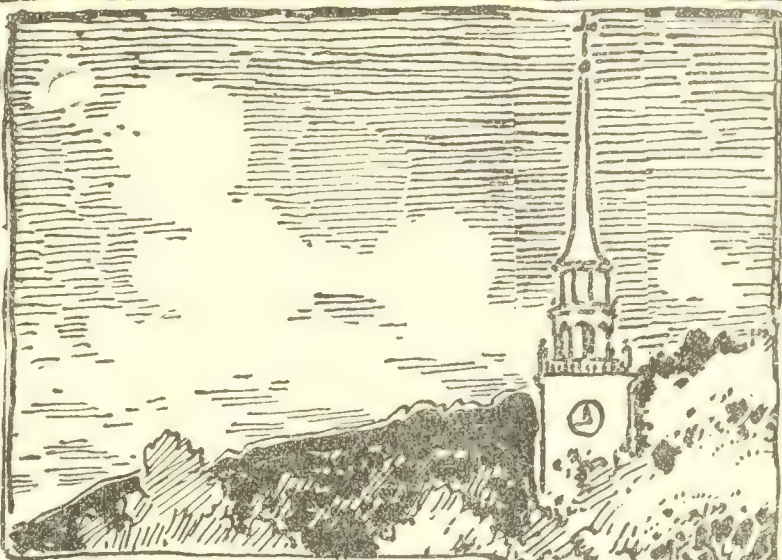
SUN ROOM

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



JUNE 1901
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
NOV 14 1902
PERIODICAL DEPT.

TO LESBIA - - H. R. Monteith

THE EXPANSION OF
CONNECTICUT A. A. Redfield

A LETTER - - Sarah Porter

NATURE - Robert B. Brandegee
The Farmington Hawks.

ART - - - - - E. L.
The American Schools of Painting Represented in
Farmington.
Illustrations from Gilbert Stuart, Mr. Brevoort, and
J. W. Hill.

BOOK NOTES - Charles Foster

VILLAGE NOTES - M. D. B.

EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK

FARMINGTON - GOWN

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.

\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.

PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



BY GILBERT STUART

IN POSSESSION OF DR. CARRINGTON,
FARMINGTON

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1901

No. 8

To Lesbia

I READ, the other night, a dainty trifle,
Writ by Catullus, long ago; —
So dainty, e'en the Latin could not stifle
With stately form, the glow
And rush of passion, warm, and true, and living,
For that fair Roman Dame,
Who, but for song, her lover's gracious giving,
Had passed, an empty name,
Among the joyless ghosts that cower and shiver.
Within the gloomy realms of Dis,
Where rolls the solemn, songless, ninefold river,
To echo-less abyss.

"Vivamus, Lesbia," sang he; "Mille basia da mi;"
Swift speed the flying hours;
And softly woo, Idalian breezes balmy,
Heavy with scent of flowers.
The setting sun may know another morrow,
Stars shine again as bright;
But we, alas, no later day may borrow,
When sinks the heavy night
Along the gloomy way where Dis is calling;
And through the long
Unending years, to night eternal falling,
Is hushed fore'er the singer,—and the song.

H. R. MONTEITH

THE EXPANSION OF CONNECTICUT

[The Union Club of Farmington closed its season of 1900-1901 on the evening of April 26, with a discourse by our fellow townsman, Mr. A. A. Redfield, on the early manifestation of what he characterized as "the migratory instinct" of the earliest settlers of Connecticut. For a text, he read a paragraph from a Connecticut Gazetteer of 1819, to the effect that, on a careful estimate up to that date, the emigrants from Connecticut and their descendants exceeded seven hundred thousand in number, or more than three times the then resident population of the state. Clearly, the "expansionist" of modern politics had his prototype in Connecticut before the middle of the 17th century. We reproduce parts of the speaker's notes.—THE EDITOR.]

THE earliest comers out of Massachusetts into Connecticut were barely settled at Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield, or along the north shore of the sound, when they began to think of *expanding*—not, mark you, to the uttermost limits of what is now Connecticut, but outside of New England altogether into the territory of the Dutch on Long Island, and what is now known as the Borough of the Bronx, in New York, and even to the distant shores of the Delaware river, near the present city of Wilmington, and to the Susquehanna river in Pennsylvania.

One may understand, without difficulty, why Hooker and his followers were not a little anxious, in 1635-36, to get out of reach of the hierarchy which ruled Massachusetts, or why Eaton and Davenport, for equally good reasons, preferred to administer *Mosaism* in a manner to suit themselves at New Haven. But it is not so easy to understand, on the face of it, why both these infant settlements so soon caught the fever of invading adjoining jurisdictions, inhospitable, if not positively hostile, to some of their religious notions and aspirations. There was land enough and more than enough in Connecticut, and it had cost next to nothing to its holders. Why cross the sound to Long Island in the face of the protest, even the armed protest, of the Dutch possessors? Why press through the wilderness to the east bank of the Hudson, and set up town-meeting governments in Westchester county? It has been suggested in explanation that word had come from the palace of Whitehall 'to crowd out the Dutch.' But no hint of that kind appears to have been necessary.

When the English first came to the Connecticut, they found the Dutch already in possession. With characteristic British assumption, the English ordered them out of the country as trespassers and interlopers. But the Dutchmen asked the English to please explain their exclusive right to settle on the Connecticut. Of course, they claimed under a grant of the English Crown to Lord Warwick in 1630, through an agreement with his assignees permitting the settlement of the Connecticut country. But the Dutch retorted by denying the title of the English Crown to grant this territory to Lord Warwick or to anyone else. They might have gone farther and denied the grant to Warwick altogether, for such pretended grant is now regarded as wholly mythical, no one having ever seen it, or heard of anyone who claimed ever to have seen it. The Dutch nation claimed the whole coast from the Delaware Capes to Cape Cod, and as far inland as the head waters of the rivers flowing into the sea, and this, on the ground of first

discovery and exploration, and, what is more to the purpose, first occupation. They had (first of Europeans) skirted the Atlantic coast—had given names to Cape Henlopen, Cape May, Block Island, etc., and had mapped the coast line; they had ascended and explored the Delaware, the Hudson and the Connecticut rivers before Englishmen had scarcely suspected their existence, and had maintained trading factories at Fort Orange (Albany) since 1612, and at Fort Hope (Hartford), and at Red Mounts (New Haven), to say nothing of settlements at Manhattan and on the Delaware. The only possible reply on the part of the New Englanders was that Charles I, then King of England, had inherited the North American continent from his ancestor, Henry VII, under whose commission John Cabot had in 1497 found the derelict continent in the western seas, which, at Cape Breton or thereabouts, he had formally taken possession of, in the name of the King. But inasmuch as for a century and more after this notable achievement, the British Crown had wholly neglected to take actual possession of any single spot on the Continent, whereas France on the St. Lawrence, Spain in Florida, and Holland half-way between the two, had made *bona fide* settlements, the Dutchmen at Hartford declined the invitation to get out or move on. The English then urged that they had bought out the Indian title to the lands they claimed. From whom? Why, from the local sachems. But the Dutch laughed at the suggestion that these debased fragments of tribes, all of whom were mere vassals, paying tribute to the powerful Pequots, had any title to sell or give away, while they, the Dutch, were able to exhibit deeds of the same lands, under the hands and seals of the lords paramount, the Pequots themselves. The Dutch might well retort, if courtesy had not forbade, that it was the English who were trespassers, squatters and interlopers; but the happy result was that a sort of truce was entered into under which the Dutch kept possession at Fort Hope for some years, until the puissant Stuyvesant arrived at Manhattan.

“Then began negotiations at Hartford for fixing the western boundary of Connecticut, which was effected in September, 1650; the Dutch were to keep their lands at Hartford; the boundary line between Connecticut and New Netherlands was to run north and south from Greenwich Bay on the Sound (four miles west of Stamford, but always ten miles distant from the North River); running south across the Sound, the line struck Long Island on the west side of Oyster Bay, and thence crossing the Island, gave two-thirds of it to the English.

“What had happened in the meantime? Why, with a population for Connecticut in 1643 of only 3000 souls, and for the New Haven colony of only 2500, both had been sending out colonies to Long Island. Wherein the English ‘beat the Dutch’ was in the enormous flood of English emigration to New England which had begun to set in, owing to the civil troubles at home. Connecticut had established four flourishing towns on the east end of the Island, Southampton, Easthampton and Huntington; while Southold owned its allegiance to New Haven. Each had set up a town-meeting government after the approved pattern, and elected representatives to the general courts, either at Hartford or New Haven, according to whichever jurisdiction they recognized. As to any right they had to set up a civil govern-

ment on Long Island, without the crown's sanction, it was by the same right a government had been set up at Hartford and at New Haven ten or fifteen years before, which was no right at all. But these particular New Englanders never stopped for such a trifling obstacle as *ultra vires*.

"While these English towns were being thus established on Long Island, the leading men of New Haven had formed the Delaware Company for colonizing a tract of land they had bought from the Indians on both sides of the Delaware river, not far from the present city of Wilmington, to which a company of settlers was sent out by ship in 1641, under the jurisdiction of the New Haven government. The sovereignty of the Netherlands government was wholly ignored or wilfully defied. In the following year, two Dutch ships with a company of soldiers sailing up the Delaware soon reduced the settlement to ashes, and brought away as prisoners the hardy adventurers—a stunning blow to the capitalists of New Haven who had 'financed' the scheme. It is difficult to imagine what other result these visionary argonauts could have expected from this foolhardy incursion into a distant territory, reached only by sea, there to set up an independent political community in defiance of the sovereignty of a European power not less powerful in arms, and vastly richer in treasure, than England herself. But then, we may not forget that their descendants did something like the same thing in the mad rush to California in 1849, where the Mexican flag still flew. * * * * *

"A man of supreme genius now arose in Connecticut in the person of the younger Winthrop, elected governor in 1657, who brought home from London, in October, 1662, a charter which seemed to realize the wildest dreams of empire of the craziest expansionist in Connecticut. For one thing, it was an act of pardon and oblivion for the irregular and non-legal governments erected at Hartford and New Haven respectively. In the next place, it consolidated the two colonies; it settled and confirmed all private land titles; of powers of government, it conferred everything short of absolute independence; its acts of assembly were subject to the veto or reversal, neither of king nor of his courts of law; and in the administration of local affairs, Connecticut was accountable to no power on earth. It was justly considered a good enough constitution to remain the fundamental law of the state until 1819. The territorial limits of this new empire were, east and west, from Narragansett Bay to the Pacific Ocean, and, north and south, from the Massachusetts' line to the sea. All of what is now New York south of latitude 42 degrees, and two-fifths of the present state of Pennsylvania were thus attached to Connecticut.

"But something untoward shortly happened which tended to dampen the ardor of the Connecticut imperialists. By another shuffle of the cards at Whitehall, New York fell to James, Duke of York, in 1664, and, twenty years later, William Penn took over Pennsylvania in satisfaction of an old debt the Crown owed to Penn's father, the admiral. But for the next seventy years, Connecticut kept an eye on northern Pennsylvania; it was a fair question whether a strip about 120 miles wide had really passed under the Penn charter, or still belonged to

Connecticut. As a matter of fact, Pennsylvania had not during all these years made attempt to settle this region or to acquire the Indian title which the Six Nations held. Connecticut stepped in and bought out the Six Nations for £2,000, receiving the proper deeds at an Indian Council held at Albany in 1754. The Susquehanna Company was organized under the authority and protection of the general assembly, and 700 settlers were sent out in 1762 to the Wyoming valley to inaugurate the new colonization scheme. Five townships were marked out on the flats on the river, below the site of Wilkesbarre, at first attached to Litchfield county, but afterwards in 1776 erected into the new county of Westmoreland. Connecticut laws and taxes were regularly enforced; representatives were sent yearly to the Connecticut general assembly, by which Connecticut courts were established in the new county.

"For three years before this, actual war had prevailed in Wyoming between the Yankee invaders and the Pennsylvania militia, but with invariable success to the former under the brilliant leadership of Captain Zebulon Butler, long famous in the annals of Connecticut, and interesting to us as the forebear of an esteemed Farmington townsman, Mr. Henry M. Cowles. It is only necessary to add that the frightful massacre of the settlers by the Indians and Tories during the Revolutionary War almost extinguished the hopes of Connecticut's ability to maintain, as against Pennsylvania, this distant dependency. But what utterly extinguished the ambitious designs of Connecticut in Wyoming was the decision of the court of arbitration appointed by the Continental Congress to adjudge the question of title between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, by which each had agreed to abide. That decision, after forty-one days of argument before the court sitting at Trenton in the fall of 1782, was unanimously in favor of the contention of Pennsylvania, or, in the words of the judgment: 'Connecticut has no right to the lands in controversy.' From thence forth, this kind of expansion into distant regions, and in the face of a disputed title, seems to have lost favor with the people of Connecticut.

"In the meantime, however, another expansion of Connecticut, this time undertaken upon individual initiative and independent of government support, had been accomplished in the territory now known as Vermont. That wild region, mostly unexplored, seemed to have been overlooked and so escaped inclusion in the boundaries of any colony, although New York and New Hampshire each laid claim to it. Under claim of ownership, each made grants of land, and often the same land to different persons, mostly mere speculators, which naturally led to endless disputes between the grantees, resulting in the general application of shotgun law. The restless, land-hungry spirits of Connecticut, especially of Litchfield County, caring nothing for either claimant, although on general principles partial to New Hampshire, at once began an exodus into 'the grants,' as the new country was called. Their numbers became so considerable that they organized a militia, with such material for officers as Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, for the defence of their settlements against the troops New York was sending to dispossess them. From Litchfield County alone, and mostly from the town of Salisbury, came emigrants in sufficient

numbers to settle, and organize governments in a dozen or more towns, and to maintain their independence, alike of New York and New Hampshire. During the Revolution they waged war on the British quite independently of the Continental army. In January, 1777, a convention, convened for the purpose, declared 'the grants' to be an independent state by the name of 'New Connecticut,' changed a little later to 'Vermont.' The first governor, Thomas Chittenden, was a native of Connecticut, as indeed was every governor of Vermont, with one exception, down to 1823." * * * *

A Letter

WRITTEN at Farmington in the year of our Lord 1890, by William Jones to Harry Smith, San Diego, near Los Angeles, Cal.*

By Miss Sarah Porter for Lyceum, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

HERE I am in the old home which you and I left as boys fifteen years ago and about which we have so often talked with each other as a poor place in comparison with California, but I assure you I seem to have come into a paradise and I am quite sure that if you were here you would share my wish that our homes were here,—notwithstanding the oranges, grapes and bananas in which you are now luxuriating.

I must as far as I can, tell you how everything seems. Everything that used to be pleasant and good remains and much has been done to make all this more pleasant. The old houses in which our fathers and grandfathers lived are almost all standing and in so good order that they look fresher and sounder than when we went away. Small window panes have been exchanged for larger and many windows have been enlarged—piazzas and porches have been added and almost every house has either a large bay window or a small conservatory opening out of the family parlor for flowering plants in winter. The smallest house is comfortable, tasteful and cheerful, as well as the largest, and the new houses which have been built, although they of course are in many respects better than the others, yet look quite harmonious with the older houses.

I have called at many of the houses and within they all have the air of a happy home. There is a wonderful good taste in all the furniture which looks as if made for use and comfort and not for show; photographs and prints of the best works of art hang on the walls and there are sets of well-filled book shelves, and many real decorations altho' none are costly. I think that the women are less pressed with work than they used to be since there are a common creamery, laundry and bread bakery. Many who always used to need

*See Editor's Sketch Book.

a woman servant, now keep none; the houses are more comfortably kept, yet the women seem to have leisure for reading and entertaining their families and friends.

Nothing has changed the aspect of the town more than the taking away of fences before the houses. This has been brought about chiefly through the means of the *Village Improvement Society*, which you will remember was started when we were boys and which has accomplished a great deal. I can hardly imagine anything more attractive than the village streets. The roads have been straightened and macadamized and are perfectly smooth—the walks are laid in cement, the road and walks are bordered with beautiful grass kept quite short, extending up to the door of every house. Every now and then occurs a patch of flowers or a finely colored leaf plant, and there are several little fountains—as water has been brought down from the mountain to supply the whole village. This supply of water has helped in the improvement of the cemetery which is now covered with fine sod, kept closely cut and well watered. All the avenues and walks are laid in cement.

When we were boys there were, you know, many trees along the street, but they wanted care,—some were unthrifty, some were too close together and some needed trimming, but now every tree is beautiful and the whole village looks like a park, or better, like the home of one large family. The cross streets are as well kept as the main street, and the roads to Unionville, Plainville and Hartford are in the finest order, their sides planted with trees. Through the influence of this excellent Village Improvement Society the tract which we used to call the Bluff—Hooker's Grove, Poverty Hill, Diamond Glen and the Ledge—has been bought, the underwood has been cleared away, a few paths have been made, and some seats fixed as a village park. It is not a park for driving or riding, but it is a charming retreat and is a pleasant gathering place for young and old. You will, of course, infer that no horses and cows stray loose as in old times, and indeed everyone keeps his horse in his own neat yard adjoining the barns, which are as comfortable for the cows and horses in winter as the houses are for the men and women. This reminds me that the beautiful cows are an important part of the population,—all of fine kinds, well kept and more than twice as many as there were when you and I went to pasture together.

You remember the creamery which had been started before we went away. As soon as it began to give promise of success, the feeling which we used to hear expressed that farming in Farmington could not insure a comfortable and respectable living faded away, and the farmers all became interested in increasing the number of their cows and improving their breeds and in improving their pasture and their grass meadows. Their expectations have been more than realized. A large quantity of butter is made of the best quality. It is greatly in demand and its sale affords a very sure income to the farmers and a very good interest upon the value of their barns and stock. The green fields were always beautiful but you would go very far before you would see such an extent of green meadows and hill sides as I looked at yesterday from the old church belfry.

Still more remunerative than butter making is the raising of the sugar beet and the making of sugar. There is, indeed, some reason to fear that the Northern beet will make the raising of the Southern cane unprofitable, and Farmington was one of the first towns in which this business was attempted. I do not suppose it would have been thought of had there not been a disappointment fifteen years ago, in the hope that the Connecticut Western Railroad would be laid through Farmington; but some were led to ask "what shall we do" to furnish sufficient occupation at home to our young men, and having become convinced that beet sugar making would be such a business, they entered into it, erecting the necessary machinery and introducing skilled German and French workmen to commence the manufacture. It is a very good business, furnishing work in the field in summer and much work in winter in the way of box and barrel making, sugar packing, etc. They have wisely built the mills and refinery at some distance from the village, the smoke and odors being neither agreeable nor healthful. Many other things are also raised for sale which formerly were not thought of, so that no corner of ground seems unproductive.

The number of inhabitants has somewhat increased, but not greatly, and while all live comfortably and most of the men make moderate savings, no one has become very rich. It seems to me, however, that they have all the real blessings which wealth can give to its possessor. They have competence and contentment; they have the best books in the English language and intelligence to understand them, and the refinement of taste through which they can enjoy them and any thing that is beautiful. They have the will to help each other and seem to know that what is for the true good of one is for the true good of all. How many men have we known in California counting their hundreds of thousands of dollars, but having no idea of enjoyment except in eating and drinking and making a great show in horses and other things, and how much poorer in true resource are they than many here who live in small houses, have \$1,000 or \$2,000 in the Savings bank, and as much pledged by life insurance, but who are never without enjoyment from books, from the beautiful works of God, from the activity of their own minds, and from doing good. It is, indeed, delightful to find such young people, boys and girls as I meet here, so intelligent, modest, obedient, respectful and well-mannered towards all, yet open and self-possessed. You hear none of the discordant screaming and hooting in which I fear you and I sometimes had a part in these streets, but you hear pure English spoken everywhere; in the street, at home, in the gathering places, in clear, well modulated tones, and singing by well trained voices.

This change in the manners and habits of the boys has come in great part from their excellent school training. About twelve years ago the fathers and mothers came to the conviction that the children must be in schools where their understandings should be developed, where right principles, the fear of God and the love of truth should be inculcated, and generous feeling should be inspired. Where they should be trained to be good, intelligent, happy men and women and useful citizens, capable of enjoying God's various good gifts and of filling important places in society. The parents saw that this was some-

thing quite different from merely learning to read and to write, and from acquiring a slight knowledge of history, arithmetic and science. They felt that almost nothing else was so important as the truly good education of the children and nothing more worthy of sacrifice. They therefore determined that they would invite some young man, upright, refined, benevolent, highly educated, to come here to make it his life work to educate the young people of Farmington. They found such a man who has now, for more than ten years, had the charge of all the young people in the village over thirteen or fourteen years old, while those younger have been in well managed primary schools. It is this excellent teacher who has chiefly united the young people in the love of true excellence. His employers, of course, have given him a generous salary. He has not aimed to carry his pupils forward into what is called an accomplished education, but he has laid good foundations; made the children honest, earnest, gentle and refined, good sons and daughters, and they love one another. He has always kept it in mind that it depended greatly on him whether the young people should grow up with a healthy public spirit. They greatly respect him and after school years are over, they have kept up some studies, forming classes for weekly meetings, in history, natural science and political science.

But I must come to the end of my letter, after mentioning one or two other things. The dear old church, which still looks fresh and sound, was too large for the congregation, when few came from outside the village, and it has been altered at a moderate expense, in such a way as to keep its old features—within and without—and yet to make a pleasant, social audience room, where the preacher is closely in the midst of his audience, so that the Sunday services are helped by being more social. The space under the north and south galleries has been made into apartments, where on Sundays some Bible classes go for their lesson, and on other days they serve as church parlors. I did not mention in writing of the schools that all are trained to sing, so that with the help of the organ which is now near the pulpit, there is no difficulty in having fine congregational singing.

A building has been erected on the green, which serves as lecture room, town hall, etc., in the lower story, the second story being a well furnished library. This is admirably kept up. Every one may go there for reading and it is pleasant especially, it is said, in winter to find it well filled with attentive readers, each silently occupied with his or her book. Books may also be taken away to be read at home.

I could tell you of the various social gatherings for pleasure and for improvement of which I hear, at each other's houses, in the hall, in the park, and of works of charity done together, but I think I have written enough to show you that there are few places more favorable in their influences to the leading of peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM JONES.

Nature

The Farmington Hawks

ABOUT nine o'clock in the morning the Red-tailed Hawk shakes out his feathers for the morning sun to shine into them, then, loosening himself from the tall pine on the mountain top, he sails calmly out into the blue sky, one loud scream awakens his mate, and the two are soon moving around in great circles, great loose circles, and the world lies below them like a map. What a vast stretch of woodland compared with the little settled places where chickens and guns live.

But keep your large eyes open Mrs. Hawk, was that a brood of partridges or only the flurry of the dried leaves? Aha! a red squirrel! Let me dive for him first, and when he runs around the tree, seize him.

That was a lively morning for the red squirrel for both hawks were after him, first on one side of the tree, then on the other. It was like stepping off one track to avoid a train and being caught by another. Driven wild with terror the squirrel loses his head, and in a moment Madam Hawk has him in her talons. What a scream of triumph and of terror! They can hardly wait for the squirrel to die before they are fighting over the choice morsels.

While they are eating their breakfast we might as well settle down to some serious talk about hawks.

First there is the distinction between the Falcons, and the true hawks. The Falcons are known by the notch in the upper bill and by their way of flying straight along like any other bird; whereas the true hawks sail around in great circles.

It is also interesting to note that the largest hawks live on small game, mice and frogs; and the smaller hawks generally the falcons are bolder, and attack the chicken yards, carrying away game nearly as large as themselves. The Cooper Hawk, the Sharp-shinned Hawk, and especially the Broad-winged Hawk are the terror of the chicken yards. The Red-tailed Hawks and the Red-shouldered Hawk are usually called "Hen Hawks," and the farmer masses under the head of Pigeon Hawks—the Pigeon Hawk, the Sharp-shinned Hawk, and the Cooper's Hawk. The Sparrow Hawk seems to be quite common with us, or is becoming more common, and it is well to remember that while this century has exterminated several groups of animals and birds, others that were once rare, have become more common with us.

But to return to our hawks, the rare Duck Hawk or Great-footed Hawk, (or Chicago Hawk,) used to build in the ledges of the mountain near the old Wadsworth Tower. The Goss Hawk is very rare with us, a wanderer, a grim looking individual with dark grey plumage on the back and lighter on the breast. The Marsh Hawk is more common in this town, and may be seen flying along the meadows for mice about dusk.

All the hunters seem to think it smart to shoot hawks or owls. I know, for I have done it myself, but it is a very stupid thing to do, for the worst of the hawks do more good than harm and those hawks that are the most often killed live on mice. I hope to see the day when Connecticut will set down her foot, flat, and lay down a law that no bird shall be killed that comes into this state, no matter how it sings or squeaks, nor what it eats. It's an imposition on the community to have a gang of ruffians depriving us of the society of the birds. The Sharp-shinned Hawk will follow along with the hunter, using him for a dog to start the game, just as the Cow Troop-ials use a cow to start up the grasshoppers.

A few years ago when I was younger, I captured a young Red-tailed Hawk and brought him home with glowing visions of rearing him to catch game. It is true the Red-tailed Hawk is not a Falcon, and not at all adapted to do the work of a Falcon. I kept him in the barn and when I fed him he would roll over on his back and hold out his talons in a threatening manner. As he grew to maturity he looked like a young eagle with his aquiline nose and deep set eyes. But trouble was brewing. Some Cochinchina hens organized a conspiracy, and one rainy day the whole motley group of poultry, led on by a desperate old Plymouth Rock hen, fell on the hawk and killed him. It was one of those popular uprisings that are irresistible.

It has often been observed that the large birds of prey lay few eggs, while the birds to be eaten lay many. The quail lays from fifteen to twenty-two eggs, and the large birds of prey two or four.

One of the most remarkable things about the hawks is their power of sight. How the Fish Hawk can see the fish swimming below him in the ocean, or how our large hawks can see a small mouse in the meadow, when far up in the sky, is not well understood. It was discovered by those who looked through the eyes of a freshly killed cow that the world looks much larger to a cow than it does to a man. Every daisy was like a large sunflower, and men were as trees walking.

Undoubtedly the hawk has an eye constructed to see more than is ever possible for man. I am not forgetting those early astronomers, (who lived long before Galileo originated the telescope,) that saw Jupiter's moons with the naked eye. Who knows but what the Red-tailed Hawk can look right into the planet Mars and see its people. The Eagle is often observed studying the sun. But if the Eagles and Hawks should tell of some of the things they see in those distant worlds it would probably be notes on the chickens and mice.

R. B. B.

Art

The American Schools of Painting Represented in Farmington

As we grow older we realize more and more that each human being is an epitome of the whole human race, that every little town is a miniature world. Even the human forms and features change very little. The heads of Julius Caesar and Augustus are almost exactly reproduced among our New England people, and also, though less flattering, the features of Nero and Vitellius. When we begin to realize that the best of everything is near at

hand, if we are able to see it, then all those fine remarks about "Literary Atmospheres," and "Art Atmospheres," are inventions for weak people to lean against each other—are they not very much overestimated?—Among its numerous other characteristics every New England town carries with it the history of American art for the last hundred years. It cannot be said to be a very original art, as, in common with all our early times, it was an offshoot from England, and doubtless it was owing to the mother country that there was so much that was conventional and inartistic. Perhaps our only primitive art is the crude carvings by the Indians.

Our American art has been divided into the Revolutionary period, the Hudson River School and the Moderns. Most conspicuous in the Revolutionary time, was the painter Gilbert Stuart who narrowly escaped being one of the greatest portrait painters that ever lived, and his defects were more matters of technique than of artistic nature. In our day his portraits would be considered "a little thin" and conventional in color, but they have the more necessary qualities of drawing and delicate expression.

There is quite a feeling among us moderns, if you have not lived in the art atmosphere of Paris there is an awful lack in your artistic training. Although the Greeks, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Holbein never had the advantages of a winter at Julien's, yet they managed to draw and paint some. Gilbert Stuart began to paint portraits at thirteen years of age. In common with many celebrated men his ancestry runs back among the Scotch ministry; doubtless their contracted, and repressed lives demanding some artistic outlet in their descendants. Stuart is especially well known in this country from his three portraits of George Washington in 1755. The first is said to be the best, although little known, and the others which are so familiar to all have little artistic merit, at least we all sincerely hope that Washington, whom we all revere, was not such a stony, wooden creature as Stuart represents him. There were sixty-one copies made of these last two portraits and endless engravings. Washington was not as fortunate as Philip of Spain was with his portrait painter. Stuart worked for a time with Benjamin West, and his life seems to have been full of useful work. He painted 754 portraits before he laid down his brush.

Our early landscape painters felt quite confident of their talents for landscape painting. There was a general feeling that we had so much landscape in America, our mountains and prairies and waterfalls were so large, we must know all about landscape painting. At first there was a disposition to paint large allegorical landscapes and then immense panoramic canvasses of "The Falls of Niagara," "The Yosemite Valley," "The Heart of the Andes," in some the title being the greatest part of the picture. Still some, like Mr. Church, were men of unusual technical ability. Later arose what is sometimes called the Hudson River School, many of whose members are still alive, among them men of undoubted talent; but many copied their pictures over and over again for sales, until their art fell into a kind of manufactory of pictures.

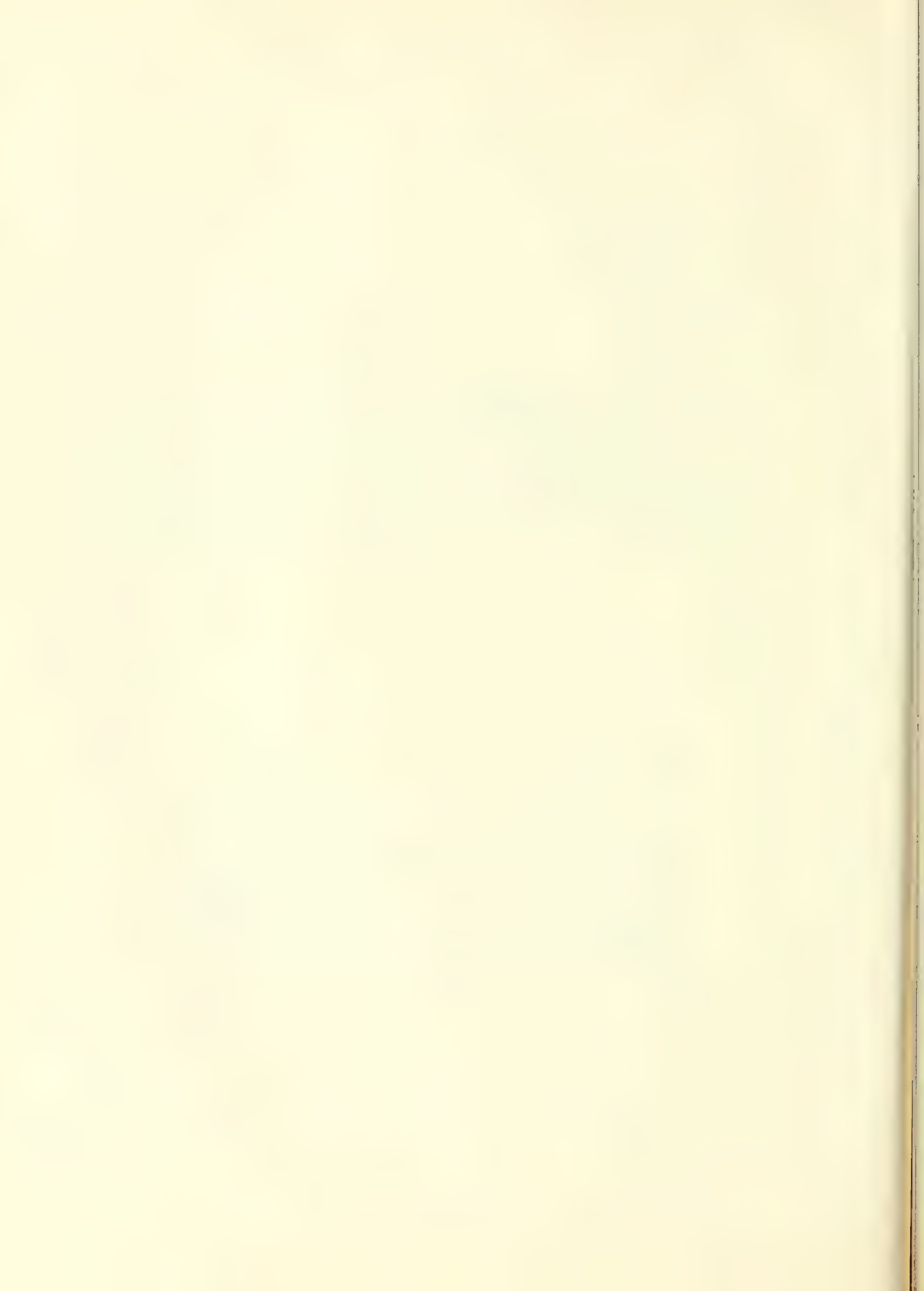


EX. DREYER



EX. A. H. H.

VIEWS IN FARMINGTON
DRAWN BY MISS E. J. HARRIS



Many of this school had the whole array of conventions imported fresh from England. There were receipts for preparing canvas with bitumen and burnt sienna, "scumbling" and rubbing, and receipts for trees, and other processes that the French have massed under the expression "Little Kitchens." These painters were not unlike the man who when about to jump a fence ran a mile to get a fine momentum and then was so tired he lay down to rest. These "Little Kitchens" drowned the spontaneity of the artist's own impressions.

This article will not pretend to name all the artists of these different schools who have pictures here or who have been attracted to Farmington. Many of us will remember Mr. Van Allen, and James Hart, and Mr. Brevoort, of the Hudson River School. At the end of their summer's work they gave an exhibition of all their landscape sketches on the veranda wall of Henry Augustus Cowles' house. The people of the town were invited to see. There was also a little romance added to this exhibition, for the engagement had just been announced of Mr. Hart to Miss Gorshuch, Mr. Brevoort's pupil. Miss Gorshuch's pictures hung in the veranda with the others and many of us who did not know much, but thought we did, found that Miss Gorshuch's pictures were quite equal to her master's.

Many beautiful landscapes have been painted in Farmington by John Hill. His eye was very sensitive to the river views, the red sorrel along the road, and many of his pictures of fruit and flowers are quite equal to the celebrated English water colorist William Hunt. His admiration of his son, John Henry Hill, was very interesting.

The revolution in landscape art, against the "Kitchens," originated with the English painter Constable, it extended to France, and started the modern school of French landscape. Turner and Ruskin helped the movement, and the English pre-Raphaelites had a strong influence in the same direction. Mr. Thomas C. Farrer, a pupil of Ruskin, came to Farmington filled with the "new ideas." "Return to Nature," was the war cry of the pre-Raphaelites, and not content with drawing faithfully everything direct from nature, they were very antagonistic to the Hudson River School of painters, feeling very strongly not so much their own failings as those of the Hudson River School.

Modern American art is characterized by a certain restlessness. Something of the telegraph, of the telephone, of the snap photograph has gotten into the artists. Among many there is a desire to attract attention at any cost, and the protests against the older schools often degenerates into riotous extravagances. And yet all must feel in looking at the really great works of art that they belong to no special time, but are invested with a certain calmness and dignity without hurry and without restlessness and they grow more and more precious with increasing years.

The modern painters surpass the ancients very noticeably in their desire to paint the exact colors of nature, and in their sense, of the relations of colors and masses of light and shade, called "values." Naturally this improvement is more evident in landscape art, where so many distances have to be expressed. But the greatest truths, as is so often the case in the world, are not owned by any school or sect, but are scattered like the little gold in the rocks, through the whole body of mankind.

E. L.

Book Notes

Dwellers in the Hills, by Melville D. Post, is a short bright account of the ways of cattle, horses, and the ethics of ranch life. The right and the wrong way of driving a nail—even the right and the wrong kind of nail—into a horse's shoe, the difference of temper and caprices of horses, the manner of keeping cattle in marching order, is all made so fascinating that one's attention is held very constantly. The plot is vigorous, even bordering on the tragic, but the right man wins with a very amusing climax. There is a description of the driving of six hundred cattle across a swift muddy river by three men on horseback, so dramatic and real as to make the reader hold his breath. It is a battle for life with man, horse and steer, with a cruel determination on the part of the river to conquer. Quite a masterpiece in its way. The primitive qualities of the author's personages is remarkable. His philosophy is not always clear, often so involved as to make the impression of having been brought from a distance. It is a pity that the book is not illustrated by some spirited photographs. (*Putnam.*)

CHARLES FOSTER.

THE interest in sectional fiction, so brilliantly revived by David Harum, has not yet died down. We have had Western novels and Southern novels, and now the novel of New England may be said to have the floor. One of the latest of these New England novels is *Uncle Terry* by Charles Clark Munn of Springfield, Mass.

The construction of this later school of sectional fiction beginning with David Harum, is something after the manner of Thomas Nelson Page's early Southern stories, though it seems to me, not approaching them in literary quality. A central figure personifies the odd and striking traits of the region in which he is placed, and about him grow up characters more or less interesting, with a love story, or perhaps several, contributing in greater or often less degree to the main interest of the story.

Uncle Terry is a fresh wholesome tale of coast life in New England, giving in the course of the story glimpses of a rugged, honest, and kindly New Englander "of the old school." What will perhaps interest the readers of this magazine most is the fact that Uncle Terry was born in Southington. His description of the New England farm is amusing, describing as it does a scene often met in our stony state.

"I was born in a way back farm in Connecticut where the rocks was so thick we used ter round the sheep up once a week and sharpen their noses on the grin' stun so't they could get 'em 'tween the stuns. I walked a mile to school winters and stubbed my toes on the farm summers, till I was fourteen and then the old man 'greed to give me my time till I was twenty-one, if I 'ud pay him half I earned. I had a colt an' old busted wagon and I took to dickering. I bought eggs and honey and pelts of all sorts, and peddled notions and farmin' tools." (*Lee & Shepard.*) E. H. J.

THE following books have been added to the library during the past month: Among English Hedgerows, *Clifton Johnson*; Romance of the feudal Chateaux, *E. W. Champney*; The Cathedral Churches of Carlisle; St. Paul's; Winchester; Peterborough; Canterbury and Salisbury; six vols. on Architecture from *Russell Sturgis*; Village Life in China, *Arthur Smith*; Penelope's Irish Experiences, *Kate D. Wiggin*; The Autobiography of a Journalist, *William James Stillman*, two vols.

Village Notes

FRIDAY, May 3rd, was Arbor Day and was observed at the various Farmington Schools in fitting ways. At the three outer District Schools the children cleaned up their school yards and planted trees and flowers which they themselves had brought in from the woods. In one or two cases the children also cleaned out the school rooms, a rather necessary operation.

At the Center there were exercises by the scholars—readings and songs—a short talk on the care of trees and birds, and the planting in the school yard of a choice flowering tree, the money for which was raised by the children.

It is hoped by the time this magazine is in press there will be gardens and vines along the fences, planted by the children with proper aid and direction. Plants have been offered, and all plants and vines sent would be gratefully accepted, especially those flowering in the fall.

THE stained glass memorial windows for St. Michael's Church, Brooklyn, upon which the Misses Maude and Genevieve Cowles have been working the past winter, were unveiled at the morning service Easter Sunday. The ceremony consisted of a short special service at the font conducted by Dr. Vance, the rector.

Back of the font are the two windows, side by side, gothic in character. The general design of both is similar but worked out with contrast and variety in the details. The body of each is the *fleur-de-lys* growing out of water, symbolic of the spirit; in one window, the upper, pointed portion is filled with interlacing rose branches and in the other the design is of intertwining apple boughs. These are symbolic of the sweetness of the woman and the strength of the man.

The windows were put into glass under the supervision of the artists by workmen trained under LaFarge.

THE Misses Cowles are now engaged in designing a window in memory of a deaconess to be placed in the Honor Room of Grace Church Parish House in New York. It is to represent a procession of choir boys passing into the church.

MR. Cadwell's bid for repairing New Britain road has been accepted and work will be begun immediately.

M. D. B.

Editor's Sketch Book

WE deem ourselves most fortunate in being able to publish in this issue of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE a paper written in the winter of 1874 by Miss Sarah Porter. It supposes the return of a former resident after fifteen years spent in California, and gives to a comrade the changes that have taken place during their absence. It is a view of Farmington in its ideal light—what it might be—and it is most interesting to note what has “come true” among the events Miss Porter prophesied. The letter shows how near to Miss Porter’s heart was the welfare of her native village, welfare to be gained by working out its own salvation, not borrowing from the methods of other towns.

We are told that the term *Village Improvement Society* originated with Miss Porter, and some of the improvements she speaks of have been accomplished by that society which was so wisely guided by her in its beginnings.

This *Letter* was written for the Lyceum, and we add a few facts which have been sent us concerning that interesting organization.

“The winter of 1874-5 was enlivened by meetings for profit and pleasure held fortnightly and dignified by the name of ‘The Lyceum.’ Their originator was a Mr. Wood—teacher of the North School, and they were begun as a ‘debating club’—Mr. Wood and the Methodist minister taking active part. Debating not meeting entirely the desire of the audience, other things were introduced. Readings were given; tableaux; short farces; all by citizens. The meetings were in the old Town Hall, and were largely attended. The small expense connected with them was met by a contribution taken up at the last meeting.”

Mr. A. D. Vorce was the president of the Lyceum for a time, and it is through his kindness this letter by Miss Porter was preserved and sent to THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE.

THE schools close this month and it is hoped there may be many who will be interested in the closing exercises. Nothing in community life is much more important than what the children are doing, and few things help them more than expressions of interest and the acknowledgement of that importance. For the next magazine we hope to have some account of what has been done and what special progress has been made in both the Center and the other district schools.

WE learn with pleasure that the plans of Mr. Charles Whitmore for the memorial building to Miss Porter, have been accepted, and the building will be begun in July. Next month we hope to have a description in full of the new building with designs.

Miss Pope is to use the old chapel building for a sewing and cooking school and a nobler purpose it could not serve. It will stand further back on the church green and will be restored and repaired, keeping its original form and appearance.

FARMINGTON is mourning the loss of one of its finest and oldest houses, built at about the same time as the church and by the same architect, Capt. Judah Woodruff. The Country Club was a good example of the successful restoration of a colonial structure, made more beautiful and comfortable without destroying its character. We want to accept and reverence whatever our ancestors left of beauty and strength, but at the same time to use our better knowledge for the doing away with many of the discomforts they had to endure—and adding the advantages of which they knew nothing—as for instance, running water and piazzas.

The Farmington Magazine

CHARLES S. MASON, Florist, Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.
Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER E. ABNEY, D.D.S.

Hartford, Conn.

Room 77

State Allen Building

HENRY D. WILSON

Carpenter and Builder,

Main Street

Telephone Connections

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS

HERBERT KNOX SMITH.

Attorney at Law

147 MAIN STREET.

HARTFORD, CONN.

ROBERT H. PRUTTING.

Solo Pianist

Address: P. O. Box 808 Hartford, Conn.

EDWIN F. HAY, J. A. MATHIAS

A large assortment of flowers, plants, and ferns for sale.

Flowers for decoration and for sale.

Flowers for decoration and for sale.
Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Conn., or Ledge View, Farmington, Conn.

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building.

HARTFORD, CONN.

D. R. HAWLEY,

**Decorating
and Painting***Artistic Interior Work*

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flag Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

Allyn's

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for
Huyler's Candies.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GALLET'S, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention.

CANDIES**PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.****E. P. CAHILL,****Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR**

It is a great comfort to those who are constantly buying new clothes to be within reach of a tailor who does satisfactory work promptly. We think, Cahill at 105 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn., answers to this description.



YES

We deal in that which adds most to man's comfort during his sojourn on this earth—(save a good wife or a good mother), and that is



Handsome Furniture.

Comfortable Furniture.

Furniture that rests the soul as well as the body.

THE REPRODUCED ANTIQUES

can be found here with modern improvements,—we mean by modern improvements rollers that will roll, and drawers that will slide, and doors that will open and close.

— MEDIUM PRICED —

Furniture for the Cottage and Summer Home.

Now for the Piazza and Lawn see our

PRAIRIE GRASS FURNITURE

It's Something New.

It's Beautiful.

It's Durable.

SEIDLER & MAY,

306 to 318 Pearl St.,

Hartford, Conn.

N. R. & Co's
Best Mixture
Java and Mocha
Coffee.
 The finest blend that we
 can produce.
40c. 1b 2 lbs. 75c.

WE HANDLE THE ENTIRE
 OUTPUT OF THE
 FAMOUS

Charter Oak
FLOUR
 Unequalled for perfect,
 uniform results in
 BREAD MAKING.

COOK ORANGE GROVE.

We have several hundred boxes of this fruit in cold storage and the flavor which is at all times the peculiar charm of this fruit, seems to grow more delicious every week.

We sell Cook Oranges by the dozen, the half box or the whole box.

Mail or telephone orders promptly and carefully filled.

We carry upwards of
150 Varieties of
Plain and Fancy Crackers
 Among these are the best
 productions of both continents
All Biscuits Guaranteed Fresh.

**Newton,
 Robertson
 & Co.**

N. R. & Co's
Superfine
OLIVE OIL.

Our Own Importation
 from Bordeaux.
 We do not know of a better
 Oil on the market.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS In Carbon or Platinum Pigments

Are absolutely permanent. You know how unpleasant it is to find that photographs, for which you have paid even a cheap photographer, are slowly, but surely fading out. Yet many people still feel that any sort of a picture — so long as it may be called a photograph — is bound to be satisfactory. But in the case of a dearly beloved father or mother, or son or daughter, or other near relative having passed beyond recall, the question of permanency in a photograph becomes a serious matter. *It is not difficult to procure photographs that will never fade.* We know all the modern processes at our studio, and we strive also to make all our work highly artistic. Let us try to please you with an order.

C. A. JOHNSTONE, Photographer,
45 Pratt Street, - - - Hartford, Conn.
 (Reception Room on ground floor.)

Special Sale of Sifted Champion Peas, 15c. a can, \$1.75 doz.

REGULAR PRICE 15 CENTS A CAN, \$2.00 A DOZEN

We have a few thousand of these Peas. To reduce the stock we have placed them at a low price. The quality is of the very best, they are small, tender, sweet, the cans are filled full. Be sure and secure a few.

CERTIFIED Canned Vegetables,

\$1.40 a Dozen.

ALL KINDS.

There isn't an equal to this Certified Brand of Canned Vegetables. At the price, they are the best goods we ever saw.

DINNER PARTY Canned Vegetables.

We are the same as ever towards this leading line of Canned Goods. We know their quality. We know there isn't a better line packed. We know there isn't a line of canned goods more solidly packed or more uniform in quality. We know these things because we have sold them for many years past.

THE ASSORTMENT.

Cream Sugar Corn, Green Pole Limas, Succotash (composed of Cream Sugar Corn and Green Pole Limas), Sifted Sweet Wrinkle Peas, Beefsteak Tomatoes, Boston Marrow Squash, Baby Boy Beets (tiny)

SIMON PURE Canned Vegetables.

\$1.23 a Dozen.

ALL KINDS.

Try the above brand. It's the only way to let you know how good they are.

HILLS & CO.

Larned & Hatch,

High Class

Perfect Fitting

Shoes

945 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Valuable Property For Sale.

FARMINGTON, MAIN STREET.

Fine old Colonial House, extensive grounds, about 100 feet front, with a depth of about 500 feet. Location unsurpassed. Near to trolley service. Beautiful views, &c. For particulars and price, address

F. G. WHITMORE, 900 Main Street.

Hartford, Conn.



FREE.

TWO SMALL KITTENS

wish a home with some refined gentleman, or single lady, without a dog.

Will catch mice in part payment for board.

ADVERTISED BY THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED 1850.

WM. WANDER & SONS,

DEALERS IN ALL GRADES OF

PIANOS.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.
SOLD FOR CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES FOR

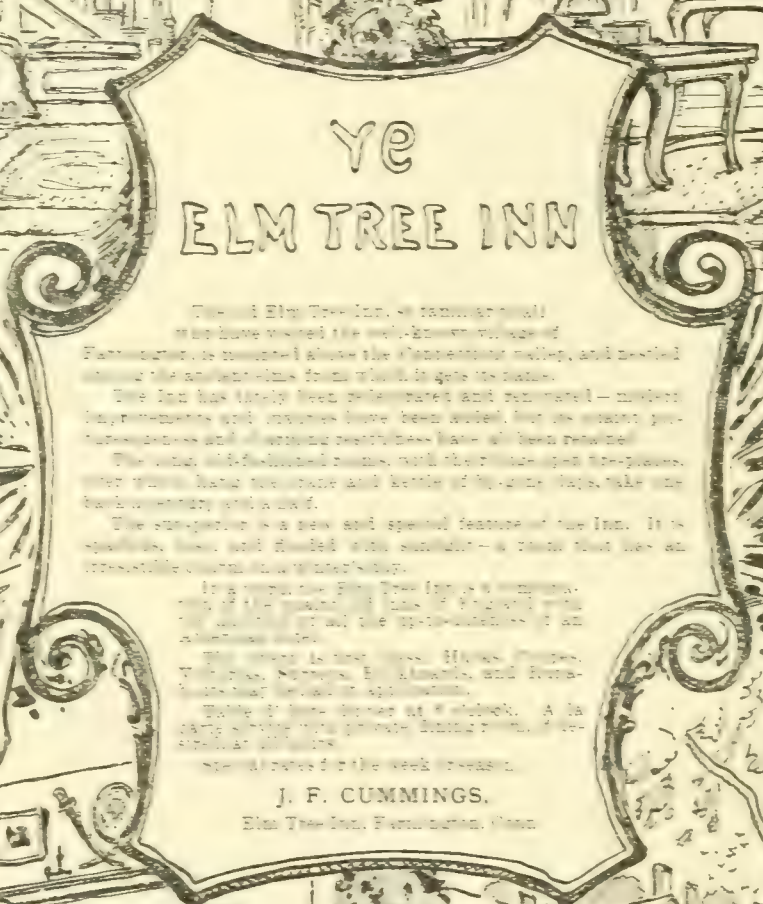
STEINWAY & SONS,
A. B. CHASE,
J. & C. FISCHER,
MEHLIN & SONS,
FRANKLIN,
FOSTER & CO.

AND OTHER MAKES OF
PIANOS. ✓

ALL KINDS OF
Musical Instruments
AND
Sheet Music.

Largest Warerooms in the State.

**239-241-243 ASYLUM STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.**



ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, a famous old establishment, has been moved to the new location of Farmington, Vermont, along the Connecticut valley, and opened on the 1st of June, 1891. It is quite the best.

The Inn has lately been renovated and refurnished - modern improvements and conveniences have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The whole establishment, with its beautiful grounds, ever yours, has the charm and beauty of the old days, and the best of modern conveniences.

The scenery is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is a perfect view, and the Inn is a most desirable place for a water-cure.

It is a most desirable place for a water-cure, and the Inn is a most desirable place for a water-cure.

The Inn is a most desirable place for a water-cure, and the Inn is a most desirable place for a water-cure.

The Inn is a most desirable place for a water-cure, and the Inn is a most desirable place for a water-cure.

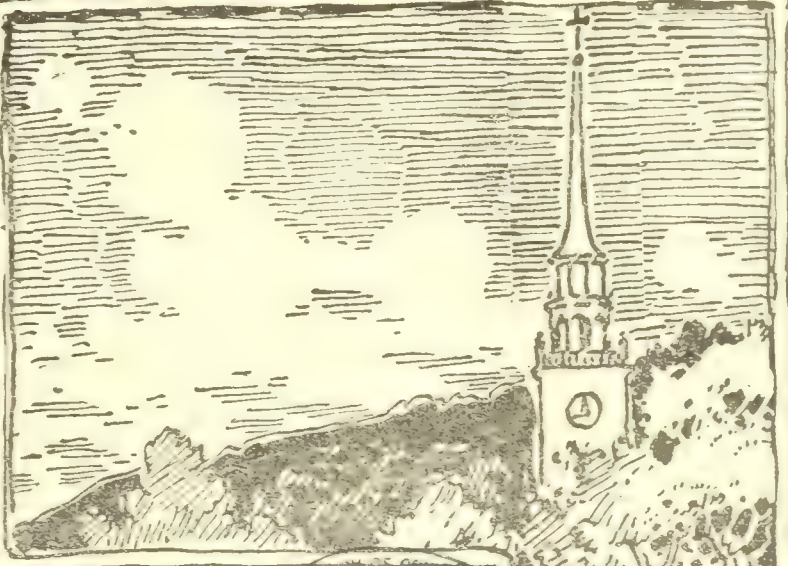
See it for the week ending

J. F. CUMMINGS.

Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

THE

FARMINGTON



JULY RECEIVED
1901 NOV 14 1902
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
HERBERT DEPT.

- SOME WORTHIES OF THE
GENERATION
- AINA ANUENUE - Lucy Adams
Land of the Rainbow
- THE GOVERNOR'S CHOICE
Herbert Knox Smith
- INDEPENDENCE DAY IN FARM-
INGTON IN YE OLDEN TIME
C. Rowe
- SIXTY YEARS AGO - Julius Gay
- NATURE - Robert B. Brandegee
About the Bobolink
- ART - E. C.
Jules Bastien Lepage
- BOOK NOTES - Charles Foster
- VILLAGE NOTES
- EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK

FARMINGTON - CONN.

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.

\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.

PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



Rev. Noah Porter, D. D.

John Treadwell Norton.

Miss Sarah Porter.

Rev. Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D.,
President of Yale University.

Edward Norton.

The Farmington Magazine

Vol. I.

JULY, 1901

No. 9

Some Worthies of the Last Generation

MUCH of the beauty of Farmington is made by its natural features, its mountains and river. But like so many New England villages, it is the men and women that make the real character of the towns. As generation after generation passes it begins to be realized that certain individuals—a deacon, a minister, a school teacher, a farmer, or a doctor—have unselfishly kept the towns pointed toward healthy and lofty ideals. These are the heroes whose deeds are unrecorded (except in our hearts), who have been the backbone of New England, of the West, and ultimately of the world.

No matter how hard the conditions of life may have been these ancestors have always stood by education, and in turn education has stood by them. Farmington, like all college towns, has had a peculiar literary life of its own. And over everything and through everything, as the Indian Summer light bathes everything in a golden hue, has been the quiet but powerful influence of such men and women as Deacon Simeon Hart, as Miss Sarah Porter. These pictures, and the list is necessarily incomplete, represent very many activities of life. The loved and respected preachers, the faithful doctors and teachers, the musicians and the public and private characters are all good men and true.

We often wonder if our own generation will be able to fill the places of these worthies. We feel pretty sure they will not in the same way but in other ways, and we all believe that the influence of the really good and unselfish never dies.

Rev. Noah Porter, D.D.; Rev. Noah Porter D.D., LL.D., President of Yale University; Miss Sarah Porter. A town would be counted fortunate which was the birth place and residence of any one of the above named persons. Farmington is thrice blest. Dr. Porter was born and largely educated in this town, and was gladly called at the age of twenty-five to the pastorate of its church in 1806. The reasons assigned for the call are that "this Society, from personal acquaintance with Mr. Noah Porter, Jr., *being one of us*, and from sufficient experience of his ministerial gifts and qualifications, are satisfied that he is eminently qualified for the work of the Gospel ministry." Those "gifts and qualifications" were signally shown during the sixty years of his ministry, not only in his church and town but also throughout the State and denomination.

His son, who was born in 1811, in Farmington, has linked the name of this town with the fame of the great University which is known wherever education and civilization extend. He died in 1892.

Of Miss Sarah Porter much has been gladly said in this magazine. Born in 1813, she died in 1900, rich in the grateful love and veneration of generations of cultured women who had passed through the school which she had taught for nearly sixty years. She was one of the great educators whose name and work are the highest wealth of this rich nation.

John Treadwell Norton was born April 28, 1795, and, like a surprising number of the more distinguished of his townsmen, was descended from one of the settlers known as the Seven Pillars. While a young man he engaged in mercantile and other business in Albany, amassing for those days a large fortune, and was a president of the New York Central Railroad of that time. Not long after 1830 he removed the little red house of his grandfather, Gov. Treadwell, and, building a new house more retired from the main road, turned acres of waste land into beautiful lawns and gardens. His few leisure hours were largely devoted to the public good. Helping provide a site for Miss Porter's school, and, with the late James Cowles, Esq., establishing the water-power which brings prosperity to Unionville, were among the enterprises which prospered in his hands. Of commanding presence and address and of genial manners he was conspicuous in all assemblies. He died June 13, 1869.

Edward, son of John T. Norton, Esq., was born in Albany, Feb. 12, 1823, and died in this town April 8, 1894. He graduated from Yale College in the class of 1844. After several years of a business life in Albany employed in railroad matters and in stove manufacturing, he returned to his old home in Farmington about 1857. Here he devoted himself to stock raising, especially of Alderneys, and established the first Creamery of the State. He was an authority on entomology and rendered valuable assistance to the public library.

Deacon Simeon Hart was born in Burlington, Nov. 17, 1795, and graduated at Yale College in the class of 1823. His life labor was that of a school teacher, first of district schools, that he might earn money for his college expenses, then as principal of the Farmington Academy from 1823 to 1835, and finally until his death, April 30, 1853, as principal of a boarding school for boys. He was a most delightful and successful instructor, honored and revered by all who came under his care. He was also the principal founder and the first treasurer of the Farmington Savings Bank. His pet diversion was agriculture, born with his reading of Virgil and stimulated by the unbounded enthusiasm of his early pupil, Prof. John Pitkin Norton.

Elijah Lewis was born in Granby, Ct., in 1811, and came to Farmington at the age of 11 years. He was a pupil of Deacon Simeon Hart. For a time he sold clocks in the Adirondacks and Canada during the winter, then was a farmer in this town until his death. He was one of the party on the first canal boat that sailed through the Farmington canal. The cupboard is still in existence which Mrs. Lewis filled with pies for that memorable occasion.

Erastus Scott, the grandson of the grandson of Edmund Scott, one of the settlers of this town, was born Nov. 6, 1787. His house still stands on the land belonging to his ancestor Edmund. He was unusually prominent in the public





Deacon Simeon Hart.
Egbert Cowles
Dr. E. W. Carrington.

Elijah Lewis
Samuel S. Cowles
Rev. T. K. Fessenden.

Erastus Scott.
Dr. Asahel Thomson.
Henry Mygatt.

life of the village, filling the offices of First Selectman, First Assessor, Collector of Taxes, and Constable for a long term of years, indeed his patriarchal sway embraced pretty much all matters of public utility. His popularity was unbounded and needed no help from the ways of modern politicians. He was universally known and addressed as Captain Scott, a title more valued in the olden time than that of any doctorate, whether of laws, theology or philosophy. He died June 28, 1873.

Egbert Cowles, great grandson of the grandson of John Cowles, a first settler of the town and one of the "Seven Pillars of the Church," was born April 4, 1785. He was conspicuous in the public life of the town, long a Judge of Probate, and filled the offices by which he could be most useful to his fellow men. A town or society meeting for a long series of years which did not listen to his addresses of wisdom was unknown. His knowledge of olden-time life and affairs was exceptional. Closing his eyes and abstracting himself from all things present, he would pour forth the most minute and vivid account of his early days. The Ecclesiastical Society arranged for an appropriate celebration of his one hundredth birth-day, but he passed away a few months before the arrival of the day.

Samuel Smith Cowles was born in Farmington Dec. 9, 1814. At the age of 17 he began learning the business of a printer in a book publishing concern at Windsor, Vermont. In 1837 he was a journeyman printer in Boston. A year later he began to edit and print the Charter Oak, an Anti Slavery paper in Hartford. He returned to his native village in 1843 and after the death of Deacon Simeon Hart, became the treasurer of the Farmington Savings Bank which prospered greatly under his management. In all public affairs he was a firm and unwavering defender of what he deemed the right. He died Dec. 5, 1872.

Dr. Asahel Thomson, descended from the first settler Thomas Thomson, one of the "Seven Pillars of the Church," was born April 16, 1790, and died May 2, 1866. After graduating at Yale in 1810 he was a private tutor in the family of Lawrence Lewis, Esq., nephew of General Washington, at Woodlawn, Va. In 1815 he studied medicine with Dr. Eli Todd, and was a student in the Medical College in New Haven preparatory to his life work as physician of this village. He was conservative in his principles and taste. Dr. Johnson was his model of literary greatness and President Dwight his admiration in all things.

Dr. Edwin W. Carrington, a son of Allyn Carrington, was born in the year 1806, in Woodbridge, Conn., whence he came to Farmington in 1826. From then till his death in 1852 he served his town as physician. His portrait was taken from an old miniature and represents Dr. Carrington as he looked when he first came to Farmington.

Rev. Thomas Kendall Fessenden, son of Joseph and Sibil Jane (Holbrook) Fessenden was born in Brattleboro, Vt., Sept. 10, 1813, and graduated at Williams College in 1833. He was the pastor of Congregational churches in Norwich, Conn., Homer, N. Y., and Ellington, Conn. In his later years he was eminently successful in raising funds for the Industrial School for Girls

in Middletown, and for the Hampton Institute in Virginia. He died in this village Jan. 18, 1894, and is buried in the New Cemetery, which he had done much to enlarge and beautify.

Mr. Henry Mygatt, a descendant of Deacon Joseph Mygatt of Hartford, the immigrant ancestor of the family, was born in Wethersfield, Jan. 27, 1804. Marrying, in 1830, a granddaughter of Capt. Judah Woodruff, the famous builder of this village, he built a house on her ancestral estate just north of the newly erected house of Mr. John T. Norton. Here he died, Jan. 9, 1882. He was a farmer and especially a horticulturist. His recreation was music. For many years he played the flute in the choir during the days when all manner of orchestral instruments had not given place to the organ.

Aina Anuenue Land of the Rainbow

"No spring in Hawaii," you say? Most assuredly yes! It is true there is no external change; the green of the algeroba trees as feathery as ever, the hibiscus hedges flaunting their red blossoms, the Trade Wind creeping down from the mountains. All this to be seen and felt at any time of the year. But somewhere, somehow, it comes—a whisper of poetry in the air, a magic in the stars. "So spring is here," we exclaim. "Spring! Spring!" And for our wild flowers—anemones, violets, hepaticas—we have only to look in the sky, and there they are in a band of rainbow stretching straight across Nuanu. Or perhaps falling out of the arch that is shivering into mist over Manoa. Or coming with the dawn, all faint and pink. Sometimes, too, they are to be seen in the moonlight—white, ethereal, like the flowers of a dream.

The rainbow makes so large a part of life here that it is not surprising to find a legend connected with it—the legend of Laieikawai. She was a beautiful princess, "Alii Nohea," and she had a stern parent of course—a most rampageous old father! When she was born, he decreed that she should be killed,—just because she was not the son and heir he was longing for. Her mother, however, foreseeing that the little Laieikawai was to be a person of distinction, had her hurried away to her grandmother, Waka, who promptly hid her in a cavern that could be reached only by driving through a narrow passage leading up into it from the celebrated pool of Waiapuka. Soon a rainbow was seen hovering over the entrance to the cavern; and ever after the rainbow followed Laieikawai, and she became so celebrated that prophets sought her and kings asked her hand in marriage. Finally came the fairy prince, and together they went to the moon and "lived happily forever." Some say that they came back to earth again by a rainbow ladder. Whether this be true or not, who can tell? The rainbow is still hanging over the hills, the sky flowers still blossom for us, and here and there in forgotten valleys are old natives who can chant the story of Laieikawai.

LUCY ADAMS.

The Governor's Choice

"A BROAD and beauteous prospect, Governor!"

The Governor and the Lieutenant Governor lay at length against a pasture wall on the ridge overlooking the Governor's house and below them, from South to North, swept the half-horizon of the Farmington Valley.

"For sixty years, Roger" answered his Excellency, "I have known that fair scene, in the same unchanging peace; and now you come to tell me that that peace is there no longer."

It was the year 1810. Two great epochs in Connecticut history had met in the two men who gazed across the valley, as these eras were meeting and clashing in the life of the State.

His Excellency, John Treadwell, Governor of the State of Connecticut, powerful, commanding in stature, stiff in manner, with rough hewn head and homely, stern face of the same mould that had glared, grim and set, under the steel caps of the Ironsides; a Puritan in every mode of thought, of the very spirit of that old colonial theocracy whose authority was the Bible and whose king was Jehovah. And on his left, Roger Griswold, Lieutenant-Governor, clean-featured, graceful in bearing, alert, adaptive, a man of the new century.

"And like that valley" went on Griswold, "so lies Connecticut, your Excellency, in outward appearance quiet, but beneath is unrest. A new force is forming in the land, and it heaves at the bonds that have held the State since it was first a colony and that are now too narrow. And this new thing has strength,—as you know!"

The Governor nodded. Both men were thinking of that bitter scene a week before, in the old State House at New Haven, when John Treadwell, candidate of the Federalist party, he, of a line of governors accustomed by unvarying tradition to receive re-election so long as they sought re-election, he, after only one term of office, had failed of a popular majority and had barely gotten his second term by a hard fought vote in the General Assembly.

It was practical revolution. The unwritten laws of the land of Steady Habits had been suddenly thrust aside. And last of all men could John Treadwell, bewildered and stunned, understand the nature of this new force hammering at all that he believed in and loved in State and Church.

"Before the next election" continued the Lieutenant-Governor, "this combination of new elements will have crystallized into a party with a definite programme. The Federals must be ready to meet it. We must either adapt ourselves to the change in the times and the feelings of the people, or be defeated."

"Adapt ourselves! Turn Radical! What mean you, Roger?" broke out Treadwell angrily.

"Nay, I do not mean to yield to Radical beliefs. I would not give up the essential things for which the old party has always stood, no matter what the vote might be," said Griswold quickly. "But we must accommodate our-

selves, in matters of form and manner, to the times. We must either win over and gradually unite with ourselves the good and patriotic men of this new movement, by timely concessions, and thus meet the change gradually, or else the flood will at last break all barriers, and all the good, as well as all the evil in the old system, will be swept away in a great revolutionary change."

The Governor looked steadily out at the distant hills. "But yielding a little means losing all in the end. There can be no lasting compromise. It must either be the old order, as it always has been, or some new order that knows not us nor our ways."

"No," replied Griswold, "We must keep the spirit of the old in the forms of the new. Give broader and more liberal paths for the old life. And as leader of our party, this work lies first with you."

"What would you have me to do, Roger?" said the Governor. I cannot join with atheist and sceptics. State it plainly, man!"

Griswold looked pityingly at his old friend. Very reluctantly, at the urging of the Federalist leaders, he had undertaken the task of making their political requirements clear to Governor Treadwell.

"There you touch on the key of the matter, Governor. It is on the side of religion that we must make concessions. Nay!" as the Governor's face grew dark, "Nay, not that we must give up aught of our own faith, but that the beliefs of others must have more freedom, and that the State shall favor one no more than another. Our close association of the Church with the State has been our weak point in this contest. And you, our leader, represent such association all too strongly. As you well know, in this last election you were lampooned as "Deacon" Treadwell; you were called the partisan of Yale College and her hierarchy: you knew more of theology, they said, than of statesmanship, more of Foreordination and Grace, than of the affairs of state."

Treadwell made no reply, and Griswold, fairly started, plunged on. "As our candidate for next election you must not be so weighted. Resign as deacon; write no more on theology; separate, so far as may be, faith from politics. All those who are outside the established church are now combined against you, be they Episcopalian, sceptic, Catholic or atheist. The one way to break this combination is to separate our politics from our creeds. Our next candidate for governor must do this."

"Must! Roger?" said the Governor grimly, "Is this a threat?" And he turned and looked frowningly at his friend. "Does my re-nomination for the office of Governor depend on my compliance with these demands?"

Griswold was on his feet at once in his final appeal. "I make no threats, or promises. I know you too well, John, for that. But I speak for our party and for the State. John Treadwell, we are at the place of decision. Either we must yield somewhat, or we must go down, and if we go down—I speak from no selfish standpoint—there will go down with us the best of the past of this Commonwealth! I plead for the Federal party, our State, and the old Church! For myself, your old friend, and for your own future! Will you not hear me?"

Treadwell slowly rose to his feet and stood with his face toward the west. Below him in bits of broken silver, the river flashed through the trees. Across the distant meadows the growing shadows crept in long pencil lines.

Griswold looked up at his friend. The Governor's hands were clenched at his sides, the tall figure bent forward, and the red of the sunset burned on the heavy, homely face, with its slowly moving, silent lips. With bowed head and closed eyes the last of the Puritan Governors faced the new century, and prayed to his God for wisdom to see the right and strength to do it, whatever the sacrifice of place and fortune.

Then, as Griswold rose in anxious silence, the Governor's eyes opened. As though drawn by a magnet his look turned to the South, where, shimmering through the Summer haze, a slender spire pierced the tree-tops above the village. For the best part of his life he had carried the bread and the wine to the worshippers in that church. It stood for the deepest things in his soul. And now in the most momentous question of his time, its white shaft pointed for him the answer that marked a turning point in Connecticut's history, and closed John Treadwell's career.

"No, Roger, I cannot do it."

HERBERT KNOX SMITH.

Independence Day in Farmington in Ye Olden Time

At daybreak the report of muskets or of a small swivel broke the slumbers of the villagers. At sunrise the church bell was rung vigorously and the small boy added to the din by firing a pistol or an end of a gun barrel brought back from Concord busted. The grenadiers paraded covering themselves with glory, as they led the procession to the Meeting House. After invocation a chosen reader pronounced the Declaration of Independence, concluding with the sentiment, "That a Sovereign such as George the third, exhibiting such qualities of character, was unfit to be the ruler of a free people." The assembly then was led by the invincible Grenadiers to some grove where dinner was provided on long tables and generally provision was made for duly washing down the substantial meal. Then the toastmaster called all to order, inviting the rural orators to improve the opportunity. Of course the glories of our arms at Lexington, at Concord and at Bunker Hill were dwelt upon and the clenched fist shaken towards imaginary British red coats. Generally the first toast drunk was offered by a resident Major General and was thus stated: "Fellow Citizens, I offer you in memory the Patriot, George Washington." Lesser heroes were not forgotten nor were the ladies overlooked:

"The world was all a void,
The garden but a wild,
And Man the Hermit sighed
Till lovely woman smiled."

So the ancients celebrated here the natal day of our independence and kept their powder dry.

There was little of disorder, not much appearance of intemperance in food or drink. No fears of midnight revels disturbed the populace as they went to rest. As was said of Abou Ben Adhem, "May their tribe increase!"

C. ROWE.

Sixty Years Ago

SIXTY years ago every able bodied man in town, of suitable age, was required by law to present himself once each year on training day, armed and equipped as the law directs. He was to be subject to the inspection and commands of that magnificent personage the train band Captain. The town boasted of two companies of militia, one the Grenadiers with elegant uniforms, blue coats faced with white, white trousers, and Roman helmets surmounted with waving white plumes,—a select body of men whose numbers were constantly diminishing as the ancient military glory of the town decayed. The other company comprised all others who were liable to military duty, and was legally known as the First Company of the Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry, but popularly as the Bushwhackers. One of the old military orders has come down to us with its woodcut of flags, drums, tents, arms and other details of the pomp and circumstance of war, and the following order:

“Attention! First Company, Fourteenth Regiment, Infantry. To either of the non-commissioned officers: You are hereby commanded to give legal warning to all the members of said Company to appear on parade at the usual place, on Monday, the first day of May next, at 9 o’clock A. M. armed and equipped as the law directs, for Company inspection and exercise. LUCIUS S. COWLES, *Captain Commanding*. Dated at Farmington this 12th day April, 1843. Also are requested to furnish 12 Rounds blank cartridges.”

The last specification concerning powder was the thing of prime importance as will presently appear. I remember with great distinctness the events of this particular military display, almost, if not quite the last that took place in our streets. Lucius Cowles was Captain and Frederick Cowles was his Lieutenant. Both were arrayed in gorgeous uniforms. The rank and file, with an occasional red and black uniform representing the past glory of the company, were drawn up in a single line which reached from the store bearing the newly painted sign of Wm. Gay & Co. eastward nearly or quite to Whitman’s tavern. Some had muskets with bayonets and some without. Some carried fowling pieces or anything from which powder could be fired. The others were armed and equipped with whip stocks, umbrellas, or anything with which they could carry out the order to shoulder arms. The favorite commands were make ready, take aim and fire, at the latter of which the guns began to go off like a rattling long-drawn-out peal of thunder. This done the company was marched off to other grounds to repeat their exercises as long as the twelve rounds of ammunition lasted. The whole resembled a modern Fourth of July, but was vastly more amusing, less dangerous, and less annoying. Training Day was, or rather had been, one of the three great days of the year in New England, sharing with Election Day and Thanksgiving Day the enjoyments that came seldom and were all the more enjoyed.

JULIUS GAY.

Nature

About the Bobolink

WHEN one has lived nine or ten years in Europe and then returns to America, while still three hundred miles from shore the sky begins to look different from the European skies. It seems higher, and the long lines of cirrus clouds look cleaner and happier. Perhaps the atmosphere is rarer, and doubtless the gods can see better what is going on, in their earth. We returned to our native country in the autumn, and as we sailed into New York bay the autumn trees came down to the water's edge to greet us, covered with red and gold. I had expected from some of the American pictures I had seen abroad that the autumn trees would offend my Latin Quarter sensibilities by their crude coloring, but instead they were beautiful Venetian reds and yellows.

An excited American seized me by the arms, "Look at that, you never see such colors in your country," he thinking I was a Frenchman—from my cunning little hat I suppose. I think it must be like the dead revisiting the earth; or like visiting a church service after a vacation of ten years, everything seems so new and yet familiar. To hear the Katy-dids again, and see the Fireflies popping fire on the lawn, and to catch the first notes of the returning birds!

There is lots of good wine and beer in Europe, and some fine pictures, but there is no Katy-did, no Mocking bird, no Humming bird, no Fireflies, and without mentioning everything, there is no Bobolink.

I showed a Bobolink to my class this morning. "What is that bird?" I asked. No reply. (Most of my scholars have the misfortune to live in a city,) "It is a Bobolink," I said patiently and sadly. "Oh," said one, "I thought it was a *skunk black bird*."

About the tenth of May the Bobolink arrives in Farmington; he scales side-wise over the Whitman meadow, running a little exercise for his summer song. Some have interpreted it as:

"Tom Denny, Tom Denny, come pay me the five and a half sixpence you owed me more than a year and a half ago."

The yellow breasted chat is a very eccentric bird, hanging down his legs while he flies and sings, but the Bobolink is so much more common that his antics are better known.

"Half hid in tip top apple blooms he sings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quivering wings,
Or giving way to it with mock despair
Runs down a brook of laughter through the air."

In the old print of a cow's foot the Bobolink makes its home, above it are the tall daisies and the clovers, which almost hide the sky. Perhaps you may think it a dull life hatching these five eggs. Perhaps you think it a small thing to migrate back and forth eight hundred miles. The grasshopper pays madam Bobolink a visit, dressed in green coat and goggle eyes. The ants travel up and down the timothy grasses to take points on the weather, or run around on some uncharitable errand. The butterflies cast quite a shadow on the other side.

No one can more devoutly pray to be preserved from the terrors that come by night than the Bobolink. The nosing weasels, the skunks, the snakes, the cats and rats. Those early hunters in the interior of Africa may understand. No wonder the hair on the Bobolink's little head turned white years ago. He plays and rollicks through the air, as though his little body was drunken with the intoxications of spring. But it is the old story of the jester that is laughing and entertaining the world, while his family is always on the thinnest verge of destruction or surrounded with the grimmest realities of life.

When I have learned the bird language, I shall say little "gumps" why don't you build in the top of a tree, you and the sparrow, and the meadow lark?

There may be no answer, but if there is we will all learn something. Perhaps the Bobolink will say "By the great dock leaf,—or by the great Eupatorium Vulgatum,—we never thought of that idea."

If I should tell you all about the Bobolink changing his plumage so that the males and females all look alike, and how the male ceases singing as soon as the brood is hatched, then you would reply, but we knew that before, we read all about it in Bryant's poem about the Bobolink; but you might further add we love to hear it again, it refreshes our memory and it is like being revaccinated against ornithological ignorance.

R. B. B.

Art

Jules Bastien Lepage

WHILE Mr. Flagg was copying a picture in the Louvre, a little English midshipman engaged him in conversation. Among other things the midshipman said, "My grandfather was a British Admiral, and on his dying bed he told me to 'always hate a Frenchman as I would the devil.'"

It is this kind of gentle teaching that inclines nations to have such distorted ideas of each other. Numbers of English-speaking people always think of Frenchmen as dancing masters, and their art and literature is classed under a general head of artificiality. All this seems almost amusing to those who have traveled through modern France and also through French history. The real truth is, that France has such a varied character that if one chooses to see only her faults, they are colossal, but they do not overbalance her virtues.

Could any other country have produced a more wonderful character than Joan of Arc? And all through literature can one find more genuine men than Montaigne, Balzac, and the great Moliere? And was it not Victor Hugo who gave the modern altruistic impulse with his *Les Miserables*? Among the artificialities of French art, is there any modern artist more sincere than Millet, more painstaking and intent after truth than Bastien Lepage or Messonier? How minutely painstaking is Delauney, and a host of others? What conscientious painters of nature?

Let us salute France. Not alone because she reached out her hand to us in our hour of need, but because of her noble character. It is not so well known as it should be that all the world sits at her feet and learns the sciences and the arts. In France, many of us in many professions have had our schooling free.

What a home for the inventions of the human mind, for nearly all the inventions can be traced to France—many that we think peculiarly American, like the sewing machine, the use of steam, and so forth. Even the first ideas of Republican liberty were dreamed in France.

But what need for me to speak of all these well known things? As well, put one's hand on the Sun and speak reassuring words. There is the great country of France. Around her waist are her beautiful vineyards, and underneath them, like her glorious wine, beats her brave and affectionate heart.

But, to come back to the neighborhood of my subject. There are times with the fine arts when they seem to progress and blossom, as with the Venetians and the Florentines, and again there are times when the arts get so depraved that the Lord has to send an artistic Noah. Such was the case when David appeared in French art. We would not say that Bastien Lepage was a Noah among the fine arts, but was more truly one of the blossoms of a growing period in French Art, one of those flowers that nevertheless resemble each other all over the world; we call them the great masters.

In the year 1848, in the Village of Damvillers, was born Bastien Lepage, a homely little boy with blue-gray eyes and sandy hair. It is an interesting custom in France for every small town to be on the alert for any symptoms of talent. The parish priest or the mayor remarks that some child has a disposition for drawing or music. There is a council, and a purse is made up among the townsfolk to send the promising student to the best school in the department; if the boy is successful here, his next step is to be sent to Paris to the school of fine arts, of music, or one of the numerous other seats of learning, and finally if successful, he goes to Rome with a pension, and his future is pretty well assured. This is the early history of many of the most celebrated French painters and musicians. France has a certain tenderness toward her artists, somewhat like that which Americans have for their ministers.

My first remembrance of Lepage is seeing him drawing from the figure in Yvon's class. He was well down on the front row, having passed the examinations, number one. At this time he was already celebrated from a picture in the Salon. A little later he made the examinations for the "Prix de Rome," when he was placed number two. But most of his fellow students felt that an injustice had been done and that Lepage should have been number one. His fellow students carried him around on their shoulders, and talked of giving him a medal themselves, and blackguarded the authorities copiously.

Lepage's first exhibition at the Salon attracted general attention—a portrait of his grandfather sitting in the open air with a handkerchief and snuff box in his lap. The next year his exhibit was a most striking landscape of the hay-makers; one felt the warmth from the drying hay. About this time some of his remarkable portraits appeared—Sarah Bernhardt, the Prince of Wales, and the

portrait of a wine merchant, the last a most astonishing production for a young man. Lepage's portraits have something in common with Holbein's work. There is the same intense comprehension of human character, often very unlovely except as truth is beautiful. With Lepage there is also the clear-sightedness of Balzac. There was a small portrait sent over to America, a Damvillers peasant girl standing by a tree. It was kept at a dealer's for a time, usually with its face to the wall, for it made one thoughtful to look at it, and who wants to think much in New York. Finally this portrait was sent back to France again and kept concealed. Perhaps it is well, for more terrible than anything Millet ever was able to express is its pathos, its record of poverty, of generations and generations of hunger, ignorance and brutality, all given with a delicacy which few can express.

There is a beautiful picture of Joan of Arc by Lepage in the Metropolitan Museum; originally this picture contained the figure of Joan alone and the rest of the canvas was sewed on later. There have been many Joan of Arcs painted and sculptured, for every French artist tries his hand at this subject, but few are as interesting as this.

Who is it that says, "nothing astonishes mankind so much as plain truth and simple dealing,"—and this is the stumbling block with most art histories. If it were knowledge that helped, then would the great artists all come from Boston instead of from some ignorant little village in France or Italy.

Like so many of the world's geniuses, Lepage died very young, not having reached the full measure of his talents, but the work that he has left, though filled with youthful defects, is also marked by very unusual powers. E. C.

Book Notes

The Lion of Janina by Maurus Jokai, presents pictures of warfare in and about Stamboul, strong, virile pictures, not only of warfare but the superstitions, wonderful jugglery, the soft as well as the bloodthirsty character of Turk, Armenian and Greek. The events described are mainly of the early 19th century, with numerous jumps back into other centuries, and all with fairly good history as foundation. We expect every book coming out of this author's part of the world to be "theatrical," because events, people, costumes, and all—judged from an Anglo-Saxon's point of view—are so. We cannot imagine Anthony Trollope or Howells getting at the heart of things Eastern. So one opens a book whose j's and k's and h's have the trick of taking each other's sounds, prepared for shock upon shock. How the whole world is brought to our piazza chair through the story tellers and modern cheap book press. One day our thoughts are all in India, the next we are on a hillside farm of Vermont, or in Iceland. Is it at all surprising that one, between books, misses the stimulation in one's environment? There are so many clever and enthusiastic writers exploring every cranny of this world and the adjoining ones, in order to give us pictures of them, that one is no longer American, English, German, or anything else, but a spectator of the picturesque world.

The Forest Schoolmaster by Peter Rosegger takes you in among the charcoal burners, poachers, etc., of the Black Forest, where many of the peasants are overwhelmed with crass superstitions, and others are without belief in anything but the necessity for eating and keeping warm or cool. It is an entertaining account of the locality, with good descriptions of landscape and characters, and is strong in spite of an intense self-consciousness and love of the morbid on the part of the author. However this morbidness hardly mars a graceful and poetic spirit which imparts a great charm to the book.

C. F.

(*G. P. Putnam's Sons*).

Village Notes

The Country Club House

ON the morning of Sunday, May 20th, about three o'clock, the cry of fire announced the speedy destruction of the house of the Country Club. To five generations of the dwellers on Farmington Street it had been a familiar object, and the editors of this Magazine now desire some slight record of its history. It was built for Col. Fisher Gay by Capt. Judah Woodruff, to whose workmanship the village owes many of its older houses. Tradition, for which I know no authority, asserts that Col. Gay made a journey to Maine, no inconsiderable undertaking, and bought at the same time lumber for his contemplated house and for the meeting-house of the village. The latter was built in 1771, and the account books of Col. Gay, showing very lengthy and minute dealings with Capt. Woodruff, under date of October 10, 1766, give him credit "by 121 days work by yourself Joynering £22-3-8, by 86 days by Frayser £11-6-8, and by David 45 days £2-5-0." Other credits follow. The foundation of the house was a rectangle, the cellar extending under the whole building, while below all was a sub-cellar with stone shelves for the storage of butter and cream, before the day of ice and refrigerators. Though nearly as deep as the well a few feet east of the building, it was never wet. The construction of the house was peculiar. Instead of upright timbers a sheathing of two inch oak planks set on end, now nearly as hard as iron, surrounded it, on the outside of which the clapboards were nailed and on the inside the lath for the plastering. The whole was proof against rats, mice, and Indian bullets. The chimneys were laid in clay, mortar being used only above the roof. The kitchen was in the northeast corner and was provided with two brick ovens between which was the big fireplace. So the house remained until, in consequence of the ill health of Mr. Erastus Gay, his son Fisher, the grandson of Col. Fisher, was called home from the south where he was engaged in a lucrative business, to assist in the care of the family. More room was needed for two families and a gambrel roofed structure was added to the rear with lines at right angles to those of the main building. It contained two kitchens and pantrys for the two families. No cellar was ever built under it. On the east side was a square porch with a door leading into the kitchen on the west

and a broad seat running the whole length of the north side over which was a window giving light to the pantry. On the east side across a path stood the post of an enormous well-sweep. The L running out from the northwest corner, lately the kitchen of the club house, was added as a bedroom about the year 1842. The owners of the Country Club house moved the whole structure back several feet and somewhat further to the east, adding a porch to the front, a veranda to the west side, and a rustic chimney to the north-west corner. The general effect of the outside was carefully preserved. The present south-east corner occupies nearly the site of one of the corners of the old Lewis house which came to Col. Gay with his wife Phebe Lewis, the broad flat corner-stone of which was until lately religiously preserved. In this ancient colonial mansion were born two of the children of Col. Gay and all the children of his son Erastus and of his grandson Fisher. It was Mr. Erastus Gay who planted along the street lines the fine old maples some of which still survive. In front was a row of lindens which when measured about the year 1850 had attained the height of ninety-three feet. When built, the house faced on a fine broad street which ran west to the North meadow gate, and was for many years unincumbered by stores or churches. The road to Waterville had not been cut through the ample grounds, but ran along the eastern bank of the river. Now within a few years all the surroundings are changed, the formal garden, the fruitful orchard, the farm buildings, all are gone, every line of which comes back to the memory as vividly as the familiar faces of friends a moment absent.

JULIUS GAY.

THE Center school was closed on the twenty-first of June. The exercises consisted of recitations of poems and the reading of papers written by the graduates. A diploma will now admit a scholar to the high school at Unionville and most of the graduates will attend there next year. It is hoped, also, that the holder of a diploma will be given transportation on the electric cars from the district to Unionville by a vote of the town.

These two provisions, enabling scholars to receive a high school education easily and cheaply, if continued year after year, will certainly tend to raise the standard of the school by offering a proper incentive to faithful work. A definite result can then be expected of the teachers. The school numbers between 130 and 140 pupils in four rooms. The four teachers may well be called upon to fit scholars for a high school; but if more work is asked of them, it cannot possibly be done properly. It is hoped that these measures once in force will never be retracted.

Attention this year has been paid especially to the arrangement of the pupils in classes so that one teacher might not have more than two or, at most, three. Such an arrangement allows each class to receive more of the teacher's time and makes more certain the pupil's advancement. In this way, by the time scholars have been eight or nine years in the school, they ought to have the same abilities and accomplishments that scholars have in the grammar schools in other towns and cities throughout the country.

H. P. SWETT.

THE frontispiece in THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE for June was a portrait of Commodore Gillam, who came from Rotterdam to Charleston, S. C. In the first war with England in company with several Charleston merchants he brought in three English Men-of-War, and for this feat was made Commodore by the Governor of South Carolina.

Editor's Sketch Book

ON the afternoon of June 4th at the Farmington Lodge there occurred the unveiling of a tablet to the memory of Miss Porter, which was intended to dedicate the house even more than it formerly had been, to her as its founder. The day was very beautiful, and many of Miss Porter's former pupils came from a distance, as well as friends from town and the school in a body, so that the house, piazza and lawns were full of those most interested in the purpose of the gathering. The tablet is placed in the hall at the right of the front door as you enter. Near this Dr. Johnson stood and read a letter from Prof. Sloane, who had expected to be present, and then gave an address during which the tablet was unveiled. The services closed with a prayer. We publish part of Prof. Sloane's letter and Dr. Johnson's address. Tea was afterwards served by the young ladies of the school and an opportunity given to see the house whose charm and usefulness appeal strongly to all.

Prof. Sloane writes: Nothing could be more interesting or important than the occasion of unveiling such a tablet to Miss Porter's memory. Every girl in this or coming generations ought to catch inspiration from the daily reminder she will have as she sees the memorial that Miss Porter's laborious profession was for her a continuous call to work for and with her neighbors as well as in the duties of her vocation. I think there is nowhere a more beautiful charity than the Farmington Lodge. The memory of the just is sweet and when compassion is so blended with justice as it was in Miss Porter's character, the influences are nearest to perfection of any that are exercised in the every day life of this world. That the work of the Lodge is to go right onward under the visible reminder of its great founder is to me a source of genuine satisfaction. Ever sincerely and respectfully yours,

PRINCETON, May 29, 1901.

WM. M. SLOANE.

The address was as follows:

"We are met here to-day in memory of one whose influence is more felt and whose character is more an inspiration, as the years advance. This house with its loving ministry is a reflection of her spirit. It embodies an effort to bring under the cheering and uplifting effects of this quiet scenery which you have learned to love, some who might not otherwise be able to enjoy its restful charm. Like many of the ancient structures of this village it has seen the light of three different centuries, as we mark time. For a decade and a half, it has done its twice blest work of mercy—blessing 'him that gives and him that takes.' So quickly and clearly was it seen to be the expression of the spirit of your wise teacher, that response to the first call for establishing this place of rest was prompt and ample, as has been its support, each giving as she has wished, without the incentive of other gifts, or of the fame of her own. The list of givers has never been published. The effort for the maintenance of this beautiful service has in some cases begun the education of the giver in the joy of giving.

"The wisest of Teachers proclaimed a most important principle when, in the effort to lighten the sadness of their coming loss, He told His followers that it was expedient for them that He should go away. The influences from Him which would continue to act on them would be even more to their advantage than those which depended on His visible presence. The things that He had spoken to them would be brought to their remembrance when they would be better able to comprehend and apply them. Death is a great revealer. We

never know the full meaning and value of a life until it is ended on earth. We do not exercise our spiritual faculties to their utmost until the occasion is past for the use of those which are physical. 'First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual.' It is the quality and the evidence of genius in one who has passed out of our sight, that there is this enduring spiritual vitality, too subtle and indeed too large to be fully understood at the time, constantly going out from remembered words and deeds.

"Nothing is truer of Miss Porter than this continuing vitality. Deeply as she was loved and revered in her life, there is a stronger and more controlling emotion now in the hearts of many of you, and in its light you are getting new and richer meanings from the words she spoke and the deeds she did. Nobler effects are coming into your lives as you come to see how her thoughts fit your needs and are adapted to your surroundings, especially as you realize how her broad and lofty spirit would meet the facts of your lives. The influence of such a personality as that of Miss Porter grows not less but greater upon those who can interpret her by the light of sympathy and love.

"Some of you who share in this occasion did not know her, and the number of such must increase. We often come to know causes by tracing our way back to them from their effects. You are in the way of understanding her through such results of her character and teaching as this house and its blessed ministry. Standing on the beautiful ledge above we look out on these broad meadows and see lines of trees and shrubs, and by them we trace the stream that is hidden from our sight, but which sustains this rich verdure by its life-giving qualities. The unseen life of your beloved teacher is sustaining and nourishing in distant cities and amid quiet duties, much that by its strength and beauty, its gracious ministries and wise beneficence is making many a wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and deserts to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Those who have had the privilege of founding this Lodge commend it to you who are later comers as a sacred trust, with the hope that as your interest in it shall increase, it not only will have your support, but that it may bring joy and strength to you as it has to them.

"We are gathered here to dedicate by formal act this house to the memory of her by whose inspiration it was founded. This tablet which is now unveiled

(The veil was here drawn from the tablet by Miss Dorothy Keep, grand niece of Miss Porter.) is placed on its walls that those who come after us may know its true founder.

"This bronze by Mrs. Mary Lawrence Tonetti is a beautiful and enduring memorial of Miss Porter. It is to associate her in the minds of its future beneficiaries with all the loving service for which this Lodge was established."

THE TABLET

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

In memory of

Sarah Porter

M D C C C X I I I

M C M

For sixty years

the wise and beloved teacher

in this village

The Farmington Lodge Society

was founded in her honor

in M D C C C L X X X V I

And dedicated this house to her memory

in M C M I

in grateful appreciation

of her character and example

CHARLES S. MASON, Florist, Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.
Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER B. ABBEY, D.D.S.

Hartford, Conn.

Room 77

Sage Allen Building

HENRY O. WILCOX

Carpenter and Builder,

Register Building, 100 E. 5th St.

Main Street

Farmington, Conn.

Patronize our Advertisers.

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Valuable Property For Sale.

For
Sale
See
Ad

100 WESTMORE - Main Street.

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building.

HARTFORD, CONN.

D. R. HAWLEY,

**Decorating
and Painting***Artistic Interior Work*

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

*Huyler's***CANDIES**

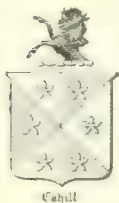
We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for
Huyler's Candies.

"Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh."

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GALLETT'S, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention.

PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.**E. P. CAHILL,****Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR**

are constantly buying new clothes t

satisfactory work promptly. We think, Cahill at 105 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn., answers to this description.



The Farmington Magazine

Clark & Smith,
Book and Job Printers,

49 Pearl Street.

Hartford, Conn.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company Building.

Printing of College Catalogues, Society Publications, Addresses, Poems, Genealogical and
Historical Works, Library Catalogues, Church Histories, etc., a Specialty.

Patented and Copyrighted.

Larned & Hatch,

High Class

Perfect Fitting

Shoes

945 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.



WASH.

SPRING

WASH.

N. R. & Co's
Best Mixture
Java and Mocha
Coffee
 The finest blend that we
 can produce.
40c. lb. 2 lbs. 75c.

WE HANDLE THE ENTIRE
 OUTPUT OF THE
 FAMOUS

Charter Oak
FLOUR
 Unequalled for perfect,
 uniform results in
 BREAD MAKING.

COOK ORANGE GROVE.

We have several hundred boxes of this fruit in cold storage and the flavor which is at all times the peculiar charm of this fruit, seems to grow more delicious every week.

We sell Cook Oranges by the dozen, the half box or the whole box.

Mail or telephone orders promptly and carefully filled.

We carry upwards of
150 Varieties of
Plain and Fancy Crackers
 Among these are the best
 productions of both continents.
All Biscuits Guaranteed Fresh.

**Newton,
 Robertson
 & Co.**

N. R. & Co's
Superfine
OLIVE OIL.
 Our Own Importation
 from Bordeaux.
 We do not know of a better
 Oil on the market

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS In Carbon or Platinum Pigments

Are absolutely permanent. You know how unpleasant it is to find that photographs, for which you have paid even a cheap photographer, are slowly, but surely fading out. Yet many people still feel that any sort of a picture — so long as it may be called a photograph — is bound to be satisfactory. But in the case of a dearly beloved father or mother, or son or daughter, or other near relative having passed beyond recall, the question of permanency in a photograph becomes a serious matter. *It is not difficult to procure photographs that will never fade.* We know all the modern processes at our studio, and we strive also to make all our work highly artistic. Let us try to please you with an order.

C. A. JOHNSTONE, Photographer,

45 Pratt Street, - - - Hartford, Conn.
 (Reception Room on ground floor.)

ESTABLISHED 1850.

WM. WANDER & SONS,

DEALERS IN ALL GRADES OF

PIANOS.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.
SOLD FOR CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES FOR

STEINWAY & SONS,

A. B. CHASE,

J. & C. FISCHER

MEHLIN & SONS,

FRANKLIN,

FOSTER & CO.

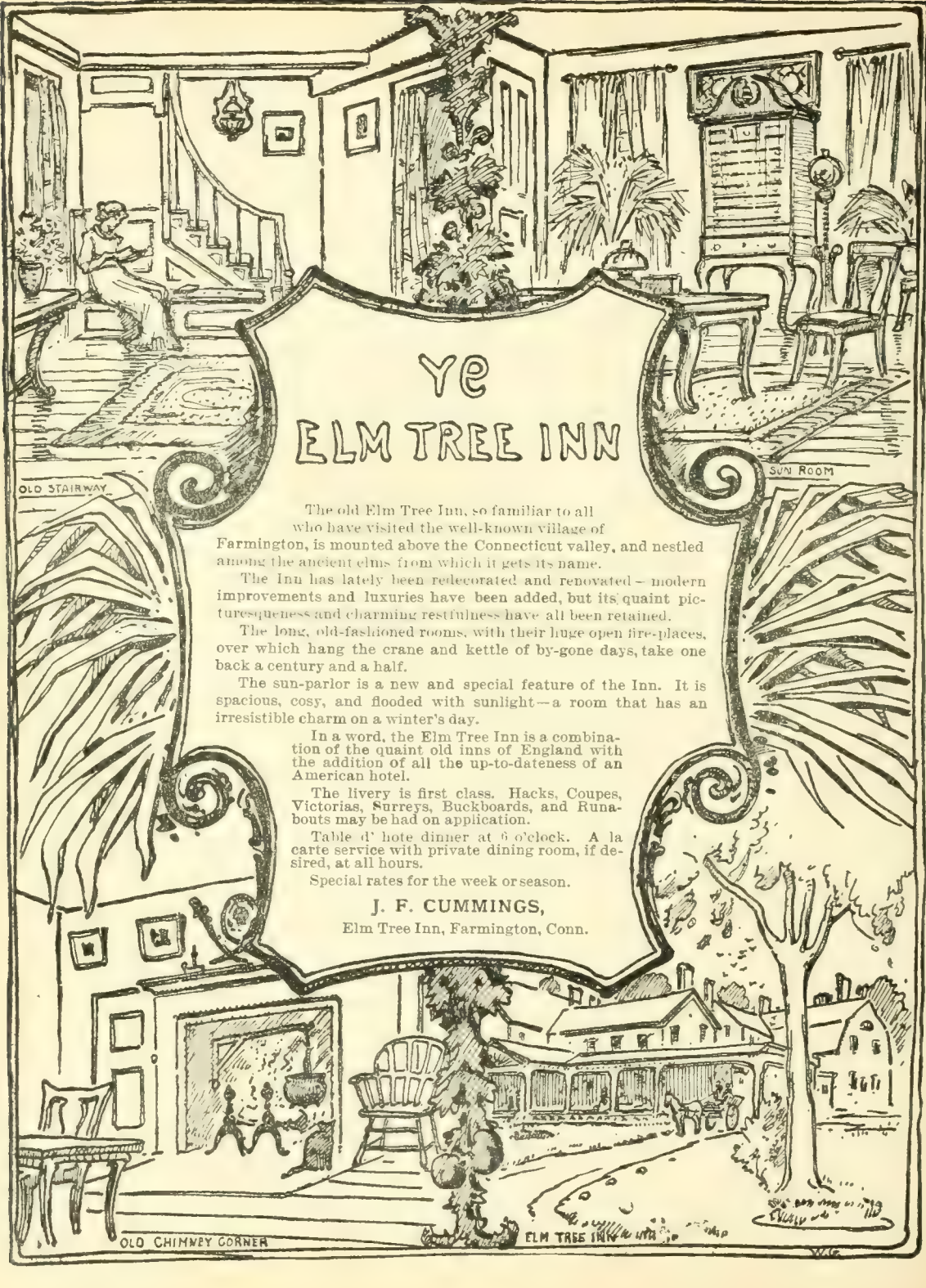
AND OTHER MAKES OF
PIANOS. ✓

ALL KINDS OF
Musical Instruments

AND
Sheet Music.

Largest Warerooms in the State.

239-241-243 ASYLUM STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.



Ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hôte dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

J. F. CUMMINGS,
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD STAIRWAY

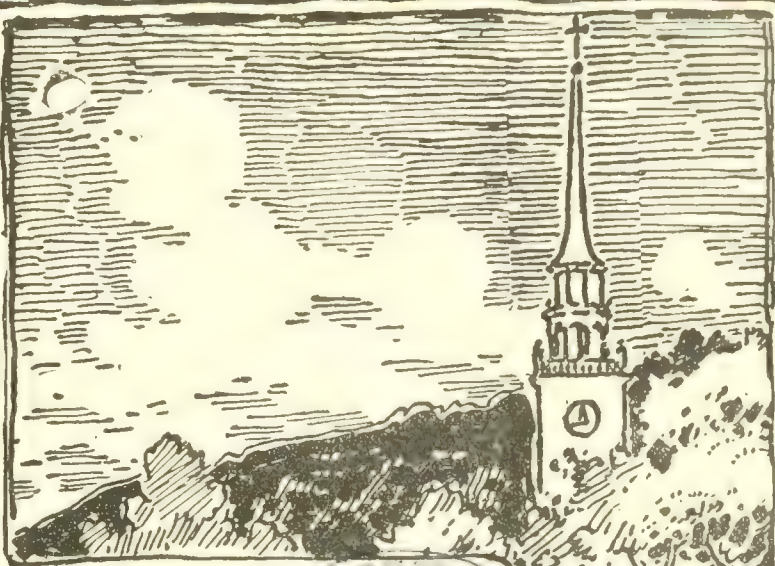
SUN ROOM

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



AUGUST

1901

SOME WORTHIES OF THE LAST
GENERATION (Continued)

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND LOCAL
INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

An Englishman's Views of American Libraries

Edward Porritt

NATURE - Robert B. Brandegee

The Sandpipers

The Ruby-throated Humming Bird

ART - - - - C. L.

The Pere Ingres

BOOK NOTES - Charles Foster

VILLAGE NOTES

EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK

FARMINGTON - CONN.

MAGAZINE

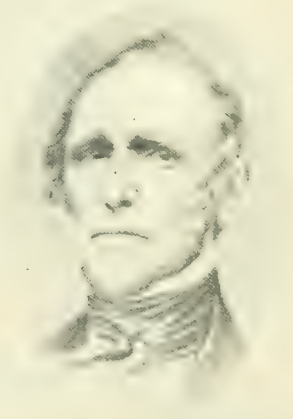
THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.

\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.
PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



Charles I. Whitman.
Timothy Cowles.
Thomas Cowles.

John F. Cowles.
Royal Andrews.
William Gay.

Francis W. Cowles.
James W. Cowles.
James Cowles.

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1901

No. 10

Some Worthies of the Last Generation

Charles L. Whitman was born May 26, 1827. He and his father for many years kept a tavern in Farmington, in the days when there was much teaming through this town. The place was famous in all the region, partly on account of Mrs. Whitman's excellent pies and cake. When one's ancestors have been among those who serve the public with care and courtesy, it seems to become second nature in the descendants to be very polite. This might explain Mr. Whitman's genial manners, but I am inclined to believe it was more a special goodness of heart. He was also for many years one of the directors of the bank and an appraiser.

John Edward Cowles was born November 4, 1819, and died February 22, 1898. *Francis Winthrop Cowles* was born November 13, 1810, and died March 7, 1868. Their father, Martin, kept a drug store, where stands Miss Adgate's summer house, or near there. They spent their lives as well-to-do farmers in this village.

Major Timothy Cowles was second son of Col. Isaac Cowles, whose home was where Anson Porter now resides. His brothers were Esquire Horace, Capt. Richard, Solomon, 2d, and Samuel Hooker. The last named was a Yale graduate and died in his young manhood, greatly respected. The business life of Maj. Timothy was passed in farming. He builded the well-known Stone Store which was destroyed by fire July 21, 1864. He also owned the large hotel building, now the place of the Porter Seminary. Maj. Cowles was a broad minded, large hearted man. Many a poor family would witness to his large benevolence. He loved to see his fellow men prosper in life and gave employment to very many laborers, allowing liberal wages to all. His valuable life closed April 28, 1858, aged 74, and a good man was at rest. The memory of the just is blessed.

Mr. James Cowles, son of Elijah Cowles, head of the noted firm of Elijah Cowles & Co., himself one of the wealthiest men of the village, lived at the corner of Main and New Britain Streets. His store was the brick building opposite. In the latter part of his life he moved into the house built by Gen. George Cowles and devoted himself to the development of his large holding of real estate in Unionville, especially of the water-power. He was a successful business man, conservative, caring little for theories and of great practical common sense. He was born April 17, 1795, and died November 20, 1858.

Mr. James Woodruff Cowles was a farmer and lived on the ancestral farm on the west side of Main Street half way to Plainville. Here he was born August 13, 1804, and here he died November 16, 1867. He will be remembered by most as one of the musicians of the village. He had a very pleasing tenor voice and led sometimes the choir and sometimes the old folks concert, then a novelty. He was also a frequent debater in the town meeting.

Thomas Cowles was son of Zenas Cowles, long years a merchant in the store on the corner of Main Street and road to the railroad depot. He was a graduate of Yale College and added the practice of law to farming. Cowles was a man of fine personal appearance, a ready debater and a fluent speaker. He served in both branches of the General Assembly and was popular with his constituents. At one time he went into business in the State of Ohio, but in a few years returned to his native town, where his later days were passed. His son, Capt. William Sheffield Cowles of the navy, now owns and occupies the *Old Gate* homestead on the corner. The old store building is doing duty as a laundry for the ladies' seminary. Thomas Cowles died October 22, 1884, aged 75 years. Elizabeth Sheffield, his wife, died on the 20th two days before. So in death they were not divided. One funeral for both.

Royal Andrews was the fifer for the Putnam Phalanx for between forty and fifty years. He was born November 2, 1807.

Deacon William Gay was for fully twenty-five years a deacon in the church, and for all his active life was one of Farmington's most capable business men. He was president of the savings bank and treasurer of the town through the trying years of the war. He died February 27, 1889, at the age of 84.

* *Gen. George Cowles*, was the son of Gen. Solomon Cowles, a colonial officer. The house with pillars, now the residence of James L. Cowles, was built for George by his father, Solomon. For a long time a sign was upon the front of his store then standing where the D. R. Hawley house now is. The sign read: George Cowles, drugs and medicines. The store continued a great many years under his management. Farmington then contained very many military men of high rank in office. It was Col. George Cowles then, afterward a Brigadier, then Major General, the highest office in the militia of the State. The General was greatly respected by his fellow citizens and justly, as indeed, he was a courteous gentleman of the olden time and a very capable military officer. His death occurred January 7, 1860, aged 80 years.

Augustus Ward was born December 4, 1811, and died April 6, 1883, son of Comfort and Plumea Ward. He was a merchant in New Britain in its earlier days. Marrying a daughter of Mr. Seth Cowles in 1840, he removed to this village and built a new house on the site of the old Cowles mansion. He was a farmer, but had much to do with the Farmington Savings Bank after its organization in 1851, being one of its most able and efficient directors.

* The photograph of Gen. Cowles had to be omitted because of lack of space.





Augustus Ward.
Dr. Chauncey Brown.
Samuel Denning.

Edward L. Hart.
Leonard Winship.
Austin F. Williams.

Winthrop Wadsworth.
John Hooker.
John S. Rice.

Deacon Edward Lucas Hart, nephew of Deacon Simeon, was born in East Haven, December 31, 1813, and died in this town May 15, 1876. He graduated at Yale College in 1836, and after teaching in New Haven and Berlin became associate principal in his uncle's school in this village. He was a successful and inspiring teacher, much beloved by all who were favored by his friendship. He was for many years a director in the Farmington Savings Bank.

Winthrop Wadsworth was born in 1812 and was for twenty-seven years first selectman of the Town of Farmington. This is the longest term which has ever been served by any man in the State of Connecticut. He also represented Farmington for six years in the legislature. He died in 1891.

Dr. Chauncey Brown was born in Canterbury, Conn. He went to Brown University for one year and then to Union College, whence he was graduated with honor. He was a student of Greek, reading the Greek Testament with great pleasure during the remainder of his life. From the medical school of Bowdoin he returned to Canterbury. In the last year and a half of the Civil War he was physician and surgeon in one of the hospitals of Washington. He came to Farmington about 1835 and in 1837 married Julia M. Strong. He was a strenuous believer in abstinence from alcoholic drink and also in anti-slavery when both beliefs were unpopular. He died in 1878.

Leonard Winship, a cabinetmaker in Farmington for fifty-four years, was born in Hartford in 1793 and died in 1872. All the mahogany work of the Congregational Church was done by him. While he was working there a man from Macon, Ga., so much admired the railing and pulpit work that he ordered a similar set for a church in Macon. This order was filled and the work done by Timothy Porter of Farmington. There are many houses in town possessing pieces of furniture made by Mr. Winship of which they are justly proud. The mahogany doors in the A. D. Vorce house were made by him.

Hon. John Hooker was born April 19, 1816. His early life was spent in Farmington, and at the time of his death, last February, this magazine published a short memorial notice written by one of his many friends in this village.

Samuel Deming in his time was one of the staunch citizens of this favored town. His occupation was farming as he had a large landed estate. The building now a postoffice was built by him, and for a period of time he engaged in trade with H. L. Bidwell, the firm being Bidwell & Deming. The building was afterward occupied as a tenement. Mr. Deming was an officer on the staff of Gen. George Cowles (a brother-in-law). He took a lively interest in the affairs of the Mendi Africans, whose school room was the upper portion of his store building. Mr. Deming served at times as magistrate and was a fearless defender of what he considered right. His age at the time of his death was 73 years, which occurred the 28th of April, 1871.

Austin F. Williams was born in East Hartford in 1805. Coming to Farmington as a young man he engaged as clerk in the drug store of Gen. George Cowles and was afterward a partner, the firm being Cowles & Wil-

liams. When the stone store was completed Williams & Mygatt (Henry Mygatt) occupied it as a general store, stocked with dry goods, groceries and various goods sold in country stores. In after years Mr. Williams started a stone and lumber yard in Plainville. The raging canal was then in operation and canal boats James Hillhouse, No. 1, and Henry Farnam carried passengers, wood and produce to New Haven, loading with groceries and pine lumber on return trips. The stone and lumber yard was on the margin of the canal basin where, near by, was the Timothy Steele Tavern. Mr. Williams was leader of the church choir in Farmington for many years. In 1841 he was very efficient in caring for the Mendi Africans. The business at the stone store was transferred to Cowles & Rowe in 1836. Mr. Williams having organized a company (Williams, Camp & Abbe) and opened a wholesale store for the sale of dry goods in New York city, so several of our former residents left the quiet country place for the activities and bustle of the city. Mr. Williams was in infirm health for a considerable period and died December 18, 1885, at the age of 80 years.

John S. Rice was born April 5, 1816, and died May 10, 1885. He had been judge of probate in New Haven and was in the State Legislature before coming to Farmington. None of us can forget Judge Rice, with his long white hair and beard. Walking among the shadows of the large trees near his house, with cloak and cane, one was reminded of the stories of an elderly baron on his estates. I once had some papers drawn up by the Judge about a transfer of property. When I wished to pay, he replied in his large manner, "I am not practicing law now, but I am always happy to be of any assistance to my Farmington friends." He was always active in affairs of the town.



SISTERS OF MERCY ARE WE ALL,
CHANGED YEARS AND YEARS AGO.
A FAIRY CHANGED US INTO FLOWERS
AND NATURE KEPT US SO.

Public Libraries and Local Industrial Development

An Englishman's Views of American Libraries, Given at the Meeting of the Connecticut Library Association, Stratford, Conn.

I cannot help feeling that it is a little presumptuous on the part of an Englishman who is not a librarian and who is only a sojourner in this country to come here to offer suggestions to Americans who are engaged in library work. But I can at least claim to be a user of libraries, and what I have to say is entirely in the way of suggestion and not of criticism. And perhaps I may at the outset be allowed to explain how I came to be asked to attend this meeting. During my seven years stay in Farmington I have enjoyed the privilege of all the libraries in Hartford, but in particular of the three which are housed in the Atheneum building. From the beginning of my stay in Farmington my use of Hartford's library wealth has been continuous and has brought me into the pleasantest relationships with Mr. Gay and Mr. Carleton of the Watkinson, Mr. Bates of the Historical Society Library and Miss Hewins and Miss Cummings of the Hartford Public Library.

It so happens, too, that during my stay on this side of the Atlantic I have been the correspondent of London, Manchester and Glasgow morning newspapers, and that my work for them has frequently taken me far afield both in this country and in Canada, and on missions which have necessitated the use of the public libraries in the cities and towns I have visited. My interest in library work and library economy, always keen, has been greatly stimulated by this frequent use of many libraries in widely different parts of the country. I have often had to spend days, sometimes weeks in them, and it is hardly possible to work even a couple of days in a library without observing the characteristic features of its policy and management. To anyone who thus visits and uses many libraries it soon becomes obvious that nearly every library has a character peculiarly its own and some features in its work which differ from those in other libraries. Occasionally after these journeys when I have thus discovered a feature that commends itself, I have told my friends of the Hartford libraries about it, and sometimes I have been asked on my return, what I had come across in library work that was new.

Last year my work as a newspaper correspondent carried me much afield. I made a round of all the steel ship-building yards on the Atlantic coast from Chesapeake Bay to Sydney Harbour and thence by way of the St. Lawrence ports to the shipyards on the Great Lakes. I also visited the larger of the New England cotton manufacturing towns. On each of these excursions it was necessary for my work that I should make some research into the local history of the industries which I was investigating. But my experience was that the public libraries on which I had counted for finding the material I needed, had almost entirely neglected this side of library work.

I have long held, and have not infrequently put it forward in my newspaper letters to England, that American libraries have but little to learn from English libraries; while on the other hand English libraries have much to learn

from American libraries, especially in the way of popularising libraries in work among children, making the most of their opportunities, and creating opportunities for extending library usefulness. But here was a point in which American libraries were behind some of the best and most progressive of municipal libraries in England, for libraries in the English manufacturing towns of the importance of Hartford, New Haven and Bridgeport usually make a specialty of collecting printed matter throwing any light on the history of the development of the principal local industries.

I know this is so in my own Town of Warrington, Lancashire, which as regards population and the character of its industries ranks with Hartford. It is a town with an interesting industrial history, and from material which has long been carefully collected by Mr. Madeley, its municipal librarian, its industrial history and development can be easily traced. Wigan, a neighboring town, is the largest centre of population on the South Lancashire coal field, and there the public library has long collected everything in print that appertains to the history of coal mining and the coal industry. Bootle, another Lancashire town, is the chief timber port in Great Britain, and there, too, on the shelves of the public library is to be found a large collection of literature appertaining to the great industry which has given the town its chief commercial importance.

When I got back from my excursions last autumn I told my friends at the Hartford public library of my surprise at failing to find material affecting the industries I had been investigating in the public libraries of the cities I visited. They frankly confessed that had I undertaken an investigation of any of the principal Hartford industries and begun work at the public library, I might have had a similar experience. But both Miss Hewins and Miss Cummings quickly saw the usefulness of collecting the material affecting local industries, and a little while after my talk with them Miss Cummings asked me whether I would be willing to put before the members of the Connecticut Library Association the reasons I had advanced to them in support of my suggestion that the public libraries should give some attention to the collecting of this kind of material.

I readily consented to do so, for although as I have said I am only a sojourner in Connecticut, Connecticut is to me my American home. No Connecticut man can be more in love with this beautiful State or happier in living in Connecticut than I am: and apart from this personal feeling about the State I can hardly conceive that there can be anyone here who is in debt to so many Connecticut librarians as I am. For six years past all the time I have been able to spare from the work of a newspaper correspondent, and some time that has been almost stolen, has been devoted to historical research into English industrial history, in pursuit of which I have received innumerable favors and much practical help at nearly every important library in the State.

After what I have said it is useless for me to attempt to deny that I approach this question as a partisan. I approach it from the standpoint of an English student of American economic and industrial conditions, and ad-

mittedly I am an interested witness as to the utility of the line of library work I am suggesting. But conceding all this I think that no public librarian will deny that a library can do useful work in connection with local industrial development. Before the era of manufacturing in England, in the days when each community was self-contained and met all its local wants, historical interest in our English towns centered about a baronial castle, about a cathedral, a market, or a great fair, or a bridge which served as a key to the military control of the country. In England industrial interest, so far as history is concerned, is only a modern overlay to interest of a much earlier and more stirring and more romantic period. But in this country, except in the case of a few towns, historical interest will center mainly about industrial development and in the new century, when a historian approaches the story of the development of a great American city he will inevitably turn first to the question as to what have been the commercial and industrial influences which have made the city what it is, and to answer this question he will need just such material as I failed to find when last year I was investigating the development of iron and steel ship-building in the cities along the Atlantic coast and the history of New England cotton manufacturing. The student of economic and social history will also want this first hand material. Nor will its utility wait until these historical students come. In the Lancashire towns I have named industrial matter which is there being collected has been found to have an everyday utility to people who are engaged in the industries.

It may be asked what kind of material I would suggest should be collected. To answer that question I will take a concrete case, that of Hartford. My suggestion as to Hartford, was that the public library should undertake the collection of contemporary printed matter concerning the principal industries of the city. Hartford is to-day famous in this country and in Europe for at least three lines of industry. Its bicycles are seen in every country under the sun. Then, again, there is a great tool factory in Hartford, the products of which are changing the workshop methods of the world. The machine tools which are sent out so widely and in such large numbers from Hartford are affecting the social and economic conditions of all nations. They are raising problems for trade unionists in England, and have already figured in the diplomacy of France and the United States. Still another group of Hartford products is finding its way into the arsenals of all the great military powers and revolutionizing to some extent the methods of war. Following out the case of Hartford my suggestion is that the public library should collect all the printed matter issued by these great firms; their illustrated catalogues and their price lists, and anything in fact which throws any light on the conditions and history of these industries.

This kind of matter will not drift into a library. But my experience is that much of it can be obtained by a postal card or by a personal call. Last year when I was on my round of the shipyards I made Philadelphia my starting point historically. Iron shipbuilding began on the Delaware at Philadelphia, Chester and Wilmington, and I felt confident that there must be much material in the public library at Philadelphia covering the early years of one of the most

interesting and, as it now promises one of the most important of American industries. When I turned to the catalogues in the library the only entries under ships were *Ships that Pass in the Night* and a book for boys by a popular writer describing the picturesque and adventurous side of seaboard life. On shipbuilding I could not find a single book and all the material contained in the library as far as it could be found for me was what was embodied in one of the histories of Philadelphia. Yet when I made my round of the Delaware River yards I found that each of them had well-written and excellently illustrated books covering its history, and describing in detail every vessel which had been launched from its ways. Judging from my own experience, the public libraries could have had these books for asking. And they were really worth having; for embodied in them was not only the history of the local industry, an industry which like everything else which has to do with the sea, is always of interest, but also much first hand material for the history of the Federal navies which have come successively into being since ships of iron superseded ships of wood in the war navies of the world.

I am not complaining that these books were not in the Philadelphia library. Their not being there added but little to my work; for in any event I should have had to visit each of the ship-building plants. I am now merely pointing out the value of such industrial material and indicating how easy it would be for public libraries to collect it.

Coming back to my Hartford suggestion, just think for a moment what interest and value will attach say twenty or thirty years hence to a complete file of the illustrated catalogues of the bicycle factories there. They would tell in a way that no amount of descriptive writing could do the story of the evolution of the bicycle and the same will be true of a complete file of illustrated matter now being issued from the automobile factory in Hartford. At the time these catalogues are issued they are easily obtainable. They find their way into everybody's mail, along with other less interesting advertising matter. They are looked at and thrown aside. Few people collect them; but it is clearly somebody's duty to do so, and to my mind this duty seems to lie very near to the public library. There is another reason why this material should be collected locally. Some of it is copyrighted, but much of it is not. The non-copyright matter does not find its way to the National Library at Washington and a student who does not find it there must inevitably turn to the cities which are the centres of the industries in which for social, economic or historic reasons he is interested.

Hartford has industries which have become peculiarly its own and as I have said have given it a world-wide fame. But it is not peculiar in this respect among Connecticut towns and cities. As far as my observation goes there is scarcely a town with any manufacturing which has not some industrial specialty which makes it famous in the State and beyond. Bridgeport with its typewriter and ordnance factories; New Britain with its builders' hardware, and Meriden with its britannia metal goods, are only typical of the many industrial centres of the State. Each of them has a line of work which could with advantage be taken care of by the public libraries in the way I am suggesting.

Nor would I confine the collection of printed matter to the manufacturing side of the industries. Part of my suggestion is that the libraries should collect local contemporary literature covering the operative side of these industries. Trades union rules and manifestoes, and trades union price lists will all have a value in years to come and will be specially wanted when a Connecticut man comes forward to do for the industrial life of his State what Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb have done so well for the operative side of all the great industries of England. Mr. and Mrs. Webb found much difficulty in approaching their great work from the fact that public libraries did not exist in the early days of British trades unionism, and that the small amount of printed matter necessary to their scheme which had survived was widely scattered and extremely hard to locate and unearth,

It may be answered that much of the printed matter issued by the trades unions finds its way into the daily newspapers, and that as files of these are kept it can be easily referred to there. But apart from the labor of working over newspaper files, it must be remembered that this printed matter seldom finds its way into the newspapers in its entirety. It is usually edited or cut down or paraphrased in order to save space, and when a student has searched through a newspaper file and found the document he has been seeking, it oftener than not loses half its usefulness to him from the fact that it is not complete.

Reviewing what I have said I am afraid I have treated the subject too much from the point of view of an historical student. But as to the everyday usefulness of the matter I am suggesting should be collected, I think anyone who has had experience in the reference room of a library will agree with me that it is unnecessary that I should emphasize that side of the subject. When it becomes known that a library makes a speciality of collecting this industrial material there will soon be frequent calls for it. My only purpose has been to present the value of this material, and from the standpoint of a user of libraries, to suggest very generally the lines along which the collection should be made. It is a department of work which will throw no extra burden on the finances of a library, not, at least, so far as obtaining the material is concerned, and it is a work in which the smallest public library may have a part.

EDWARD PORRITT.

A voice in the stirring of each tree,
And they toss their arms and lean toward me.
A dirge-like air, as pityingly
Every sep'rate leaf turns pale.
The air dies into a long spent sigh,
A shadow floats under a broken sky,
'Tis a day's lament that a day must die
Through the voice of a summer's gale.

L. L. M.

Nature

The Sandpipers

THE Sandpipers are a large family with long legs and slim little bodies. A few gentle notes, like "peetweet, peetweet" is their cry. Most of the Sandpipers live in the wild regions around the arctic zone. If they ever had any song it has long ago been lost in the hoarse roar of the ocean. Little slim morsels of life among the wild elements they come to us from the north during the migrating seasons. Where the long waves of the ocean roll and unroll on the shore, there are the Sandpipers, escaping with great dexterity from the sea, hardly a fleck of foam on their feathers.

Almost the only Sandpiper with us is the Spotted Sandpiper, *Tringoides Macularis*. We all know him well by his habit of moving his body up and down, "Tip tail" is one of his common names. Even the young begin to bow and scrape as soon as they are born. I once saw M. Thiers at an art gallery. People took off their hats to him continually, and he kept returning the salutes, with his mind and eye on the pictures all the time. Perhaps there is some history where the sandpiper was impolite, and nature has punished him by making him bow to everything.

At the foot of a hill of corn, or near some red sorrel, in a barren field, the Spotted Sandpipers make their home. After bowing to each other, to the cornfield, to the ryefield, and to their future home, the nest begins to be made. Of course it is quite slight for there has to be so much bowing and scraping work progresses slowly. But at last it is done, the four eggs are laid and bowed to and approved.

But there is a time when the Sandpiper forgets his manners for a moment, and that is when its nest is in danger. Then the mother bird limps and tumbles along the ground as though badly hurt, until the intruder is led far from the nest. Then the Sandpiper makes a series of polite bows and spreads his long, thin wings, calls "peetweet, peetweet," and is gone.

The Ruby Throated Humming Bird.

WAY over at the farthest end of all ornithology, against the insect world, is the little Humming Bird. The Lord had finished creating the insects and then made the Humming Bird. Around the little bird's neck is hung the order of the golden fleece, turned in any way it glows with the fire of jewels, it is as though every flower had contributed a bit of color to their benefactor.

But it is not because of his splendid decoration that the Humming Bird carries himself so proudly, but because his heart is enormous in proportion to his size, his stomach is not as large as his eye, and his brain is very large. He

knows no fear, the long three thousand miles that he migrates every year are as nothing to him. Think of this little creature on his long voyages, a little atom of life among the big elements. From the flowers he must sip some nectar that takes away all fear, for on occasion, when defending his nest he will attack man, like that pigmy who defied Hercules to mortal combat, and all the time Hercules held the little hero on the palm of his hand.

It is curious that of the six hundred or more varieties of Humming Birds, there is only one variety that visits the United States this side of the Mississippi river, the Ruby-throated Humming Bird.

The Humming Bird is so small he has to hustle in among the bumble bees and wasps for his meals, but so active we can hardly follow his flight as he flies from flower to flower. Some confuse the Humming Bird moth with the female Ruby-throated Humming Bird. These moths are certainly very much like a small Humming Bird, and are perhaps the first sketch or idea of a Humming Bird.

Our Ruby-throated Humming Bird is said to never build its nest more than twenty feet from the ground, and usually builds much lower. It lays two white eggs about the size of small peas. One would have difficulty in finding the nest, but the bird has a nervous habit of flying on and off again which is almost sure to betray the place.

The nest is a dainty bit of work built in a vine or on the low branch of a tree, lined inside with a yellowish down from some plant, the outside overlaid with lichens. While the female is hatching the eggs the male is rarely seen. Perhaps he keeps away for fear he may be asked to set, and that might hurt his gorgeous decoration.

If a north east storm arrives it is apt to kill the young Humming Birds, and even the parents shrivel up like dried flowers, but the warm sun brings the old birds back to life again.

R. B. BRANDEGEE.

Art

The Père Ingres

VERY few artists touch the stars by the force of their own genius. Almost always there is a predecessor, or an aspiring school of which these geniuses are the topmost sprays. People have sometimes wondered what was the use of all the lesser artists; but it is they who carry the sacred fire from generation to generation, and often it is they, not discouraged with long lives of apparent failure, who feather the arrows of the youthful geniuses. We Americans are not content to have our arts grow quietly with good, healthy leaves, but we want them to come crackling through the ground like crocuses.

Behind Ingres was David, he who revolutionized French art, who rescued the Muses from conventionalism as the former David rescued the lamb from the mouth of the lion. David the French painter must have been a rough specimen. It is said that he watched the guillotine often, remarking facetiously, "We will

grind more red to-day." But it was he also who brought back the French art to nature again, and notwithstanding his glaring faults was a great man. Like our Puritan ancestors, who put such a grim backbone into New England that millions of ignorant foreigners can never completely undermine it, so David gave the Muse of painting and drawing such a shaking one can easily see the traces to-day.

With a grim joyousness David and his pupils routed the forces of Boucher. There is an anxious look on the Boucher Cupids, for David and his host despoiled them. There is a keen happiness in galloping in among the stupid conventions of men and making the horses cavort and plunge, the fire flies from the pavements, and as the time honored customs scurry frightened away, many a fool's cap and religious cloak is lost.

Probably Ingres could not have had a more fortunate teacher than David. The Muses already felt well disposed toward David, and this feeling went over to David's pupil, Ingres. To him was given most of the great artistic gifts, but one of the loveliest of all was withheld. Like Moses, Ingres was allowed to see the country he might not enter. One does not wonder at Ingres' admiration for Raphael, for he had a dash of Raphael's power as a draughtsman. Only Ingres did with a life long experience and thought what Raphael did with the freedom of a child.

Perhaps the French may never come nearer a Raphael than in the *Père Ingres*.

I remember hearing some of the scholars in the school nicknaming the *Père Ingres* the *Père Encre*, referring to Ingres' short comings in coloration. I also remember making some criticism about Ingres and my teacher quietly remarked, "all that is very true, but Ingres' mistakes were always the mistakes of a great man."

One of Ingres' beautiful works is the picture of *Œdipus and the Sphinx*, and the *Source*; a nude female figure, this latter, and sufficient to immortalize any painter. It is said that twenty-five different models posed for the drawing of this picture; the color is fine and the drawing quite remarkable, especially of the body. Ingres broke loose almost entirely from the theatrical defects of David.

There was a great antagonism between Ingres and the romantic Delacroix, and yet Delacroix, in the latter part of his life, was observed making copies of Ingres' drawings. It was Ingres, who in the early part of his career, drew those beautiful little crayon portraits. I think he had to sell them for five francs each, and some might have been tempted to think he was not a very successful artist, but it was these very drawings that made Albert Dürer in Heaven turn to Raphael and Raphael in turn say to Holbein. "Look at that man down on the earth and see what he is doing. Isn't that fine!"

Michael Angelo remarked when he saw the works of Titian: "There is a man who would be the greatest artist in the world if he could only draw well." It is curious this matter of drawing; there is a tradition that the colorists always draw badly, and many a young artist has seized upon this idea

with avidity—it seems like a short cut to success. There is a certain intoxication when the colors are let loose, when the clouds and the trees are flowing from the end of the brush, 'tis then the long patient years of drawing make the hand and the brain work almost automatically. And the drawing holds all together as the sober man holds his drunken companions on their feet. There is a purity and an intellectual pleasure in fine drawing akin to a sculptor's joy in form, and the great draughtsmen sometimes look down on coloration as a slight thing, "a tint over the form," as Ingres said. There are pictures by Ingres which show a fine sense of color and others where he seems to have defied harmony in his worship of form.

Ingres was not only a great draughtsman but he strove all his life to give all that subtle charm that goes with the "first shot,"—"premier coup." Many other Frenchmen have been as correct as Ingres, but not all are intelligent enough to see that there must be much added to correctness. The great draughtsman not only draws the outline correctly, but he feels his line every second, as a great violinist feels the hair of the bow biting the strings. The great draughtsman bears on a little harder as he passes over the accents of the bones, broadens out loosely over the fat parts, and tightens again as the muscles run into the tendons. All that is one of the subtle differences between an artist and an ordinary delineator, and between an artist's work and a photograph. Ingres' portraits miss by a very narrow margin being the greatest portraits ever painted, but one cannot quite place them with Holbein, with Velasquez or with Raphael. Ingres' portraits are like beautiful flowers, but lack the perfume that would make them perfect.

Perhaps Ingres' greatest quality was as a teacher, although it must be said that his teaching was a little too ideal for an ordinary art student. But his impress is on many of the best French artists of to-day, and the best artist among the impressionists graduated from the severe school of Ingres.

We all remember the affection of Rubens for his scholar, Vandyke. But nothing could surpass the affection of Monsieur Ingres for his pupil, Flandrin. Flandrin, after taking all the honors of the school, evolved into the most celebrated religious painter of France, and after his long days of work among the saints and the angels, he would descend to the floor of the church and find Father Ingres waiting to praise and encourage him. Sometimes they were both in heaven through the working hours of the day, and in the evening would rejoin each other on the earth. But the Muses could not leave these two for long, for Ingres was a fine musician, and again their spirits would soar on those delicate melodies that fly upward to their home in paradise. What a pity that we may not all be artists and see how much of heaven lies all around us.

And yet I often think that those who lack the gift of expression are endowed with the deepest feelings.

C. L.

Book Notes

It is very difficult to explain why certain books have the power to hold one's attention through so many chapters, without containing—from one end to the other—anything more than ordinary talent. Winston Churchill's *Crisis* is hardly above this class of books. It might have been written by any one of a hundred or more novelists that one could mention, and not including the few who stand out strongly as men of genius. Its methods are entirely conventional, the climaxes only moderately imaginative, and it only escapes the commonplace by the Lincoln, Grant and Sherman incidents. Even his enthusiasm for these men has, of course, been surpassed by several writers of deeper appreciation. And yet the book is certainly entertaining. Given the exciting incidents of war, a writer of only fair talent can hardly fail to hold one's attention, particularly now-a-days when one's facts are so easily attainable. But the best of this in *The Crisis* suggests newspaper talent.

Mr. Churchill shows a most annoying understanding of what constructs a story of the kind enjoyed by the greater number of persons who read stories. It reminds one of the plays that have long "runs." As one gets away from the book, like the play, it seems difficult to recall anything that promises much better work, and that is because it is so impersonal. The author is a worker, and will probably work his public as long as they and he can stand it, and his business capacity will direct him in his search for good popular material.

In *The Sky Pilot* by Ralph Connor, we are unsuspectingly corralled by a Sunday-school book. There is no harm done by this, and it is done so cannily and charmingly that one smiles instead of being offended. The high moral thumps of "the pilot" are all deserved by those who get them—men whose ideas of "liberty" are essentially egotistical, that liberty to degrade others in their own entertainment. There is great color that might be called poetical, written with unusual taste. The idea occurs to one—in these books of out-of-the-way corners—whether they are read by the people themselves and if the effect will be to make them become conventionalized or affected. C. F.

Village Notes

THE changes just now going forward give Farmington a busier look than it has had for many a year. A new home for the Country Club is taking the place of the one recently burned, and it is a pleasure to know that the quaint colonial model is to be followed. The house on High Street which loses Mr. Porritt, to our great regret, is to be adjusted to the uses of the School Club, which has leased it. Then the New Britain road is rebuilt, and while it is not exactly a macadamized road, is very nearly so and is a great improvement.

But about the old "Church Green" the stir is greatest. The chapel, whole and strong after its eighty years of active service, has left its foundation, where the new parish house is soon to rise, and has found a new resting place, on

the other side of the Town Clerk's office, and thirty feet east of it. A new macadamized road is in process of construction on the north line of the Church Green, to take the place of the dirt road which before intersected the green.

The ancient meeting-house, which was built one hundred and thirty years ago and was changed as to its pulpit and pews sixty-five years ago, is now receiving its second change, in which more effort will be made to cling to the colonial style than the fathers made in 1836. The new organ is being put in place in the alcove prepared for it behind the pulpit.

For a time the church holds but a single service in the week, and that is on Sunday morning in the Village Hall, which seems very readily to adjust itself to the unfamiliar sounds of prayer and sacred song. The hall will be none the worse for its new occupant; neither will the church. It is not impossible that each may catch something from the association to its advantage.

THE Porritt house on High Street has been taken by a club of the girls who have graduated from Miss Porter's School. The membership of the club is limited to sixty and the number who can be here at one time is limited by the capacity of the house to twelve. The building will be renovated during the summer and will be ready for occupancy October 1st. The fortunate members of the club expect that these exceptionally pleasant conditions will add to the delight of their return to Farmington.

MISS PORTER'S School is to be somewhat enlarged this summer. A library, a memorial to Elsie Hunsecker of Buffalo by her classmates, is to be built on the south side of the main building, and on the north side back of the Ward House will stand the new Infirmary. This is to be in the shape of a Maltese Cross, making four rooms with light on three sides and opening on one central room.

THE District School Meeting was held in the Village Hall, Friday evening, June 28, with an attendance of sixteen men and thirty women. Mr. E. Deming, Mr. H. C. Crandall and Mrs. Timothy Root were elected as committee. The motion was carried that the committee should have authority to sell the North and South schoolhouses, which have not been needed since the districts were consolidated. The committee was empowered to have the Middle District Schoolhouse put in sanitary condition in accord with modern ideas. Mr. Swett, the principal, was invited to read his own report. This review of the past year's work and recommendations for the coming one, keep the public in touch with the needs of the children. Mr. Swett spoke for more regular attendance at school and for free transportation of the graduates to the High School in Unionville. The latter, he claims, is only justice to the pupils and economy for the town. A high school course can not be given here without another room and another teacher. Then as classes grow smaller and as age of pupils advances it ensures a better school to have all advanced scholars under one roof, thus forming larger classes and receiving the full benefit of class work and spirit. This matter has to be settled at the Annual Town Meeting and we hope the fathers of the town will be sufficiently interested to carry it.

The increased attendance at the school meeting is in contrast to that of only a few years ago, when from six to fourteen persons met on the school-house steps to settle affairs for the year. The greater interest now expressed helps both teachers and scholars to obtain better results.

THE summer sewing school opened its course of ten lessons July 9 under Miss Isabel Huntington. The plan of work is the same as last year; it includes use of the machine, cutting shirt waists from paper patterns, fitting them

properly and all details necessary for their completion. The cooking school will not open until fall. The summer course was given up on account of the illness of the teacher engaged, and owing to the unavoidable discomforts of the heat and removal of the building the later date will be more favorable for a happy beginning.

M. D. B.

THE PASSING OF THE ORGAN.—At the last song service held in the Congregational Church before the removal of the organ, there were doubtless many who listened and thought of those who in former days had entered, hopeful and happy, to the strains of the wedding march, and of the passing out of the departed—many of note and worth—to its slow and solemn music. For nearly or quite three-quarters of a century the choir had been led by flute, tuning fork and stringed instruments, when the time came that an organ seemed the necessary demand. A committee was formed and Mr. Julius Gay appointed to transact the business.

The organ, which is now for sale, has quite a history connected with it. About forty years ago a party of young men who were in College at Amherst, Mass., had it built at Westfield for their own use and in such form as they thought would be best adapted for that purpose. A call came for volunteers for the war and the most, perhaps all, presented themselves as volunteers. The war having changed their plans, an order was given to sell the organ and the Farmington church secured it. There seemed some difficulty in finding organists, until Miss Grace Cook of New York, came to fill a position as teacher of piano, under Mr. Klauser's direction. Miss Cook—later Mrs. Edmund Cowles—filled the position of organist for twenty-five years, perhaps more, and until her eldest daughter stood by her side filling a place in the choir. Mrs. F. S. Scott has now been the organist for several years, touching chords that have brought comfort to aching hearts, and joy to the hopeful.

THE LIBRARY will be closed to patrons from July 31st until September 14th.

Editor's Sketch Book

OUR village has suffered a great loss in the death of one of its most intelligent and public spirited citizens, Rev. Dr. J. W. Backus. He had been feeble for several years, but his genial and courtly greeting on the sidewalk, or at his hospitable door, was never changed and was always delightful to receive. It will be greatly missed. He was a man of scholarly tastes and acquirements, and until a few years ago had been for nearly twenty-five years a member of the corporation of Yale University. But he did not live in the air. His intelligent interest in current events, his sympathy with all efforts for the betterment of life here or elsewhere made him a delightful companion. A very keen and sweet humor always sparkled in his conversation. Going to the office for the morning mail has lost one of its attractions, for his stories were always good and his comments on persons and events were keen and pungent and had no sting. He was a Christian gentleman. We are the poorer since he has "crossed the bar."

WE are greatly indebted to Mr. Alderige of Farmington for the success of the illustrations in the last three numbers of the magazine. He has made photographs from oil paintings, from water colors, from old photographs, daguerreotypes and steel engravings, and in a work necessarily so painstaking, his carefulness, patience and energy have been unailing.

CHARLES S. MASON, Florist, Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.
Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER B. ABBEY, D.D.S. Hartford, Conn. Room 77 Sage Allen Building	HENRY O. WILCON Carpenter and Builder, Main Street
---	--

Patronize our Advertisers.

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH, Attorney at Law, 847 MAIN STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.	Valuable Property For Sale. Main Street
--	--

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building,

HARTFORD, CONN.

D. R. HAWLEY,

**Decorating
and Painting***Artistic Interior Work*

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

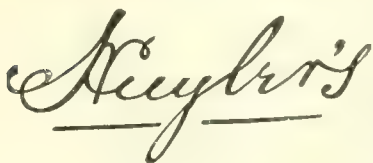
HORSFALL & ROTHSCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for
Huyler's Candies.

The logo for Huyler's Candies features the brand name in a highly decorative, cursive script. The letters are intertwined and flourish, with a small star or dot above the 'y' in 'Huyler's'.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GALLET'S, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.

CANDIES

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention.

PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.

E. P. CAHILL,**Hartford's Leading LADIES' TAILOR**

It's a great comfort to those who are constantly buying new clothes to be within reach of a tailor who does satisfactory work promptly. We think, Cahill, at 105 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn., answers to this description.



The Farmington Magazine

Clark & Smith,
Book and Job Printers,

49 Pearl Street.

Hartford, Conn.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company Building.

Printing of College Catalogues, Society Publications, Addresses, Poems, Genealogical and
Historical Works, Library Catalogues, Church Histories, etc., a Specialty.

Patronize and Satisfy

Larned & Hatch,

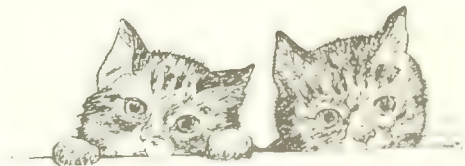
High Class

Perfect Fitting

Shoes

945 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.



FREE

TWO SMALL KITTENS

with a pair of shoes

shoes

and a pair of shoes

and a pair of shoes

**N. R. & Co's
Best Mixture**

**Java and Mocha
Coffee.**

The finest blend that we
can produce.

40c. 1b. 2 lbs. 75c.

WE HANDLE THE ENTIRE
OUTPUT OF THE
FAMOUS

**Charter Oak
FLOUR**

Unequalled for perfect,
uniform results in
BREAD MAKING.

**COOK
ORANGE
GROVE.**

We have several hundred boxes of this fruit in cold storage and the flavor which is at all times the peculiar charm of this fruit, seems to grow more delicious every week.

We sell Cook Oranges by the dozen, the half box or the whole box.

Mail or telephone orders promptly and carefully filled.

We carry upwards of

**150 Varieties of
Plain and Fancy Crackers.**

Among these are the best
productions of both continents.

All Biscuits Guaranteed Fresh.

**Newton,
Robertson
& Co.**

**N. R. & Co's
Superfine
OLIVE OIL.**

Our Own Importation
from Bordeaux.

We do not know of a better
Oil on the market.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS
In Carbon or Platinum Pigments**

Are absolutely permanent. You know how unpleasant it is to find that photographs, for which you have paid even a cheap photographer, are slowly, but surely fading out. Yet many people still feel that any sort of a picture—so long as it may be called a photograph—is bound to be satisfactory. But in the case of a dearly beloved father or mother, or son or daughter, or other near relative having passed beyond recall, the question of permanency in a photograph becomes a serious matter. *It is not difficult to procure photographs that will never fade.* We know all the modern processes at our studio, and we strive also to make all our work highly artistic. Let us try to please you with an order.

C. A. JOHNSTONE, Photographer,

45 Pratt Street, - - - Hartford, Conn.
(Reception Room on ground floor.)

ESTABLISHED 1850.

WM. WANDER & SONS,

DEALERS IN ALL GRADES OF

PIANOS.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.
SOLD FOR CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES FOR

STEINWAY & SONS,
A. B. CHASE,
J. & C. FISCHER
MEHLIN & SONS,
FRANKLIN,
FOSTER & CO.

AND OTHER MAKES OF
PIANOS. ✓

ALL KINDS OF

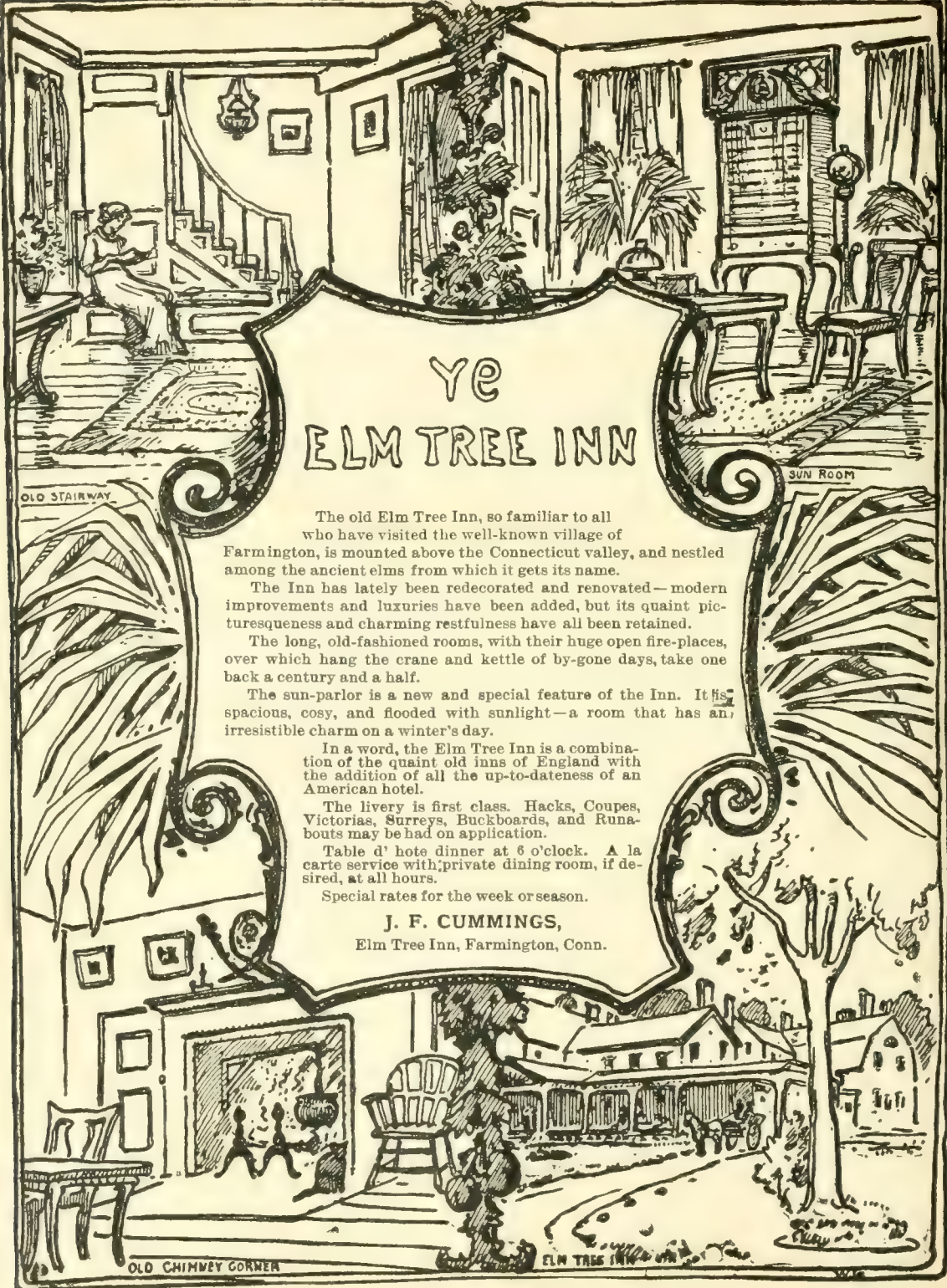
Musical Instruments

AND

Sheet Music.

Largest Warerooms in the State.

239-241-243 ASYLUM STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.



Ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hôte dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

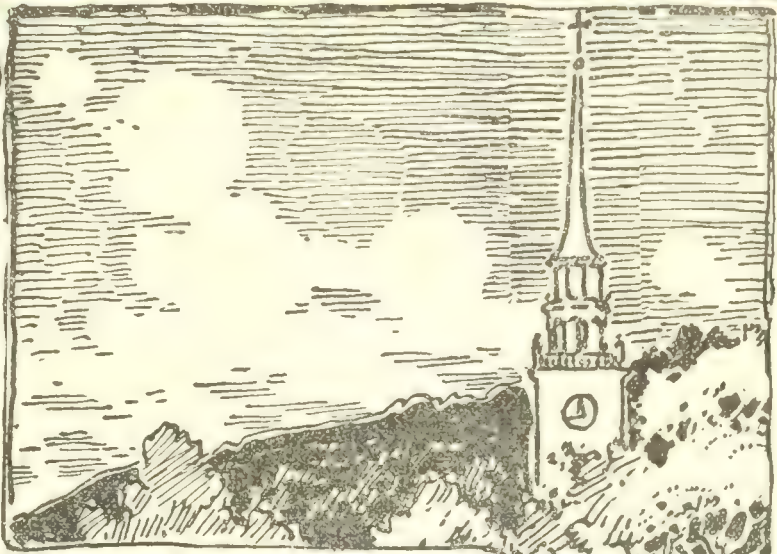
J. F. CUMMINGS,
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



SEPTEMBER
1901

IN THE FARMINGTON GAR-
DENS - - - - G. L.
CASSANDRA - W. Brian Hooker
FARMINGTON AND THE UNDER-
GROUND RAILWAY - E. H. J.
AMERICAN HERALDRY Julius Gay
NATURE - Robert B. Brandegee
The Owls
ART - - - -
The Greek Invasion
BOOK NOTES - Charles Foster
VILLAGE NOTES M. B. Brandegee
Peach Culture in Farmington L. E. R.
EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK

FARMINGTON - CONN.

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.
\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.
PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



A FARMINGTON GARDEN

FROM A PAINTING BY E. T. ROBERTS

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1901

No. 11



THE love of flowers is so planted in the American people as almost to make it a national characteristic. The humblest families have their pot of geraniums, which looks from the front window, giving a pleasure to all that pass, or it is turned inward to see the good lady of the house at her household duties. It is true that there are some good women who have a secret understanding with the flowers and anything, even a dry stick, will grow if they only stroke it and whisper words of encouragement. This gift is like the gift of the horse tamers or like the power some have over all animals. With those who have the means to express themselves more fully, the love of flowers takes a correspondingly large place. A large garden is built and sheltered by great trees or massive stone walls, and here when the summer arrives we see the old garden flowers of our forefathers smiling at us with the same sweet smile that they had for George Washington and Martha Custis; sweet odors fill the air, of balsam and fennel and box and mignonette, and their fragrance is the conversation of the flowers. Is there anything more delightfully democratic than a flower; the prince and the pauper receive the same beautiful greeting, and though the bees and the butterflies may be stealing its gold it never complains. No one can enter these beautiful gardens and return to the outer life quite the same and as for the unconfessed lovers I warn them that every shrub, even down to the little line of box that borders the flower beds, is overflowing with affection and is always conspiring to aid them. It is remarkable how much the great writers of romance do for us. The Waverley Novels were so vivid that all the plots seemed laid in my native town. And

later reading those beautiful stories of children by Miss Wilkins the whole scene is enacted in one of our Farmington gardens. Miss Wilkins is at her best when she is leading a little child in a garden and one might say that she has made a garden in literature and planted the Hollyhocks and Mignonette, the Sweet Alyssum and the Balsam there, so that there will always be a delicate odor of flowers for all the future writers.

One cannot over estimate the good that flowers do in the public parks. It sometimes seems if the front church yards were planted with flowers they would make a most eloquent sermon to all who passed.

For many years the garden of the old Norton place was almost like a public flower garden. Later when it came into the possession of D. N. Barney the old garden was preserved, the lines of box were reinforced and a conservatory built beyond where the more tender plants might retire for the winter. Near the door stands the gardener, like St. Peter, saying what flowers may enter. Where now is the beautiful Pope garden was a natural depression in the land, one of those hollows where the dogtooth violets and anemone's grew, and the wild azalias flourished. One may sit in the central arbor now and see the box trees with their glistening green leaves, the Digitalis, the Hollyhocks, the Phlox and the Lilies.

Farmington abounds in lovely gardens. The two mentioned are the most strikingly old-fashioned, where the little beds, box-edged, and the arbors and rose trellises carry us back many years, and we look to see the brocaded ladies and gentlemen in powdered wigs walking in stately fashion through the clean swept paths. But there are others less primly and carefully laid out, where flowers and sweet shrubs grow along the walls and the edges of the paths in confusion, where there are nooks and corners of loveliness and fragrance. Wild flowers bring much that is interesting into a garden. I know a clump of sand violets that seem fairly to speak as you pass them, and some columbines and big blue violets up against the wall of a house that are first to hail the spring. Some wild flowers to be sure will not associate with us. I know of one garden in the village which has tried hard to adapt itself to the wild White Dogwood, but has failed sadly.

The mind goes back to that first garden where Adam and Eve walked in happiness together. We feel thankful that while Adam was forced to depart the flowers might follow after; and if one may believe the record of Fra Angelico, in the homes of the blessed, where the families are reunited and all is peace, the ground is garlanded with flowers.

G. L.



Cassandra

Ay, shake your heads and smile behind your hands!
I know your inward thought. Because I come
Not with sweet lies to soothe you, but to clutch
Your cowering hearts with the gaunt grasp of fear
Ye hate my words and me. "This girl," ye say,
"Is mad. She hath angered Pan or dared to look
Upon the Mother of Darkness and she raves
Of doom foredestined and the thunder of gods,
And blood and fire and wailing in the night,
Mad."—Yet about your noonday drowsiness
There drones a gad-fly doubt: "If she speak truth"—
And therefore ye would choke my speech with sneers
And scoff, as if by scoffing ye could rise
Above the gods ye mock. The very beasts
Dread the unknown and yield it honor; ye
Fear only fear. Shall ye not one day fear
Heaven's vengeance for a prophetess unheard?

Where lies your fancied safety? Do ye deem
Insulted gods forgetful, or by gifts
Appeased? Olympian anger crouching waits
With evil patience, while ye jest and laugh
And hug the harlot Fortune to your hearts
Till sin on sin shall bloom your swollen souls
Red-ripe for the shears of Fate. Put ye your faith
In far-swung swords, in clanging chariots,
Red-nostril'd steeds that spurn the Scamandrian plain,
Bright spears and brazen shields? What hope is here?
The bolts of Zeus are swifter than your steeds;
His thunders drown the din of clamorous cars;
His will that bent the Uranians is more strong
Than beaten bronze. Or do ye trust in those
Stern sons of gods, heroes of Priam's line,
That rage like raging floods amid the host
Invincible to guard you? They ere long
Shall tread the shadowed shores. The father's arm
Immortal shall destroy his mortal son;
Their sires on high shall bow your heroes low—
And wide-wayed Ilion built by gods, shall fall
Smitten by wrath of gods.

They will not hear—

Ah Heaven, they hear not! Lo, their curved lips
Hiss forth contemptuous whispers and their eyes
Stare cold and curious, full of unbelief.
Am I mad indeed? Is this the end of all
Those dear dim days long vanished when I sat
A wondering child among the grave kind priests
Bearded like thistledown, and hushed in awe
My childish laugh to drink their words? Of all
Those holy hours of girlhood when I grew
To know the gods, and heart and soul and sense
Reached out to grasp the mystery and might
And wonder of their beauty? Then my heart
Would ache for happiness and happy tears
Would wet my eyelids, breathing in the breath
Of rain-washed woodlands, feeling all the joy
Of passionate Summer in my blood. Ah, woe,
Woe to these lips of mine that cry in vain
To shut and scornful ears! Woe to this heart
Unloved, unwedded, childless, ever torn
With travail of dark prophecies alone
In hollow gloom of hatred. Lord of day,
My sunlight-lord Apollo, master mine,
If ever as a little child I played
Within thy sacred courts or wreathed thy shrines
With hyacinth and laurel; if ever I
Lent lips and life to voice thy word to men;
If ever thou didst look on me with looks
Of godlike love, grant me one moment's power,
Averter, to avert my country's ill!

They hear not. Still they hiss at me like snakes.
I will keep silence—hated of the god
I loved and strove to honor, smitten mad,
Dishonored and disowned. Let me go hence.

* * * * *

Listen, ye scoff of heaven! Mine eyes behold
With vision not of this blind world, the woes
That brood above this land. Lo, as I look
I see a flame of fire from Tenedos
Float o'er the midnight ocean; faint and dim
At first and flickering forth the baleful rays
Of fever-stricken Sirius. On and on
Near and more near, it grows, it swells full-orbed
And seems the likeness of a Danaid shield

Unheavenly bright; and hovering round its rim
Half shown in lurid shadow, I behold
Forms dire and dreadful, Gorgons dragon-tressed,
And fierce Eumenides with eyes that glare
Like emeralds. Lo, it nears the gates—and now
A kindred flame bursts forth within the town
And the two meet and twine and roar to heaven,
Whelming in hideous conflagration all
The city. In the streets I hear the din
Of bright swords riving bronze-rimmed shields, the shouts
Of rage, the shrieks of pain, the tramp of men,
The whisper of the grinding steel, the hiss
Of hurrying shafts, the short-breathed laboring gasp
Of warriors and the groans of those who fall.
I see the bright blood flashing in the flare
Of blazing palaces. I see the babe
Torn from the mother's breast and dashed to death
Against the reddened stones. I hear the wails
Of virgins clinging to the temple steps.
I see—O gods, the horror of that sight!
I see myself, white, struggling, terror-eyed,
Dragged from the shrine by rude relentless hands
With shouts and brutish laughter. The houses fall
In blackened ruins, hurling hissing sparks
Against the shuddering stars; and overhead
Where the dun, billowy smoke-clouds rise and roll,
I see the dreadful faces of the gods
Gazing in thirsty wrath unsatisfied
Upon the Heaven-wrought ruin of Ilion,
The fiery death of Priam's princely sons.

I knew ye would not hear me; for the gods
In anger at your impious pride, have closed
Your eyes and stopped your ears with fond conceit
That ye may not be saved. The unchanging Fates
Laugh as ye march high-hearted on to death.
I say to ye that even to the end
Ye shall not heed; and in that very hour
When your blind hopes rise highest—when ye sport
Like Icaros, on waxen wings, above
The illimitable darkness, then your fall
Shall come. I say that even now that hour
Approaches—and my prophecies are true.

W. BRIAN HOOKER

Farmington and the Underground Railway

It is hard to believe now, when the North and South are becoming more and more closely joined, that at one time hatred was bitter between the two portions of the country, and that here in quiet Farmington feeling ran high and the fugitive-slave law was opposed and disregarded by some hot-headed radicals called abolitionists. For us who in this day are at all interested in social questions, it is hard to understand why every one was not an abolitionist. I suppose it was as hard then as now to decide every question on its own merits. So we give the brave advocates and prophets of freedom the more honor, and easily forgive them their share in the disturbances of the time.

The Underground Railway was the name given, I suppose, to a route for fugitive slaves from the South to Canada, and Farmington is proud of the opprobrium of being one of its stations. The route led from New Britain or Southington through to Simsbury, and several fugitive slaves were helped over this, no one of whom was captured.

Mr. Rowe says of these times: "It is true that an occasional bondman found his way to Canada for freedom. Farmington citizens had read somewhere: 'We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' So the fleeing fugitive was fed and housed and then sent on his way to liberty with a blessing and a cheer, to gain in a monarchy what was refused in a republic. One of the strangers remained for a time in the employ of a farmer. His back exhibited marks of a fearful scourging with a raw lash. In one of the stores he was asked as to the suffering. Pretty hard to bear, he said, but when the bleeding flesh was rubbed with rum, 'I tell ye, boss, that fetched ye home from paster!'"

The daughter of one of the strong abolitionists writes: "I remember my father going to Hartford once to one of the hiding places where a negro was concealed in a wardrobe in the house. It was winter and sleighing. The man was put in the bottom of the sleigh and covered in such a way as to resemble a load of feed. He was brought to our barn and there passed on to another place of safety and reached Canada in due time."

There were about thirty abolitionists in town and each had to suffer more or less for the faith that was in him. Jeers, rotten eggs—sometimes threats or worse. Those were the days when helping one's fellow man was an actual hard fact, costing real self sacrifice.

The daughter of another prominent abolitionist recalls her excitement over things for which she did not know the reason, her feeling that all who were not in sympathy with her father were his bitter enemies, the mystery that surrounded many of his comings and goings. She and her brother dug often in the ground, hoping always to find the "Underground Railway." There were three stations in town, one Mr. Horace Cowles' house, one Mr. George Hurlburt's, and the other Wm. McKee's, the last house in Farmington on the Waterville road. The chimney of this house is still standing.

A colored man living in town, in Mr. George Hurlburt's house, often went to Mr. Elijah Lewis' at night, giving a signal. Then they would go away together. One night about nine o'clock Mr. Lewis met this colored man and a slave where the wolf-pit road comes out by the Hartford Turnpike. They followed the high road to the Deer Cliff Farm and from there to Simsbury. Mr. Lewis once sold some land to Jane and Maria Thompson for George Anderson, who was a fugitive slave. Anderson had expected to settle down in Farmington, when one day he saw in the street a planter, a neighbor of the plantation from which he had escaped. Anderson was afraid to stay and never was seen here again.

A very interesting story is told of Mrs. Hardy. One day her father left home telling her not to answer any questions that might be asked while he was away. She, never dreaming of asking why to any of her father's requests, spent most of the long summer day on the doorstep, and saw in common with the rest of the village a horse covered with lather being driven frantically through the street. Later she learned that a slave had been hidden in the southwest bedroom and the man who drove so furiously through the town was his owner. But the slave escaped. How we should love to have helped! Now we have no furious galloping, no secret signals and mysterious hiding places attending the freeing of slaves.

Before me lies a curious sheet of paper, a bit of anti-slavery literature. A black kneels, his imploring hands and crooked ankles chained together. Below him is the motto: "Am I not a man and a brother." Then follows a poem, the first verse of which I quote:

"Forc'd from home and all its pleasures
Africs coast I left, forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But though slave they have enroll'd me
Minds are never to be sold."

And then a note: "England had 800,000 slaves and she has made them FREE. America has 2,250,000 and she HOLDS THEM FAST!!!"

E. H. J.

DEAR—Life hath wings that grow from the beginning;
That flutter first, then try to fly away
A freedom gaining;
What that hath wings, O restless!
Would fold those wings and be content to stay
Long here!
'Twere better dear,
Like a long lost bird to fly into the night
And skyward fly away.

L. L. M.

American Heraldry

IN Frank Stockton's entertaining story of Pomona's Travels, his heroine pays a visit to a family-tree-man in London, who wrote up her line of ancestry from the first of her name who came over with William the Conqueror down to the end of the sixteenth century, gratifying her exceedingly with an account of her grand old family and their ancestral castles. She supplied him with the American line which left an unfortunate gap between the two parts of about two hundred years. Her family-tree-man tells her "I don't think I would mind that. Gaps of that kind are constantly occurring in family trees." Pomona's family tree is a type of most records of the kind. Amateur genealogists swarm over the land wearing out and destroying priceless public records and vexing the not always patient souls of their custodians. When the work of many painful years is finished and funds are needed for the printer, the volume is usually made attractive to subscribers by the addition of the record of some English family having the same surname, with pictures of venerable castles, and with coat armor like the Assyrian cohorts of Byron, "gleaming in purple and gold." The writers are wont to enquire what is the Smith coat of arms, or the Jones coat of arms, or the Brown, or the Robinson, ignorant that there is no such thing as *the* Smith family, or *the* Jones family, though there are numerous distinct and unrelated families of those names. A rapid glance at the origin of English surnames, as extensive as the limits of this magazine allows, will show how little any relationship can be predicated from similarity of family names. In early times surnames were rare. The names John, Matthew, Henry and other names bestowed at the baptismal font were sufficient for all purposes of identification. When the village population increased and there were numerous Johns, they came to be further described as John at the mill, or John on the hill, or John the smith, or weaver, or baker, or cooper, and as certain localities were long occupied by the same families, and trades and handicrafts descended from father to son, the numerous Johns were in time known as John Miller, John Hill, John Smith, John Weaver, John Baker and John Cooper. Now as every little hamlet in England had its own mill, blacksmith, weaver, cooper, etc., there came to be as many distinct and unrelated families named Miller, Smith, Weaver, Cooper, etc., as there were separate hamlets in England. The probability of any relationship between these scattered families bearing the same name is apparent, and with it the claim of each to the glorious ancestors, achievements, castles and heraldic pomp of the others. Yet this identity of name is usually the only thing considered by the compilers of genealogies. The woeful gap which separates the elder from the recent family is usually bridged over by such convenient phrases as There is little doubt, or It is extremely probable, or It is an admitted fact, etc., etc. There are a few American families who can trace their line back to ancestors entitled to bear coat armor and only a few. Let us not regret their infrequency. A well worked out history of a New England family is usually an honorable record

needing no pomp of heraldry to enoble it. A committee of the New England Historic Genealogical Society which has been considering the subject for a number of years past reports: "As there is no person and no institution in the United States with authority to regulate the use of coats of arms, your Committee discourages their display in any way or form. . . . A coat of arms did not belong with a family name, but only to the particular family, bearing the name, to whose progenitor it had been granted or confirmed; and it was as purely individual a piece of property as a homestead."

JULIUS GAY.

Nature

The Owls

It is well said to call the night feminine, for her cool moist touch soothes the dry earth after its hot feverish days. It is well said to call the night feminine with its long rivières of stars whose depths no man can fathom. To the night belongs the Romance of the Earth, for when the moon rises with its peaceful look and its forehead crossed with scars, it transforms the dustiest place into a land of Romance, in whose mysterious shadows a silvered blade of grass is like the wing of a fairy. Is it the hoop of a barrel that one sees over there or a silver crown lying in the damp soft grass?

Into this wonderful romantic world was born the owl, the night giving him a soft robe of silence that sheds the air like down. Companion of the moon, messenger of the night, into his large round eyes has crept the wondering, steadfast look of those who live with the stars and know the mysteries of the night.

The Great Horned Owl, the common Screech or Red Owl, the Long-eared Owl, the Short-eared Owl, the Barred Owl, and the little Saw-Whet Owl are our most common Owls. When the winters are severe we sometimes have a visit from the Great Gray Owl, the Snowy Owl, the Hawk Owl, the Richardson Owl and Barn Owl.

In the neighboring town of Berlin is Lamentation Mountain; it looks like a great lion with its head between its paws; it has been sleeping this way for a million years, ever since it came roaring through the sandstone with the central fires of the earth behind it. In a deep solitude on its eastern side is a little lake without any outlet or apparent inlet. We think the mountain keeps this little reservoir for its thousands of birds and wild animals.

When all the life of the mountain is wrapped in sleep, with only the cry of a whippoorwill or the zigzag flight of a bat across the sky, suddenly there is a wild unearthly cry, as though some human creature was being strangled. Every little bird snuggles closer in its nest, the partridges give a low note of warning to their brood, and even the wandering rattlesnake stops to listen.

It is the Great Horned Owl, the *Bubo Virginianus*. Under his beetling brow is an eye that reminds one of Daniel Webster. He is bringing out his two children, a brother and sister, to show them where they were born. The two little owls are sitting on a limb, and turn their heads completely around without turning their bodies, "as all well bred owls do." In fact their eyes are fixed in such a way they are obliged to turn the whole head, and this prevents any undignified movements.

"Children," said the father, "this whole mountain belongs to you. Every day we will have partridges, warblers and jumping mice for dinner. Over there is the town of Berlin, all its hens and chickens are yours. Now all hoot together." The little ones gave a faint gurgle. "Let us show you," said the parents, and they gave a yell like a warhoop. "We want to go home," said the little ones, "it is warmer in the tree."

The Great Horned Owl lays two large white eggs, making its nest in the top of a tall Hemlock or in some hollow tree. This Owl stays with us the whole year round. The nest is usually made in the month of May. The Long-eared Owl is much smaller than the Great Horned, but otherwise they look much alike. The Long-eared Owl makes its nest in a deserted Crow's nest, usually in the top of a tall Hemlock tree.

Our most common Owl is the Red Owl, Screech Owl, or Mottled Owl. Formerly when ornithology was less complete, they made the Screech Owl into three different kinds, but since it has been found that the different colors are only varieties of one kind. This Mottled Owl is the one that is most commonly heard around dwelling houses, and to some who are superstitious, its notes bring much trouble. Probably the cat is of much less service in catching mice than is this little Owl. It is strange that these interesting creatures should receive little attention from man besides a charge of shot. The Barred Owls are the only Owls with brown eyes.

A word about the "Saw-Whet" or Acadian Owl, a little Owl not longer than the length of your hand and much commoner than is generally believed, for this little bird is so strictly nocturnal it is rarely seen by day. Its curious cry from which it receives its name of "Saw-Whet" strikingly resembles the workings of a saw and a file. Occasionally one is overtaken by the day when he seems utterly helpless.

To return to the Great Horned Owl. One cloudy day he and Madam Owl had taken the little family down the side of a mountain to see them capture some field mice. Everything went along as usual until a Blue Jay spied them. Immediately he made such an uproar that not only did the disgusted parents lose the mice, but all the birds on the mountain began to gather. The uproar was deafening. "What does it all mean?" said the young Owls, turning their heads solemnly. "It means," said the old birds, "that those d— Blue Jays have got the whole mountain down on us, and if we don't get away quick there'll be trouble."

Mr. Bowles, an eminent ornithologist, kept two Barred Owls which he used as a lure to call all the birds together, "Puffy and Fluffy." He placed

them in an open pasture and every bird in the neighborhood was soon scolding around the Owls, while the ornithologist near by was studying them through a field glass.

What is there so precious at the north pole that makes it necessary to clothe the whole earth in a perpetual garment of white. Some think the Ptarmigan and the Snow Buntings are clothed with white so that they may not be seen by their enemies. But their enemies are also clothed in white, they also have the invisible cap. Even the Polar Bear is dressed in white. Is it not more probable that in the cold arctic regions is that large entrance to the center of the earth, and all must be dressed in pure white before they may cross its borders? What is there we do not yet know, but the large serious eyes of the Snowy Owl seem to have seen remarkable things. These successful arctic explorers come to us with a confidence leading one to infer that in that northern land the birds are treated kindly. Who knows but some time we may find letters from the north pole tied under the wings of the Snowy Owls.

R. B. B.

Art

The Greek Invasion

THE teaching of drawing in the United States has progressed in a very remarkable manner in the last twenty-five years, following closely after the surprising developments in music. There are certain times in the progress of a country when its teachers become of real historic interest; often men of great artistic power, their prominence is even more due to the part of teacher they have played in the development of the arts. In this way the country owes a peculiar debt of gratitude to men like Mr. Theodore Thomas, Mr. Mason and Mr. Karl Klauser in music, and to Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. Montague and Mr. Charles Flagg, Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Brush for the introduction of the best principles of drawing into this country. And this list might be enlarged so as to include many men in the great western centers. We hardly realized when these men left their own country and enthusiastically entered the schools of the old world what an important event it was to become for the United States. Happily and contentedly, with a little chocolate and a bowl of rice for daily food, they were fitting themselves for their great work.

Twenty-five years ago to paint a little with water colors, to make some copies of rather poor lithographs, was the extent of most of the teachings of the drawing schools. Many of us can remember the drawings treasured by our mothers, made by them in the happy hours of school. A spray of flowers in water colors, helped to completion by the teacher perhaps. These represented the best efforts of the schools of fifty years ago. Then came the time when John Ruskin's books appeared and had such a remarkable effect. But while Mr. Ruskin's ideas were good and expressed with all the charm of a great poet they have never superseded the immortal principles of drawing originated by Leonardo da Vinci

and Raphael. Other schools appear from time to time that promise results with less work, or with the elimination of drawing altogether, but they are apt to produce scholars who are like the Irishman, who "could not read and write, but was fine in the higher branches."

The conquests of the Greeks go on forever. The Venus of Milo has well been renamed the Victory, for wherever she plants her foot the hosts of barbarism begin to disappear. Achilles has lent his aid, Agrippa and Germanicus, Diana and Jupiter. The drawing rooms of the country are filled with these heroes and goddesses, and not the least good that has come from this invasion is the careful drawing of Greek sculpture and the coming into more intimate relations with that great people.

Only those who have tried know what a pleasure comes into human life with learning to draw. It has been said that the cow in the field has a clearer eye than we but has not the intelligence behind the eye. There are those human beings, not far removed from the cow, who are unable to see any beauty in the human figure, and worse than that they see their own vicious thoughts instead. There are certain young men in Boston whom we have heard about; yet they are only the natural result of a state of things we all remember in the New England of twenty years ago.

Perhaps the study of drawing, which has brought so much happiness into the country, has also enlarged our religious ideals. For no one can draw carefully the things of nature and be content with the God of the Old Testament. The religious teachers have got to invent something better than that to account for the delicate God of Nature.

We may thank the Greeks to a large extent for giving us an intellectual liberty. They have taught us Americans that there is happiness in life. Few of us feel the hot fumes of the infernal regions always behind us as we once did, and we are no more taught that God is angry with us. I am not sure but that we have lost much in not being able to see the Dryads in the mountain and the nymphs in the stream. Perhaps if we did not know so much we should still find them there. Certainly the fresh, open mind of a child, which is not obscured by learning, can see the fairies in the woods and the angels riding upon the clouds. I, myself, once saw God riding on a big thunder cloud, his white beard flowing over the side, and his look was benignant and kind and large.

The development of drawing in the last twenty years has been most remarkable. Few people realize the amount of money that is paid to the French nation for its art productions, and it has been wisely observed that the works of Rubens and Rembrandt are one of the most potent sources of wealth for the Netherlands, as they have caused a never ending stream of sightseers to flow into Holland and Belgium. And the arts which apparently are only a luxury often become a country's source of wealth. This is a point that ought to appeal to us Yankees who must make sure everything is going to pay. We all remember when Solomon chose wisdom the Lord was so pleased he added riches also.

Book Notes

THE desire for "new books" seems in these days to be all absorbing. Instead of asking what has stood the test of years and still lives, so proving itself worthy our time and attention, we cry, what is the latest story from the hands of the publishers, what is most likely to bring me in touch with the uncultured thousands all eagerly devouring the last novel? How many who pore over *To Have and to Hold* or *Richard Carvel* are familiar with Scott, with *The Claver and the Horn*? Who that waits eagerly for *Eben Holden* knows our good Cooper and his immortal Leatherstocking, or counts the author of *The House of Seven Gables* a familiar companion? We are looking for the great American novel; until it comes we cannot do better than to familiarize ourselves with style, with the true literary quality, by reading such books as Howells' or James' earlier stories, or studying Hawthorne our great romance writer. Certainly galloping through miles of recent fiction, where only here and there we meet a well written book, is no kind of preparation for recognizing our American novel when it shall come. Speaking of *Eben Holden* it seems to me it just misses being literature. Carefully written, with the charm of the forest and all the beauty of Uncle Eb's fancy and affection emphasized, it would not need the parts which now seem a bid for popularity. As it is it is only too clear that it was written by a newspaper man, and with a time limit.

It was a genuine pleasure to find that in *My Literary Friends and Acquaintances* Mr. Howells had returned, in a way, to his old method. True to our original admiration, we had struggled painfully through his later stories, marred as they were by the workings of his social conscience. But now he comes before his faithful public, kindly and sympathetic as always, and freed from the necessity of depicting in the realistic manner but without the rugged strength of the true realist, many minute and petty struggles of commonplace people. This volume of literary reminiscences is full of most delightful tributes to friends who have helped and influenced the writer, and gives us fresh pictures of men about whom we can never tire of hearing.

THE following books have been added to the library recently: *Black Rock*, Ralph Connor; *Lysbeth*, Rider Haggard; *The Tribulations of a Princess*; *Lin McLean*, Owen Wister; *York Cathedral*; *Life of Handel*; *Life of Tchaikowski*; *Westminster*, Sir Walter Besant.

Village Notes

Peach Culture in Farmington

[IN last month's magazine we were all much interested in Mr. Porritt's article on Local Industries and the Library. Farmington has not many industries the literature of which can be collected, but certainly first in the short list comes the peach cultivation of which we are so justly proud. One of our loveliest roads leads to the peach orchard of Mr. Root, and in addition to the glorious view of our green valley, with its much winding river, is a beauty of pink blossoms in the spring, glistening foliage in summer, crowned at last by such peaches—whose color and flavor must be helped to their perfection by the great beauty of the "mountain" where they find protection and nourishment. Ed.]

IN 1891 one of the Messrs. Root was requested by the general manager of the Connecticut Valley Orchard Company to take charge of a peach orchard in Deep River, of which business he knew nothing. The general manager was an earnest believer in fruit raising, and, like all enthusiasts, interested all who heard him tell of the possibilities of Connecticut as a fruit growing state. Talking with him led to a close observation of the methods of our state pioneers in peach growing, the Hale Brothers of Glastonbury, visits to various orchards and the determination to try planting some three hundred peach trees on a stony piece of pasture land covered with brush on the so-called *mountain*. At the same time Mr. Root experimented with less than a hundred trees in the valley. The latter bore but little fruit, soon became diseased, and were cut down without giving any return for the care given them, thus proving that our low lands are unfitted for peach trees even if adapted to the growth of other fruit.

Accepting the advice of a successful orchardist, the trees were purchased in Maryland as in those nurseries they were less likely to be infected by the yellows—the terror of every peachgrower. The ground of the mountain pasture was carefully prepared, cleared somewhat from the quantities of stone covering it and heavily fertilized, and in the spring of 1892 the young trees were set out. They grew vigorously and the second year bore a few very fine peaches. When the orchard was three years old a good crop of extra fruit was picked, and these same trees have borne every season since, with one exception. Several hundred trees have been planted each succeeding year till there are now two thousand trees in bearing. This year the unusually large crop promised necessitated the building of a packing house in the midst of the orchard to facilitate the careful sorting and packing of the fruit. During the two or three years that must pass before any return can be expected from the orchard, small fruits are set out between the trees, thus partially paying for the fertilizers and cultivation of the land so essential to the successful growth of good fruit and thrifty trees.

Some five years after the beginning of the Tunxis Orchard, Mr. Adrian Wadsworth set nearly a thousand peach trees on the same mountain, afterwards adding to them, till now he has a good-sized orchard in bearing of much promise.

Warren Mason has also made a similar venture this year, and we know of one or two more contemplated orchards, so that eventually our hillside may be covered with many trees bearing peaches noted for their fine flavor, high color and good size; for the elevation protects them from frosts and the soil seems peculiarly adapted to producing excellent fruit every year, which desirable qualities are not often found combined.

L. E. R.

Mr. Gay sends us an interesting account of

THE DAMES SCHOOL OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.—Nearly sixty-three years ago a school for small children was kept in the long building opposite the Savings Bank. I am sure of the date because one fine morning as we were setting out for school we were told that we must not call the teacher Miss Hurlbut any more, but Mrs. Cowles. She had married Esquire Horace Cowles since dismissing school the previous day. She was soon succeeded by a relative, a Miss Goodman, under whom we learned to read and spell, and the older girls advanced even into the profound mysteries of the First Lessons in Natural Philosophy by Miss Swift, from which some could even recite Addison's hymn "The spacious firmament on high." I say girls, for they formed four-fifths of the school. I recall the names of but two boys. William Nevins I remember from his brilliant rendering of the stilling of the tempest in our morning readings from the New Testament — "And - there - was - a - great - CLAM. One other boy there was, John North, whose name recalls the little room on the north-east corner of the building in which naughty children were immured for small misdemeanors. One noon when the prison door was opened John had marvellously disappeared, having climbed out of a two-story window and down a small elm tree which may still be seen. He was esteemed a daring hero ever after.

Of somewhat earlier date was the school in the south chamber of the house long the residence of Mr. Leonard Winship. The floor still shows the circles and parabolas which represented the orbits of plannets and comets along which the children played astronomy. Commander Hooker, U. S. N. gives this account of the school. "At one time a Miss Hamilton kept an infant school there and I was one of the scholars. She had rings painted on the floor up-stairs for orbits of planets, and the children represented the solar system and circulated around a girl sun. I used to have a red cap on my head and was supposed to be Mars."

G.

The Golf Girl

OVER the sheep pasture, up the gravelly hill, through the swamps, out on the dusty road the hot sun followed her and burned her cheek, the wind tossed her light hair. In a little hollow the golf ball nestled, she tore up the ground with her drives; the sand and gravel flew about. What is that? Why, its an Indian arrow head. "Mary," she shouted back, "come here, I've found an Indian arrow head." Again she attacked the rebellious ball; how the gravel

flew! A bird came limping along the ground; she looked near her in the grass and found a sparrow's nest. "Mary," she shouted, "come here, I have found a bird's nest!" Above her head, soaring tranquilly in the blue summer sky was a large hawk; his shadow travelled across the field. How much one learns of nature, and what large draughts of health the golf girl is absorbing. B.

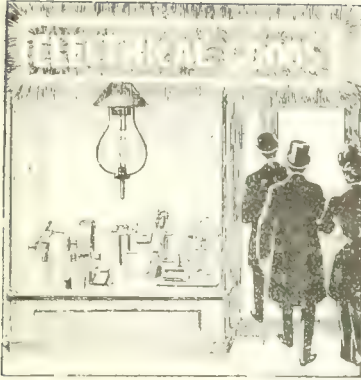
Editor's Sketch Book

THE year, which was the time allotted for the existence of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, is nearly over. The reception of the magazine has been more cordial than any the committee dared hope for and many regrets have been expressed that the time for closing has come. Of course in a publication so purely local, material must some time give out, but that time has not yet come and the committee is hesitating over the suggestion to continue the magazine as a quarterly. Opinions from subscribers as to the desirability of this change would be gratefully received by the editors. We should hope, in case we continue, to receive more material from the former pupils of Miss Porter's School, who have this last year been so generous in their subscriptions and words of encouragement. We shall, therefore, hope during the next month to be helped in deciding whether to issue four numbers through the next year or to bid farewell to a public we confess ourselves reluctant to leave.

THERE are a few complete files of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE—few because of the limited number of December magazines on hand. These files will be sold at a slightly higher price than the yearly subscription. Incomplete files and single numbers may also be had.

WE wonder if other readers of this magazine are ignorant of the fact that the large elm tree in front of Mr. Dunning's house was planted by Squire Mix in the year of the treaty of peace at Paris, and called the Peace Tree. That year was 1783, was it not? So "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks."

THIS month the public schools open with some improvements, we are glad to say, and the hope of more in the near future. The importance of play time and the games of children is more and more recognized since the birth of the kindergarten. One might truly say with the wise man of ancient times—Let me direct the children at play and I care not who teaches them their lessons. In the city the school play grounds are now open all the year round, and in the open air gymnasiums and play grounds, the traditions of the kindergarten are kept up. I am looking forward to the time when Farmington shall have a kindergarten and the imaginations of the children shall be as carefully trained as their minds—a good course in fairy tales would do no harm. In spite of the superior surroundings of country children their imaginations are far less active than those of their crowded and sickly city cousins, and they are far more apt to grow up sluggish and indolent with few healthful forms of amusement. Of course I am thinking of those with little home training. The problem of the country is often sighed over. If we could see that natural surroundings do not count for every thing, and that children must be taught to play healthfully as well as to work practically, then they need not be sent, or go later of their own accord, to the city of greater advantages.



and all that pertains to this line.◆

We will supply you and fit up your premises with everything in

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Batteries, and everything in the electrical line in a scientific and expert manner, at fair and reasonable prices. Answering in our line of work is done satisfactorily—telephone, send us word by mail, or call on us, we will be pleased to give you our personal attention.

We are now wiring Miss Butler's School.

THOS. OAKES & SON,

Telephone, 1041-6.

11 Haynes St., Hartford, Conn.

CHARLES S. MASON, Florist,

Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.

Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER B. ABBEY, D.D.S.

Hartford, Conn.

Room 77

Sage-Allen Building

HENRY O. WILCOX

Carpenter and Builder,

Repairing and Joining—Estimates Given

Main Street

Farmington, Conn.

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building.

HARTFORD, CONN.

D. R. HAWLEY,

**Decorating
and Painting***Artistic Interior Work*

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE*Keyler's***CANDIES**

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for
Huyler's Candies.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES

ROGER & GALLETS, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUTS, Etc.

Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention.

PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.

**E. P. CAHILL,****LADIES' TAILOR.**

NEW { **GOODS.
STYLES.** * * * * *
STORE.

55 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn.



Clark & Smith,
Book and Job Printers,

49 Pearl Street.

Hartford, Conn.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company Building.

Printing of College Catalogues, Society Publications, Addresses, Poems, Genealogical and
Historical Works, Library Catalogues, Church Histories, etc., a Specialty.

Patronize our Advertisers.

Larned & Hatch,

High Class

Perfect Fitting

Shoes

945 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Valuable Property For Sale.

FARMINGTON, MAIN STREET

Fine old Colonial house, extensive grounds, about 100 feet front, with a depth of about 500 feet. Location unsurpassed. Near trolley service. Beautiful view, etc. For particulars and price, address

F. G. WHITMORE, 900 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.

ROBERT H. PRUTTING,

Solo Pianist

For Reception of
and

Address: P. O. Box 808, Hartford, Conn.
Telephone. 237-5.

OUR —

**"Best Mixture"
COFFEE**

HAS NO SUPERIOR

1 lb. 40c. 2 lbs. 75c.

OUR —

**Home Made
BAKERY GOODS**Made from the best materials
by skillful workmen

OUR —

FANCY GOODS,

OLIVES.	OLIVE OIL.
PICKLES.	CATSUPS.
SAUCES.	JELLIES.
ETC.	

SOME
THINGS
THAT
WE
EXCELL
IN

OUR —

**BREAD FLOUR
"Charter Oak"**

MAKES PERFECT BREAD.

\$5.00 delivered to your door

OUR —

TEASFORMOSA, JAPAN,
SOUCHONG, ORANGE PEKOE,
CEYLON, ETC.

❖ TRY THEM. ❖

OUR —

FRUITSWe still have the celebrated
COOK ORANGES
and everything else the
market affords.

We Deliver \$5.00 Orders
Free in Farmington.

Telephone 714 or 1151,
They are both ours.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.

E. A. Johnstone,
Photographer,

45 Pratt Street,

Hartford, Conn.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

WM. WANDER & SONS,

DEALERS IN ALL GRADES OF

PIANOS.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.
SOLD FOR CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES FOR

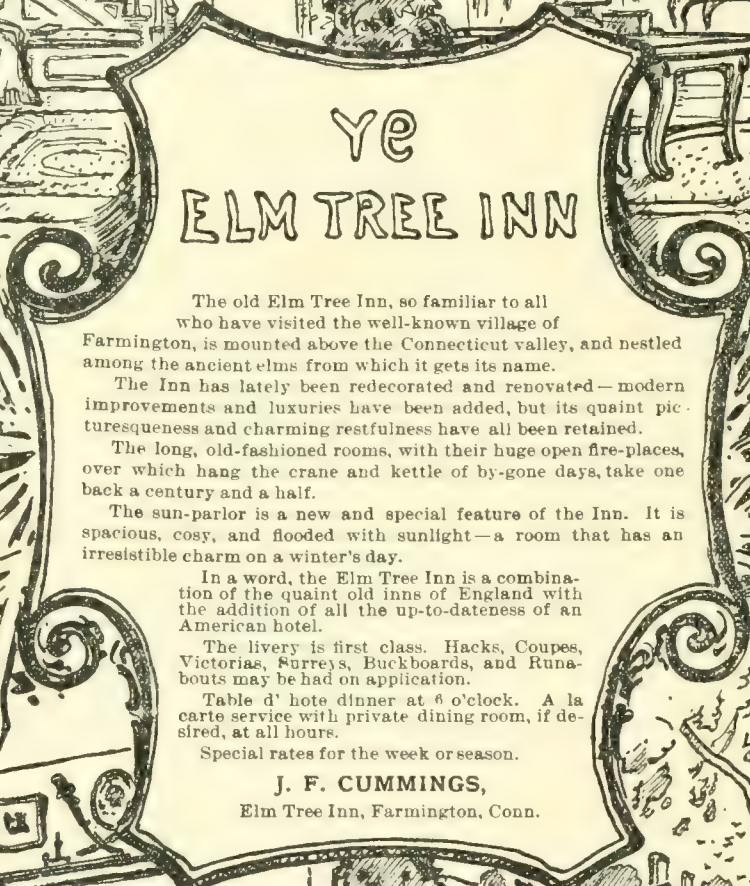
STEINWAY & SONS,
A. B. CHASE,
J. & C. FISCHER
MEHLIN & SONS,
FRANKLIN,
FOSTER & CO.

AND OTHER MAKES OF
PIANOS. ✓

ALL KINDS OF
Musical Instruments
AND
Sheet Music.

Largest Warerooms in the State.

239-241-243 ASYLUM STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.



YE ELM TREE INN

OLD STAIRWAY

SUN ROOM

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Furreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

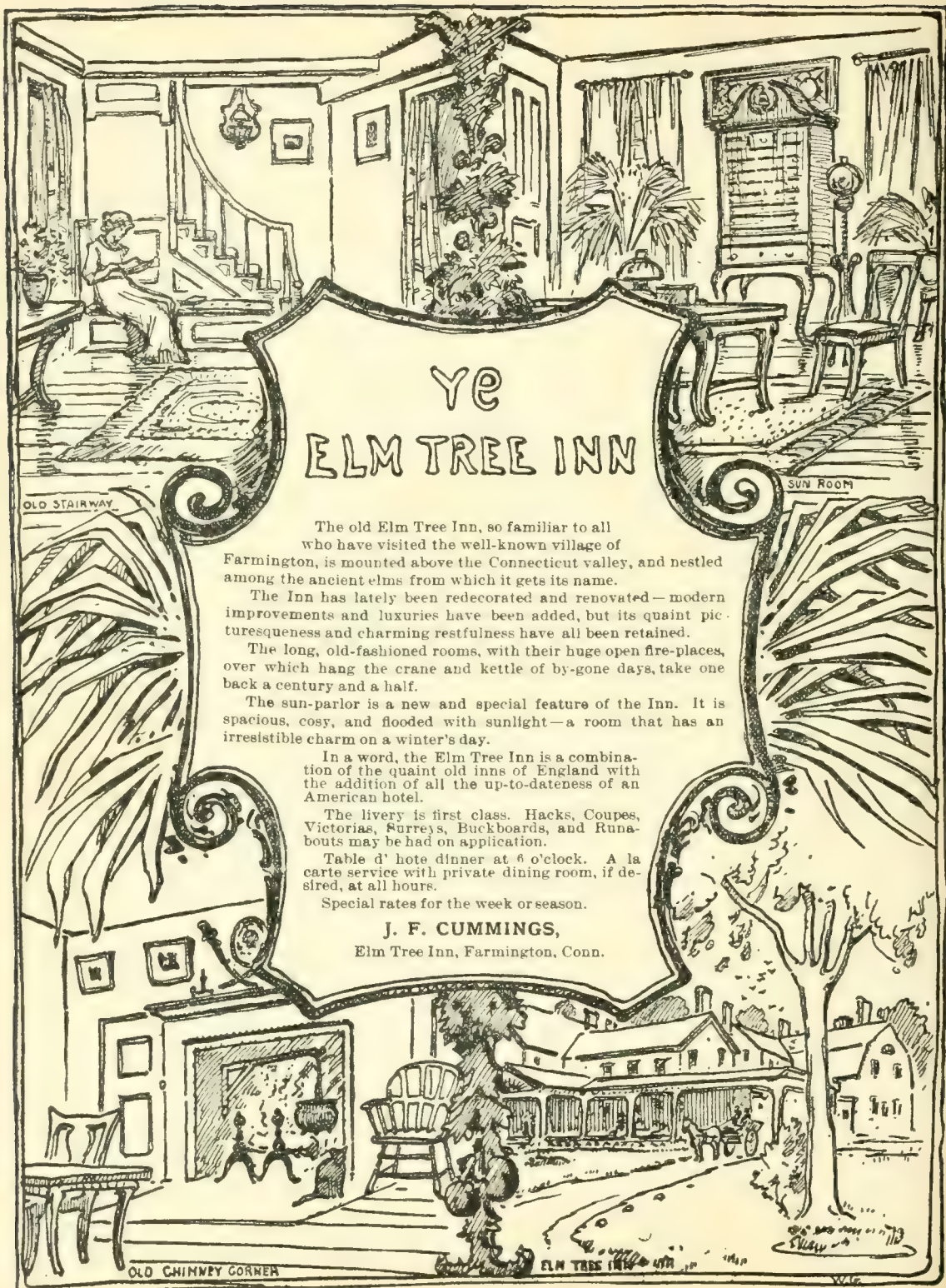
Table d' hote dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

J. F. CUMMINGS,
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

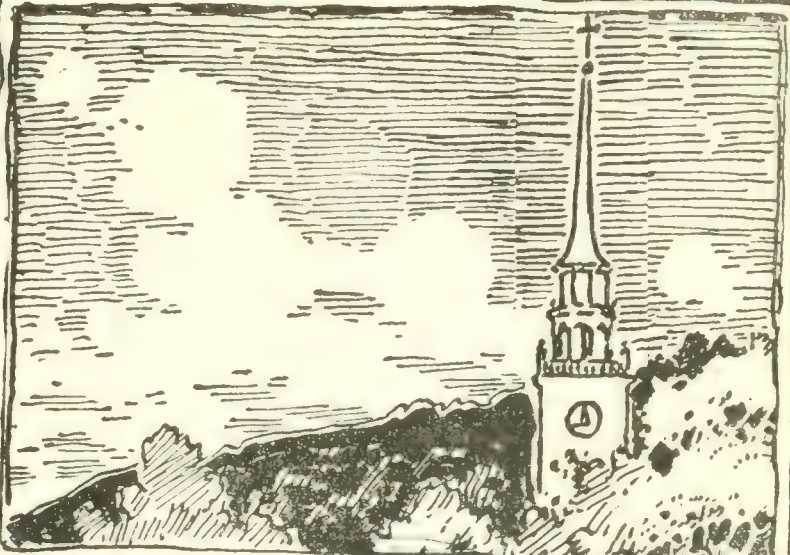
OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN



THE

FARMINGTON



1901

OCTOBER

- THE NEW BOROUGH - - -
A RUSSIAN LEGEND - - -
Isabel Hapgood
A CONFLICT OF LAW A. D. 1807
Julius Gay
THE FIRST VIOLIN - - -
Annie Eliot Trumbull
NATURE - Robert B. Brandegee
ART - - - R. B. B. C. F.
BOOK NOTES - Charles Foster
VILLAGE NOTES M. B. Brandegee
JAPANESE STUDENTS IN FARM-
INGTON - - S. L. Gruman
EDITOR'S SKETCH BOOK

FARMINGTON - CONN.

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued the first day of each month. It will contain matters of interest to all who feel an interest in the village of Farmington, its people, its activities, and its surroundings,—its objects of artistic and historic value.

Terms: 15 cents a single copy.

\$1.50 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.

PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



THE CHESS PLAYERS

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1901

No. 12

The New Borough

THE MAGAZINE requests a contribution "concerning the borough"—the new scheme of municipal government recently inaugurated in this ancient village under the authority of the General Assembly. This request is not understood to imply that an apology for its existence is due from the borough government now installed. If so, it may be said that neither the electors who put it in power nor the General Assembly which conferred the power, are within reach of any such demand. It is true that the legislature has largely supplanted, within the borough limits, the town's government by mass meeting, made venerable by two and a half centuries of honorable, and, upon the whole, as towns go, not altogether inefficient service. It is enough to say, on this head, that local public sentiment, without dissent, petitioned for the change; the legislature granted the petition as being just and reasonable, after a public hearing and due deliberation, and the Governor approved its action. No word of opposition was heard. It is the law, therefore, and, until repealed by the power which made it, must be accepted as such.

Nevertheless, it is quite possible that a doubting few still cherish the pure and simple democracy of the town meeting as a good thing in itself, not to be lightly cast aside in favor of the democratic-republican system of government by representatives, popularly elected. The system of town government by a democracy assembled in mass meeting, long the characteristic feature of New England political life, has excited the interest and the admiration of political theorists of every generation. In practice it may work and no doubt has worked satisfactorily in sparsely populated townships given over to farming or grazing, where new ideas are apt to meet with indifferent hospitality. Apparently, the single public interest of such a community lies in roads and bridges, although even this important interest is likely to languish, or perish altogether, when the cost of a really good road or of an iron bridge is figured out. Such a population, unlike that of a city or village, is wholly unconscious of a need for sanitation, for means of extinguishing fires, for waterworks, macadam roads, asphalt sidewalks, street lighting or other such agencies of righteousness. That being the case, it is manifestly unfair to ask a farmer in a distant corner of the town to consent to be taxed in order to supply one or more village centers, within his town, with these artificial and costly refinements of urban life, however essential they may be to the health, security and general well being of the city or village. As for policing a village or making it attractive to the eye of the stranger, even to the small extent of cleaning the streets of thistles

and docks, no such objects are within the scope of the powers of a town. Unlike a city or borough, a town is not a corporation, or juristic personality, or if one, in only the most limited sense. It has no duties and is under no liabilities except the very few expressly imposed by statute. It is liable neither for refusing to exercise what few powers it has, nor for their imperfect execution when undertaken, unless such a liability is explicitly declared. The most eager, duty-minding selectman, and we have had many such, is powerless to go beyond the limits of the town's powers. All he can do with a road is to throw only just sufficient earth upon it each year to make it just short of being unsafe and dangerous for travel, and so save the town from damages in case of an accident to a traveler.

The inadequacy of this strictly limited government to meet the needs and aspirations of a village community, ever increasing in number and variety as it grows into a city, is an old story. The necessity of some form of relief from it was recognized in Connecticut as long ago as 1784, when five cities in as many towns were incorporated; since then thirteen other cities have received charters. Smaller communities recognizing the advantages for themselves of a fully equipped municipal government, began to apply for incorporation. Beginning with Stonington, in 1801, thirty odd borough charters have been granted to the present time, including three by the last session of the present General Assembly. The earliest charters conformed to the model of the town meeting by conferring upon the freemen of the borough—quite as fierce and irresponsible a democracy as that of the town meeting—the power to pass upon every by-law and ordinance of the borough. In the case of not a few of these early boroughs, thus handicapped, the result was either an early death or an appeal to the legislature for amended charters which should substitute for mob legislation that of a representative body composed of a warden and burgesses.

It seems to have become the settled policy of Connecticut to encourage borough organizations, and by investing them with ample powers and full freedom of action, to fix the responsibility for failure upon the individual officers who may be called to account, rather than upon a mass meeting which can be made responsible to no one. On a comparison of the successive charters granted during recent years, the inclination appears to be to place cities and boroughs, in respect of legislative and executive powers, upon substantially the same basis. In no State, it is believed, is greater liberality shown in the grant of corporate powers to boroughs, and it is safe to say that in no State have these powers been exercised to greater advantage and satisfaction than in Connecticut. The effect has been to supplant, not only the town meeting government to a great extent, but to do away with, as no longer needed, such makeshifts as Fire Districts, Sanitary Districts and the like.

One other institution, although not recognized by law, is to be mentioned with respect, and with the hope that its useful career is by no means ended—the Village Improvement Society. During the last thirty years or more societies under this name have sprung up everywhere as a sort of necessary adjunct to the local government, whose deficiencies they sought to make good. We are

not far wrong if we regard the Farmington Borough as an amplified Village Improvement Society. It has, in a large sense, the same objects in view which are cherished by the society of that name, long flourishing in our village, only more extended in scope, and with the authority of the State behind it.

While it is true that, under existing law, the town, as such, is without jurisdiction, or of extremely limited jurisdiction within the borough limits, it should be added that, by the express terms of the charter, we remain citizens of the old town, as we are proud to be, and are subject to all the duties and entitled to all the rights of such citizenship.

Finally, the borough is not only or merely an agency of government; it is *Opportunity*, continuous and enduring as the life of the borough itself. To secure a good municipal government in Farmington, wisely administered, the essential thing is civic pride on the part of every inhabitant. No one can doubt the evidence of its development among us; the borough government cannot altogether take its place as a promoter of improvements, but it can lend its aid by the wise exercise of its powers. But what will count most effectively, after all, is the regard of the individual for *the appearance* of the village, the cleanliness of its streets, the trimness of its shade trees, the order and beauty of its public buildings and grounds, and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, his care that his own premises, instead of being an offense and a blot upon the picture, shall show the respect he entertains both for himself and for the public. A well-kept lawn, a neat, straight fence, well painted (or no fence at all), a sidewalk in perfect repair and swept of leaves and litter, the gutters cleared of growing grass and weeds—these evidence the civic pride of the individual man; and if they are but the individual expression of a common popular impulse, the thing is done. We have a homogeneous population, the larger proportion of which has century-old associations with Farmington Valley. Pride in its history is as general as is the familiar knowledge of its traditions. The kind of pride we now most need is not in what has been but in what is to be, that pride and respect for ourselves and for public opinion that shall save us from the fallen and forlorn estate of "an abandoned farm." An editorial paragraph may be quoted, as in point, from the New York *Evening Post*:

"One of the most interesting features of a carriage-drive through the better sections of New England is the growing frequency with which one encounters a village or a town whose people demonstrate to the passing traveler their local pride by well-kept lawns, an attractive 'common' or park, good sidewalks, fine streets, and the other accessories of an agreeable place of residence. 'The people here have public spirit,' is the remark which one instinctively utters as he reaches such a stopping-place at midday or toward evening, and congratulates himself that he may rest where all of the conditions are so favorable. The immense difference which it makes to a place whether there is a vigorous public spirit or not is apparent enough when one encounters, as he often may, after such an experience, another town, only a few miles away, which has quite as great possibilities, but which repels and even disgusts by the evident lack of

pride in the locality and of willingness to 'put one's self out' in order to contribute to the public well-being."

Time alone can vindicate the wisdom of the General Assembly in enacting, and the Governor in approving a statute which delegates a portion of the State's sovereign powers to the electors of this borough. The best, and indeed the only, guarantee for its future prosperity and success as a government agency, alike in the reasonableness of its ordinances, the willing conformity of its citizens, and the honest enforcement of the law, is the determination of the people themselves that success and not failure shall be its fate. SENIOR BURGESS.



The Origin of the Meadow Orchid

A Russian Legend

ON a certain hot Sunday, the village maidens assembled to bathe in the river. Taking off their kerchiefs and coronet caps, they seated themselves on the bank to cool off, and began to talk—such and such a girl loved a certain youth, and such another youth was handsome, and the like. One maiden alone sat silent—Frosya, an orphan, poor but beautiful, with fair skin and eyes as blue as the gentian. So the girls began to tease her. "Have you no dearly-loved friend, Frosinya; and who and where is he? Is he handsome? Is he rich?"

"Where should I, a poor girl, get a rich and handsome lover?" said Frosya. "Yonder adder shall be my husband."

No sooner had she said this than all the girls cried out: "The adder! the adder!" and fled.

And upon her kerchief, which she had placed on the grass, a huge black adder lay coiled. She uttered a cry. But the adder struck his tail against the ground and turned into a wonderfully handsome young man, who stood before her with a golden cap upon his flowing curls, his eyes flashing fire, and from his mouth flowed honeyed speech.

He said to her, "Did you mean it when you said that you were ready to marry the adder?" and she knew not what to reply, but gazed at him and thought: "Whence came such a wise and handsome youth?"

And he, divining her thought, said: "I am no common man, but the Tzar of the waters, and my empire lies close at hand, in a deep pool, on golden sands." And he read in her eyes that she consented to go with him. He grasped her with his powerful hand, and they sank down into his deep, watery realm.

Frosya's happiness was great. She could not believe in it. He was so good, so wise — she had never seen such people, and there are none such anywhere as the Tzar of the waters. But Frosya was foolish. Seven years did she dwell with him in the deep pool, in his palace of crystal; and the seven years passed as one day — and there need not have been any end to her bliss. A girl and a boy had been born to her. But all at once, without any cause, she grew sad, pined for the earth, to see her native hamlet and her friends.

So the Tzar let her go with her children for three days, after exacting the promise that neither she nor the children, by word or hint, should tell the name of her husband, or where she lived. And this she promised, with fearful oaths, and her husband escorted her to the dam. In three days she was to return to this same spot, and cry three times: "Cuckoo!" whereupon he would swim to her at once.

She kept her oath, but her friends coaxed and questioned the children. The boy, to all questions, answered simply, "I don't know." But the girl told everything. This was all the envious gossips wanted; they ran and told their husbands and brothers, all of whom ran at once to the dam, pronounced the magic words, and when the Tzar made his appearance, beat him to death. But before he died he managed to say to Frosya:

"It is thanks to thee, my dear wife, that I come to my death, through thee and my daughter. Henceforth fly thou as a gray cuckoo, and repeat forever my call, 'Cuckoo!' in sadness, from spring until St. Peter's day. And from that day onward, may every bird, both large and small, beat and pursue thee. And thou, my daughter, my betrayer, shalt become a nettle-bush and may that weed, the fiery, burn thine eyes, wheresoever thou mayst be, that thou mayst weep forevermore, remembering thy father's death! But to my loyal son, who obeyed his father's command, I make this bequest: that he shall be the bird beloved which dwells in gardens and in shady groves — the nightingale — for the joy of happy people, for the comfort of the unhappy."

And the tears which fall from the eyes of the weeping daughter and from the mother's eyes, turn to meadow orchids, and are called "The Cuckoo's Tears."

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD, *Translator.*

A Conflict of Law A. D. 1807

IN the olden time when Governor Treadwell had been eleven times elected to the office of Lieutenant Governor, when Esquire Mix always represented the town in the General Assembly, when Dr. Porter had just begun his life-long ministry, and when the old Federal party was still in the ascendant, a singular conflict between national and state law in this quiet village astounded the worthy men of that day. The venerable lieutenant governor was arrested for stopping the United States mail on the 31st of January, 1807, and was tried for the offense in the city of Hartford. There had been a contract subsisting for some years between the postmaster general and White & Ely of Danbury to carry the mail once a week between Hartford and New York, leaving Hartford every Tuesday and New York every Friday, passing through Litchfield and New Milford on the way. The contractors sublet the line between Litchfield and Farmington to parties who employed one Isaac Kellogg not only to carry the mail under the government contract but to carry passengers, and to drive on the Sabbath day in defiance of the law of the state, claiming that the mail coach was a sanctuary from which no state officer could make an arrest. Considering the excited political feeling of the time and the fact that religious and moral people of that day were not likely to be found in a Sunday coach, the lieutenant governor opined that if the stage coach be "a sanctuary for crime, it will immediately become the hold of every unclean and hateful bird." The story as told before the court is long. Briefly, Kellogg had been thrice warned against carrying passengers on the Sabbath in defiance of the state law, and on Saturday, January 31st, was arrested by constable Joseph Porter at the post office in the house of Deacon Samuel Richards, the mail then being in the possession of the deacon. The whole party were driven to the tavern of Mr. Adna Curtiss, afterwards Whitman's, where Kellogg was accustomed to stop. Kellogg was thence taken before Justice Treadwell and admitted the facts of the complaint, but declined to satisfy the judgments or give security. While the papers for his commitment were being prepared, according to the words of the governor, "a deluge of rain descended in the evening and night which the present defendant apprehended might raise a freshet which for some days might obstruct the passage of the mail if further delayed. On this account he deemed it expedient to order him to be set at liberty." At the trial in Hartford great crowds of the political enemies of Lieutenant Governor Treadwell gathered to see him publicly humiliated and disgraced. Before the trial had long proceeded the prosecuting officer entered a *nolle prosequi* and the prisoner by invitation of the judge took his place on the bench to which his high office entitled him.

The last few lines are given on the authority of Professor Denison Olmsted. The remainder of the account is from the original manuscripts of Governor Treadwell. I regret the want of time for further examination before the magazine goes to press.

JULIUS GAY.

The Pilgrim Path

[THE following is family tradition, handed down from grandmother to grandchild. Of course it is impossible to know which path the pioneers from Hartford took, but we know they came, and a reminder of it is pleasant. The first authenticated use of the term *Pilgrim Path* occurred in some papers dated 1840.—EDITOR.]

OPPOSITE Mr. Rice's place, and near the wonderful maple tree, we walked over meadow land and climbed the steep and grassy side of the Hill of Philosophy to find the Pilgrim Path. This local name was given to the hill because a number of years ago, a School of Philosophy met in Farmington and held sessions, wise and otherwise, on this lovely hill, where the slim junipers stand erect as if keeping guard. We took the climb slantwise for it is steep, rested on Philosophy's summit and then pushed our way toward the northeast, where the mountain rises higher, "and here," said my guide, "is the Pilgrim Path." To the north and south of this grassy knoll the top of the range was wooded and a slight opening to the north and one toward the south could be seen. We entered the path going north, the saplings bending over it, and the great pines overshadowed it, making a sacred gloom; the briars scratched us, and the braken rods bruised our feet. So it was not an easy path our fathers took more than 250 years ago when five or six of them left their newly settled town of Hartford and started for this range of hills, that from the summit they might look for a promising place to settle. They climbed the eastern slope and made their way over the summit to the western slope where there is an abrupt descent to the plain. Through the thick branches they caught glimpses of the western sky. Pushing these aside, they viewed the wide valley with delight. Meadows of the greenest, large trees outlining a lovely river, the great plain bounded west and north by fine forests and distant highlands.

"Why need we go further," they cried, "with this rich farming land at our very feet." After a time they pushed along the hill top, till they came to its southern slope, and descended to the pass, where the trolley now runs through, and then found their way back to Hartford. The story they told must have been an enticing one, for some eighty-four of Hartford's citizens followed those pioneers over the Pilgrim Path. Men, women and children held aside the branches on the mountain top and took their first glad look down at their future home, before they followed the trail to the pass and then over the meadow to the river. It was convenient to be near it, the little river; the men could fish and the women wash their clothes; so they built their first cabins on its banks, and when the floods came they saw their mistake and retreated to the base of the mountain and built over again. Hartford's bravest and most enterprising must have been among these settlers, for they left homes so nearly made, with comforts gathered with difficulty, and braved fresh dangers among Indians, being small in numbers. But Hartford was their home still, and their revered pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hooker, was there. So the Pilgrim Path was widened by journeys back and forth by the stately Puritans on their

way to church. Sometimes mothers with babies in their arms or tied on their backs, toiled back to have the minister put his hands on them in baptism, for Farmington had as yet no pastor of its own. Now the church spire is one of the loveliest features of the view from the summit of the mountain.

Many years ago, some Christian Indians stopped at this same house from which we pathfinders started, and asked for food. They may have been disciples of Jonathan Edwards at Stockbridge and were going to cross the mountain. They were given a meal of bread and milk, and then went on their way up the Pilgrim Path. Their entertainers saw them outlined against the sky and heard their voices singing an old hymn:

"Come all ye weary travelers
And let us join to sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ our King.
We've had a weary journey
And toilsome it is true,
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through."

There are no more Indians to follow the trail; the sons of the Puritans and the mothers with their babies do not need to cross the mountain to the old church in Hartford. But Pilgrim Path still exists and speaks of the purpose of our fathers to plant the church and the school house throughout Connecticut.

M. R. J.

The First Violin

HE plays beneath my very feet
When lights are fading in the west,
When all the breathless world is still
And listening, in its twilight rest,
To catch the signal of his thrill.
He draws his bow across the strings,
And all the little whirring wings,
Of all the little stirring things,
The tiny, drowsing measures beat,
And then repeat, repeat, repeat.

In all the weary, languid heat,
My fiddler doth but play his best:
The orchestra in its retreat,
Awaits the note of his behest.
One bold, but hidden, vagrant fellow,
Bravely, as though the rest were mute,

Sustains alone the violoncello ;
His neighbor plays the piping flute.
While all, the shrilling measures beat—
Da capo then repeat, repeat!

A single star, serene and sweet,
Shines forth upon the fleecy breast
Of evening, and the restlessness
Of life, sinks softly, night-opprest.
Each vibrant leaf is motionless.
He draws his bow across the strings,
And all the little whirring wings
Of all the little stirring things,
The tiny, drowsing measures beat,
And then repeat, repeat, repeat!

ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

Nature

Autumn

THE autumn takes fire among the sumac bushes and among the red maples, it is as though those trees arrived first at the great festival of the year. The white birches put on their yellow dress which hardly covers them as much as the ballet costumes cover the famous dancers. But, then, "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." The ash tree and the butternut tree have already quietly slipped off their summer costumes, and last of all the oaks join the others. For the oaks are related to the pine trees and a little farther south hold their leaves through the winter; indeed, with us they hold on to their dried leaves with great tenacity, long after the winter snows have come,—not unlike those elderly maidens who cannot let their charms depart.

But autumn is at its full tide when the sugar maples have turned red and green and gold, and like Sir Walter Raleigh they lay down their beautiful mantles on the muddy walk for the Farmington people to walk over. There is something gay in the fall of the leaves; the Scripture tells us "we all do fade as a leaf," but with much less brilliancy usually. There is something courageous and inspiring in the death of the leaves. After their useful lives in shading the tree, in drinking in the fresh air from the goblet of the summer breeze, in sheltering the little families of birds, they dress themselves gorgeously and go out gayly to meet death. They look so beautiful on the ground we are reminded of that monk who was so cheerful that when he was sent to hell he made a little quiet contented corner in that warm place, until finally they had to bring him up to heaven lest he make all the infernal regions happy and contented.

The first tree among the maples to turn color is the tree in front of Mrs. Whitman's. Something of the promptness of the property holder gets into that tree, and I think it must be more nearly related to the red maple and the sumac bush than the other trees, for it has a very beautiful soft red color that the artists call Titian's red.

And now the cedars and other evergreen trees become more prominent. They possess the gift of immortality like Tithonus, and as the other trees depart no wonder they look sober, for they are the ones who are left behind. When all New England is sailing under bare poles and its dry trees clank together like the rigging of a ship, then the thick evergreens are covered partly with the white winter shroud and almost regret their immortality.

The Flycatchers

THERE is quite a large number of Flycatchers in the world, principally in the tropical regions. In New England we have about eight varieties, with three more that have been found as rare stragglers. There is very little power of song among our Flycatchers and some content themselves by repeating their own names over and over again through the long summer, "Phœbe! Phœbe!" and "Pewee! Pewee!" and that is all they say,—"like a lost child that can only say its own name." Most of the Flycatchers have a bold, defiant air, most marked in our Kingbird. There is hardly any bird in the country that is as courageous. Not content with fighting among themselves, Kingbirds will joyously attack the largest birds of prey; flying up above the Hawk or Eagle they will plunge downward on their adversaries' backs and worry them without mercy. Doubtless they would trouble the Condor or a wandering angel in the same way. These Kingbirds make an excellent guard for the corn fields which may be near their nests; much better than most of the devices of man. But they are said to eat the honey bees, and the farmer, without inquiring into the bird's useful ways, fills him full of shot. There are those who know that tell us the Kingbird only eats the drones. I never examine bees to see what they are; I am content to believe anything about a bee or wasp.

The Kingbird, like all the Flycatchers, has a big head, full of schemes, and ornamented on the occipital region with a tuft of orange. The nest is made on a horizontal branch of an apple tree, and the four or five eggs are white and handsomely blotched with brownish black. It is said that one of the Popes gave the Spaniards the whole of North America, but the Kingbird, without any special authority, like an Englishman, claims all creation as his own. Let no other bird approach his domain. With a peculiar snap of his bill he gathers in the insects, the Butterflies or the Eagles.

The Great Crested Flycatcher is larger than the Kingbird, but is a much shyer bird. He has high shoulders and a big head that has no music to speak of in it, but is filled with ideas and stratagems. At the entrance to his nest, which is usually in the hole of an apple tree, the Great Crested Flycatcher places the "cast off" skin of a snake, probably to ward off attacks from the

suspicious squirrels. This snake skin is never omitted, and the three nests which I have seen all had their snake skin wound around the entrance, where we would plant a crimson Rambler. The eggs of the Great Crested Flycatcher are remarkable, looking as though they had been scratched all over with a pen.

Some people confuse the Wood Pewee, and the Phoebe, and the Least Flycatcher. The Phoebe comes early in spring, while the Wood Pewee and the Least Flycatcher arrive later. The Wood Pewee is the one with the mournful note, "Pewee," as though it were filled with inconsolable sorrow, but as far as is known it seems happy enough in its way. Its nest is a little larger than the Humming Bird's and somewhat like it, with the outside covered with lichens. The Least Flycatcher (*Empidonax minimus*,) is perhaps the most common of our Flycatchers and is known by its characteristic cry of "chebec, chebec."

The best known of all our Flycatchers is probably the Phoebe. So anxious are they to arrive in New England they can hardly wait for the winter to go. Sometimes they arrive as early as February, making it difficult to obey the old saying: "Plant peas when you hear the first Phoebe." Of late years it has been discovered the chickadees cry "Phoebe" in February, probably as a joke. They have a number of broods in each season and are in a hurry to begin house-keeping. They will return year after year to the same shed. Originally they made their nests under overhanging rocks, as did also the Barn Swallows; but civilization has changed their habits. (It is also well to note that the Chimney Swifts used hollow trees before they had chimneys, just as we used stage coaches before we had electric cars). When we ride over a bridge and see a bird fly out from underneath we may be pretty sure there is a Phoebe's nest there—a beautiful mossy nest lined inside with some soft material, placed in the heavy timbers under the bridge. Here the mother bird passes the long summer months. Below her flows the brook, with all its interesting episodes. The trout, the minnows, the water snakes, the dragon-flies and the cool water eddying among the stones. The little Phoebe looks calmly down, as the goddesses look on the troubled life of the earth. But when the young are hatched then excitement begins. They are anxious to fly down into the water. "Oh, mama, what is that swimming in the water?" "That is a big turtle who will eat you up if he gets a chance!" "Will the trout eat us mama? Will the snake eat us? Will the big moss stones eat us? Will the dragon-fly eat us? Will the muskrat—" "Oh children, could you not stop asking questions for a minute!" said the old Phoebe. "Try and walk along this timber and then fly for the shore. Fine!" said the old Phoebe as the young all fluttered into the tall grass. "Will the grass eat us?" said the little ones. "No," said the old Phoebe, "but about everything else will." And even as she spoke there was a rush of wings and a Sparrow Hawk had almost seized one of the young birds. The mother bird flew into the hawk's face, which flustered him considerably. "Can we get back into the nest?" said the little ones. "No," said the old Phoebe, "you are out in the world now."

R. B. B.

Art

A Glance at the Farmington Landscape

"Such a thoughtful idea of Providence, to run rivers through all large cities," said the lady. If she has ever been in Farmington she would have considered the north and south plan equally felicitous. This arrangement brings effects of light and shadow at morning and evening hours that an east and west valley does not. It also allows the summer south breeze full play through it—a satisfactory arrangement, as we all know,—while no such sweep is allowed the west winds of winter. What a beautiful, distinguished valley it is, hills and meadows and forests doing just the right, restful thing. Beyond the warm, gray, lichen-flecked post and rail fence, suggesting bars of music, is the hill-top hay field and old fashioned apple orchard, sloping away to a pasture where the cows in the summer hazes look almost like masses of wild flowers, their color is so soft and delicate. Then come the steeper open fields gliding down to the main street, now hidden by the fine old trees. Here and there shows a bit of roof or old red barn, and charm of all, the most exquisitely proportioned church spire ever designed. Still further appear the delicious meadows, with the river and its offspring, the "Pequaboc," winding about just as fancy takes them, as though delaying as long as possible the moment when they are to be swallowed up by the swallower of all rivers. (I remember quite well the shock produced by suddenly realizing that it was not the same water which ran through my favorite brook year after year, and taking what comfort I could from the constancy of the banks and rocks.) The meadows are frequently dotted with lakes during the rains of early spring and these shine out, sometimes a dazzling white, again pink or red at sunset. Then begins the western slope through a wood, more pastures, and finally the dark wooded hills touching the sky in a line as beautiful and elegant as a perfect arm, wrist, and hand, far pleasanter for every day comradeship than bold, arrogant outlines. May our valley be always preserved from the landscape "gardener," an unaccountable mania that so many of us have for making nature suggest furniture.

CHARLES FOSTER.

COMMERCE is a pedestal for the fine arts and yet how often the business men look with a fine scorn on the youth who is dedicated to the arts—something of the feeling that Judas expressed when he said: "This money might have been better laid out at interest." All artists are interested in commercial activity, for they know that when riches have done their utmost, the fine arts will be invited in. For a long time our ideas of the arts have been rather narrowly kept to the thought that pictures were articles of luxury to be enjoyed by him who had the means to purchase, but a nobler principle is that good pictures are for everybody and should not confine their delights to a few pairs of eyes. They tell us of one of the German princes who had an opera of Wagner's performed, and this prince himself was all the audience.

It has been quite a noteworthy thing how some localities are favorable to the growth of artists. The little kingdom of Holland, certain localities in Italy, and in our own country a remarkable number of artists have come from Hartford and vicinity.

There are those who feel that they are "interested in art but not in artists," and they content themselves with buying large photographs of the work of old masters. But that is not enough. There are sacred duties toward the arts in America and we must interest ourselves actively in any artistic movement. And we must not be turned away because there are weak and unworthy artists. How many of us will be troubled if the Lord returns to the earth as a colored man, we would so much rather have him come as a bishop. In my native village there was quite a large choir, the singers numbering fifty or more, and running along from the ages of fourteen to seventy years. But the most beautiful voice belonged to the son of the butcher. Some in the congregation were troubled because this singer was outside of the church interests, and secretly wondered at the discretion of the Lord in bestowing such a beautiful voice in such a place. The climax came when the butcher's son sang the song of Zaccheus, beginning "I owe no man anything." Was it not enough, said the people, that he should owe us all, without singing that song on Sunday! Many people cannot enjoy Sarah Bernhardt as an actress because they are always thinking of her shortcomings which are in nowise related to her art. The humblest individuals often carry the Goblets of the Muses, and these things are sometimes "hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes."

Perhaps the most intelligent and unselfish thing we can do is to have a lively interest in such schools as the Hartford Art League. It is not enough to have a proper kind of art school, we want to believe as a French artist told me, that in fifty years America will be the art center of the world. When our art teachers really realize this, a good deal of nonsense will come to a close. The dabblers in water colors and the china painters will find they must be more serious to comprehend our own artists with their profound knowledge of drawing. One of the great things in life is to believe in yourself and in other people and in God; we are to look to the generations that are coming on. We may study the past properly, but more eagerly the rising generation; to them must be given to rekindle the torch of civilization, and to them we look for greater things in art than have ever been done before.

Book Notes

A Short Reminiscence of Books Not New

"At nightfall, I urge my way into the Sistine Chapel. E—— is beside me, looking with me upon the gaunt figures of the 'Judgement' of Angelo. They are chanting the *miserere*. The twelve candles by the altar are put out one by one, as the service continues. The sun has gone down and only the

red glow of twilight steals through the dusky windows. There is a pause and a brief reading by a red-cloaked cardinal, and all kneel down. *She* kneels beside me, and the sweet, mournful flow of the *miserere* begins again, growing, growing in force and depth till the whole chapel rings and the balcony of the choir trembles: then it subsides again into the low, soft wail of a single voice, so prolonged, so tremulous and so real that the heart aches and the tears start—"for Christ is dead." This is one of the several charming morsels from so old fashioned and prim a book that one almost wants to apologize for mentioning it—*Reveries of a Bachelor*—the humorous side of which, by the way, is that it must be *most* helpful to married men. How to make the best of their happiness.

Another short and real masterpiece which I always feel it a pity that every one should not read, is *The White Seal*, by Kipling, in "The Jungle Book," as large and free in its swing as anything ever written. Taking one for a spin through every sea on earth, and leaving one with all the exhilarated sensation of such an ocean dip.

A third short book which has somewhat the same power, is Stevenson's *An Inland Voyage*. The author and a friend take a canal trip through the Netherlands and Belgium. It is all vivid and full of fresh air. C. F.

THE following books have been added to the library recently: *Life*, Raphael; *Life*, Michel Angelo; *The Crisis*, Winston Churchill; *The Helmet of Navarre*; *Austin Elliot*, Henry Kingsley; *East London*, Walter Besant; *Ranch Life and Hunting Trail*, Theodore Roosevelt; *Victoria: Sixty Years a Queen*; *Myths and Myth Makers*, John Fiske; *D'ri and I*, Irving Bacheller; *The Right of Way*, Gilbert Parker.

THE following interesting account of Mr. Alfred Cowles has just been sent us by his daughter, Mrs. French. We are sorry it is not possible to use the portrait which accompanied it, but take great pleasure in publishing the resolutions:

Alfred Cowles, a brother of Egbert Cowles, was born in Farmington, Conn., July, 1787, and died in San Diego, Cal., October, 1887, at the age of one hundred years and three months. On his death the Bar Association of San Diego adopted resolutions of respect to his memory. Herewith is appended a copy. In speaking of his career, the memorial says:

"At an early age, after being admitted to the bar, he married the gifted daughter of General Solomon Cowles, and sought the promising fields of the far West, traveling on horseback through the States of New York, Ohio, Indiana, and settling in the old French town of Kaskaskia in Illinois, where he practised his profession. He then removed to Belleville, St. Clair County, meeting with success. He was, however, induced to locate in the growing town of Alton, where he was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney in the

case of the murdered Lovejoy, who was killed by a pro-slavery mob. He then formed a partnership with William H. Brown at Chicago. While there he held an important office under President Taylor. In Illinois he was the associate of such eminent men as Lincoln, Douglas, Trumbull and Colonel E. D. Baker. In 1853 he came with his family to San Francisco, Cal., living in San Jose and finally locating in the quiet retreat of San Diego in Southern California. Here he did not engage in the active business of his profession, but lived the life of a philosopher, and, in the sweet language of the poet:

“ ‘Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray.’

“ Believing also in the sentiment, which he often quoted:

“ ‘The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.’

“ In this long, good and useful life is exemplified the beauty of that system, and discipline in habits, industry and practice, that make men true and useful citizens. Therefore be it

“ *Resolved*, That, recognizing the true merits and useful life of our brother, we hereby extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy and express our grateful recognition of his great merit as a man and a citizen, commending to the profession at large his many virtues and high qualities.

“ San Diego, Cal., Jan. 14, 1888.”

CORNELIA COWLES FRENCH.

Village Notes

The Creamery and Guernsey Stock in Farmington

DURING the year 1869, considerable interest was aroused in the scheme of organizing a creamery in Farmington. Mr. Edward Norton was the prime mover in interesting those who were to be benefited by this coöperation, and meetings were held in different homes during the winter to consider the proposed plan for making butter and cheese. It was difficult to start, for it was a new thing, and as there was no creamery in this vicinity at that time farmers hesitated about sending their milk to a creamery. But at length enough were persuaded to make the venture, and friends of this enterprise for permanent improvement were induced to subscribe for stock. The joint stock of the company amounted to about \$4,000, divided into shares of \$25 each. A piece of land was rented of Mr. Julius Gay at the north end of the village and the patrons of the future creamery gathered in April, 1870, to work with their own hands in digging the cellar and thus save expense in hiring men and teams. The capital stock was used in erecting a creamery building and buying necessary machinery.

As the butter maker needed a home near his work, an old corn-house belonging to Mr. Solomon Whitman was purchased and hauled to its place by a long string of oxen, perhaps twenty-five pairs, and the building was remodeled into the present tenement close to the creamery. Thus was the Farmington creamery started, the first in the state of Connecticut. Within a short time the creamery company has bought the land around its buildings. In those early days the milk from each farm was carried to the creamery twice a day, and there the process of making it into butter was conducted with more system than at the ordinary private dairy; in addition to this cheese was made at intervals, but this part of the business did not prove to be a success and after some years cheese making was given up. In 1891 a change was made and cream was received at the creamery instead of milk, one man collecting the product of all the dairies. In consequence the farmers were saved from making daily trips to the creamery.

Although the number of cows in town has greatly diminished and consequently much less butter is made, still the Farmington creamery butter maintains its excellent reputation and scores high at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo this summer. Mr. Norton, who was the manager of the creamery for many years, realized the need of better cows. His father, who was one of the earliest importers of Jersey stock in this country, had imported one animal from another of the Channel Islands—a Guernsey—and it proved to be the best cow in his herd. This fact, with others, induced the patrons of the creamery to subscribe a fund for the purchase of some Guernseys. Fifteen animals were selected, and these valuable creatures (worth about \$300 each) arrived at the Farmington station April 18, 1876, and were led through the main street of the village, creating great interest and much enthusiasm. They were sold the next day, after being duly appraised, and the choice of selection was auctioned to those who had subscribed to the purchase fund. The animals were sold to the following people: J. H. Andrews, H. W. Barbour, Miss Sarah Porter, Chauncey Deming, Charles W. Lewis, Edward Norton, Charles J. Thompson, E. W. Tillotson, Winthrop M. Wadsworth, Augustus Ward and George N. Whiting, all of Farmington, and Charles M. Beach of Hartford. A notice of the birth of the first calf from this group of thoroughbred cows was posted upon the creamery. This was the largest single importation of Guernsey stock into the United States that had ever been made, and it gave a tremendous impetus to the breeding of Guernseys.

The next year breeders of Guernsey stock in this country met in New York City and organized The American Guernsey Cattle Club. Recognizing the importance of a trustworthy register, which would guard the purity of the stock and be a final authority in questions of pedigree, these men voted to establish *The American Herd Book*, a record of the registered, thoroughbred Guernsey stock in this country. This herd book was kept in Farmington until about 1895. The expectations of these first importers of Guernseys have been fulfilled, for they have proved to be fine dairy cows, gentle, of good size, with a peculiar richness of the milk. From the few scores of the breed which were in this country in the seventies, the number has risen to thousands and the herd book has registered, in all, over twenty thousand animals.

A. Y. B.

THE Center School has opened this fall with a few changes. The improvements in the school-house which were considered, have not all been made, but it is hoped that before very long all will be done. An assistant teacher has been added to the Primary Department, making more kindergarten work for the youngest children possible, such as weaving and clay-modeling. It is now possible to take more of the younger children, of five and six years, into the school, and the teachers hope they will come and that the rooms may be often visited by their parents.

The Waterville School has been closed and the scholars are being transported to the Center, on the whole a beneficial change from a very small school to a larger.

It was voted at the last meeting of the town to pay the trolley fare of children receiving diplomas from the Grammar School here to the Unionville High School, thus giving them in fact a free education. It would not be practicable to support a High School in Farmington, but the children should not, on that account, be forced to pay for schooling. This arrangement will also fix the standard for our grammar school, a helpful thing in itself.

Again, on behalf of the teachers, we would urge more lively interest on the part of parents. Visitors to the school are always welcome.

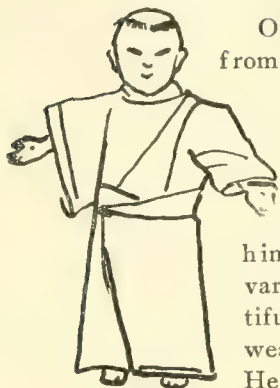
ON October 3d the Girls' Club begins its second year in the North School House. The building has become the property of D. N. Barney and some alterations and improvements have been made. The courses of instruction are the same as last year, with the addition of choral work every Tuesday evening under Mr. J. Walter Davis, who is the vocal teacher at Miss Porter's School.

A SEWING school, cooking school and dressmaking class will be opened in the old chapel building by Miss Pope as soon as the repairs on the building are finished. The upper room in which the sewing school will be held will be left much as it was, and there the Congregational Church will continue to hold evening services. The lower room is to be changed to fit the needs of the cooking class.

SINCE Miss Badger gave up her name and her notion counter in the house at the corner of High Street and New Britain Road it has had no successor until now a "Little Shop" is opened in the old O'Rourke-Pope house. Farmington has been so often compared to Cranford that one almost expects in this quaint room to find "Miss Mattie" behind the one counter weighing out the tea, and it is somewhat of a shock to find a variety of things to which that most real shop of fiction was a stranger. The sale of hot peanuts will not cause any of the conscientious twinges that "Miss Mattie" felt in dispensing lollypops to the children when they would buy the bright colored candies in preference to the peppermints she recommended so highly. Tall oaks from little acorns grow and who knows but our demand for hot peanuts every Saturday may make the opening of this "Little Shop" affect the peanut acreage of the south.

M. D. B.

Japanese Students in Farmington



ONE-QUARTER of a century ago a goodly number of youths from Japan came to our village and found a good home, also careful instruction at Mr. Edward L. Hart's. Some were sent by the Japanese government, others paid part themselves and a few had abundant means. Among the number, three stand out in our memory more prominently than the others. Shmadz, who was of royal birth, distinguished himself by appearing several times daily in different suits, of various shades and cuts, all American tailor-made; with beautiful jewels wherever a man could wear them; neck and foot-wear the most choice; and crowning all, a very conscious air. He was a genuine dude!

Mogami, his opposite in every way, was poor, of humble birth, modest, and had a most lovely nature, which endeared him to all his American associates. If I am not mistaken all his education was received here, whereas the others, after leaving here, graduated from the Hartford High School and Yale College. Mogami had with him a friend who sickened and died. He cared for his friend most tenderly and to show his appreciation to the ladies here, who sent delicacies and did for him in other ways, had some copies of our hymnal, the "Plymouth Collection," very richly bound and presented them, writing in each, both in English and Japanese, words of gratitude. Mitsukuri, an unusually bright youth, made friends here and at home a name for himself which gave him the title of professor and brought him to this country a few years ago on some business of scientific importance. He remembered his friends, even those in little Farmington, calling upon them all.

Many evenings were devoted to these young men while they were here at their studies. They were most eager to learn our games and were quick to acquire them where we were slow and clumsy to learn theirs, owing to the exceedingly quick and deft finger motions required. They were too polite to laugh at us but we did that part for them very well and gave up trying to manipulate our fingers as it was quite out of the question to do anything in that line as skilfully as they without practice from infancy. At one gathering when refreshments were passed Mogami was asked to "take a kiss." He arose somewhat embarrassed but evidently determined to do his full duty. When it seemed necessary to explain that the kiss he was to take was of sugar and on the plate, he also explained that "kiss is of the lips," and it took him some time to get the idea straightened out, retaining an expression of wonder for a half hour or more, and I must add, he was very good natured about the merriment it created. The double meaning of words perplexed them greatly.

Mitsukuri, afterwards often wrote his friends here of his efforts to secure for the women of his country more liberty and pleasure. After many, many months came a joyful letter saying his sisters were allowed to join himself and a few friends occasionally of an evening for games but it was a much longer time before they were permitted any instruction. Some years ago at the World's Fair, the head of the Japanese department was pleased when these countrymen of his were enquired after and said, among other things, "Shmadz is a great man in our country, very high in rank, and Mitsukuri is very learned; he has a great mind."

S. L. GRUMAN.

Soliloquy of the Judge

See Frontispiece

ONE cannot help being reminded of the vicissitudes of life by the game of chess, when the whole game is blocked by a single pawn. We are reminded how important any individual may become; the life of a King, of a President may be saved by some humble individual. Despise not the day of small things, the Scripture says, and as we grow older we are more impressed with the greatness of small things, the unseen things, the power of the quiet forces of nature compared with the lightning and thunder storms. (*To his daughter:* It is your move, Jessie.) As my mind runs over the criminals I have known many of them are people who have no conception of the significance and interest of little things,—before these people are twenty years old they think they have exhausted the resources of life. Sometimes I think our schools bear too hard on the money making part of education, until our youth feel that no education is of much account that cannot be put into coin. Perhaps if some of those active minded criminals were made to study nature, and learn drawing,—I have heard of an institution in France where the prisoners were made to draw and paint, and it is said it had an excellent effect, giving quite a new sense of proportion and values to these criminals. (*To his daughter:* That was a good move, Jessie! I'm afraid you have beaten me! That was a bad move for me, Jessie. One needs to keep one's mind right on the game.)

Editor's Sketch Book

It has been a constant pleasure to the editors of this magazine to learn how rich in historic association are many of the Farmington dwellings. Valuable information on this point has been given in an address by Mr. Julius Gay, and the old Gleason house is described in a work entitled "Old Houses of Connecticut." What we believe is worthy of receiving more attention is the artistic and architectural beauty of these same buildings, some of which are falling into decay.

It would be interesting to study the detail of some houses, such as windows, doors, roofs—the window over the front door in the house now owned by Mr. Chase, and the large north window in Mr. Lewis Cowles' house, repay many a second look. Our illustration gives a few examples of doorways—not all the fine ones by any means. The doorway of the old frame house on the main street opposite Gay's store was built by Captain Judah Woodruff, who designed many beautiful houses on this street. This *portico* is remarkable in its grace and proportion.

There are two extremes to which it seems a very great pity to go: to allow a noble structure to fall into disuse and decay, or, on the other hand,

to restore it past all recognition. There are some things our fathers did which we have not yet been able to improve on; let us preserve these with all reverence for their strength and beauty.

There are some examples of the gambrel roof in town, a form so charming that it has been much copied in modern houses. When we have the original, why not guard it jealously, rather than allow it to fall to pieces and then build new in the same pattern or in another not nearly so good? But it is not guarding a thing jealously to allow decay and untidiness to mark it for their own. One of the most attractive cottages in the village is one of these little gambrel-roofed affairs, which has been so carefully restored that even the adding of piazzas (that unheard-of comfort in the days of its building) has not destroyed its proportions or changed its character.

But it is hard to understand how untidiness or shiftlessness add to charm. Beauty is so often a matter of relations. There may be a "picturesque dirt," but it seems to me its place is not in a village, however ancient, and a tumble-down fence takes away from the general effect of a street. A country road is a different thing. There moss and lichen-covered ruins are a joy to the artist and to the unskilled beauty lover. Worn paint is often artistic in its coloring, but it can be worn and at the same time clean, and dirt cannot add to the delicate beauty of its shades. Let a thing go unpainted—then we have all the charm of weather-stained shingles. There are a few houses and barns on the Farmington streets which are delightful in the coloring nature has given them. If a thing is unpainted, however, it is just as beautiful and much more self-respecting with its shingles all in their places and its chimney straight and whole.

However, I started to write of doorways, and they would well repay study. Imagination might easily fly away with us as we picture to ourselves the people passing through—the weddings and the funerals. If windows are the eyes of a house, the door is surely its mouth, and many think that the mouth, of all the features, most clearly shows character. A man much interested both in building the new and preserving the old said the other day that our streets might be made remarkable for their charm and interest, in a region full of beauty, by guarding the gates and doorways and preserving their ancient flavor, as some happily have been guarded.

Our illustration shows some of the finest examples of doorways, but not all. Many of the houses belonging to Miss Porter's school have most distinguished entrances, but these are too familiar to describe. Perhaps less often noticed than these porticoes are the flat pillar effects at either side of the door of the Chauncey Deming house, or the deep recessed entrances of the Samuel Cowles house and the Misses Deming's. Much might be said of details, but it should be said by an architect, not by a layman whose admiration of the skill and taste of the builders of our village is constantly growing. The artists would not agree with me in all points, sighing at the repainting of barns or the rebuilding of fences, but all agree in dreading the change of lanes to streets and streets to avenues, convinced that the unique beauty of an old-fashioned village is dearer and more valuable to us than the smooth prettiness of suburban life. What we here contend is that ruinous surroundings react on character and dirt detracts from the charm of a New England village, for it is opposed to the genuine New England spirit.



SOME FARMINGTON DOORWAYS

THE JOHN THOMSON HOUSE

THE FARMINGTON HOUSE

OLDGATE THE WM. COWLES HOUSE

THE M. J. HALL HOUSE

The Farmington Magazine

THE LITTLE SHOP at the
O'ROURKERY, *High Street,*
FARMINGTON

FINE BLENDED TEA Special Importation \$1.00 per lb.

ESPERANZA COFFEE from Mexico

HOT PEANUTS ON SATURDAYS

NOTIONS EVERY DAY.

STRICTLY FAIR PRICES.

PROFITS (if there are any) devoted to charity.

My New Ladies' Tailoring Parlors!



I now occupy my new Tailoring Establishment

*839 Main Street, cor. Asylum St.,
Cullin Building, Rooms 21 and 26,
Hartford, Conn. Take Elevator.*

Moore Room. Perfect Light. More Help.

Improved Facilities. NEW STYLES.

Goodman's Ladies' Tailoring Parlors are all the time kept on the latest and latest and lacks all minor details. But construction of quality and style is difficult to equal.

A. GOODMAN, Ladies' Tailor.

ALL OUR GOODS ARE OF THE LATEST IMPORTATIONS.

OUR MODELS ARE UP TO DATE, AND WE GUARANTEE PERFECT FIT.

1771

SOUVENIRS.

Ye hand-made Shingles 131 years old from the roof of the *Cong. Church of Farmington*, with picture of Church and history of Shingles, by Chauncey Rowe.

Just a few left, at 50^{cts.} apiece, including a rusty hand-made nail thrown in.

JESSE MOORE,
Farmington.

Good Coffee.

In securing our "Best Mixture"

Java and Mocha Coffee,

we have spared neither labor nor money to get the best goods that come to this country —

Old Maudslough Java and

Pure Arabica Mocha.

are carefully blended and both the flavor and aroma of this Coffee when properly made are something delicious.

This Coffee costs only a little more than the ordinary grades but is far more satisfactory to the lover of really good Coffee.

One lb., 40c. Two lbs., 75c.

Good Tea.

Our Tea Department is stocked with a varied assortment of

Oolongs, Souchongs, Imperials, Japan, both pan and basket fired, Gunpowder, Ceylon, Orange Pekoe, Formosa, Etc., Etc.

We can please the tea buyer every time. No matter whether your purse says 40c. lb., or 50c., 75c., or \$1.00 lb., we give you good value for your money.

We are large buyers of Tea ourselves and we are willing to sell to you at a reasonable advance on what the goods cost us.

You owe it to yourself to get acquainted with our Tea and Coffee Department.

Orders amounting to \$3.00 or more will be delivered free of charge in Farmington.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.

E. A. Johnstone,

Photographer,

45 Pratt Street,

Hartford, Conn.



and all that pertains to this line.◆

We will supply you and fit up your home or office with everything in

ELECTRIC LIGHTING,

Telephones, Electric Bells, Batteries, and everything in the electrical line in a scientific and expert manner, at fair and reasonable prices. Anything in our line that you wish done satisfactorily—telephone, send us word by mail, or call on us, we will quote you prices and guarantee you satisfaction.

We are now wiring Miss Porter's School.

THOS. OAKES & SON,

Telephone, 1041-6.

11 Haynes St., Hartford, Conn.

CHARLES S. MASON, Florist, Farmington, Conn.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.

Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decoration and for sale.

Telephone Connections

ELMER B. ABBEY, D.D.S.

Hartford, Conn.

Room 77

Sage-Allen Building

HENRY O. WILCOX

Carpenter and Builder,

Repairing and Jobbing—Estimates Given

Main Street

Farmington, Conn.

HUGH CHESNEY, Florist

Farmington, Conn.

American Beauties and Violets a specialty

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

**Clark & Smith,
Book and Job Printers,**

49 Pearl Street.

Hartford, Conn.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company Building.

Printing of College Catalogues, Society Publications, Addresses, Poems, Genealogical and
Historical Works, Library Catalogues, Church Histories, etc., a Specialty.

Patrons and Subscribers.

Larned & Hatch,

High Class

Perfect Fitting

Shoes

945 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Valuable Property For Sale.

FARMINGTON, MAIN STREET

Five old Colonial house, extensive grounds, about 100
feet front, with a depth of about 200 feet. Lot at
once passed. Near to truly service. Pleasant views
&c. For particulars and price, call on

F. G. WHITMORE, 900 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.

ROBERT H. PRUTTING,

Solo Pianist

For Receptions, Dances, Parties,
and Private Parties

Address: P. O. Box 808, Hartford, Conn.
Telephone, 237-5.

J. WARREN HARPER,

A. B., D. D. S.

First National Bank Building.

HARTFORD, CONN.

D. R. HAWLEY,

**Decorating
and Painting***Artistic Interior Work*

Farmington, Conn.

Telephone Connections

Our Reorganized Ladies' Department

Occupies a spacious section of our new ground-floor addition. It is separate and apart by itself, and it advances the most fashionable and exclusive styles and the most reliable qualities in Ladies' wear, including among the rest,

Knox Hats; Fisk, Clark & Flagg Shirtwaists; Gloves, and Neckdressings.

HORSFALL & ROTHSCCHILD,

Clothiers and Outfitters, Hartford.

"It pays to buy our kind."

ALLYN HOUSE DRUG STORE

Huyler's

We are the exclusive Hartford Agents for Huyler's Candies.

Our stock is large, well selected, and always fresh.

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLESROGER & GALLETT'S, LE GRAND'S, LUBIN'S,
RICHARD HUDNUT'S, Etc.**CANDIES***Orders by mail or stage receive prompt attention***PHILO W. NEWTON & CO.****E. P. CAHILL,****LADIES' TAILOR.**

NEW } GOODS.
 } STYLES. * * * * *
 } STORE.

55 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn.



ESTABLISHED 1850.

WM. WANDER & SONS,

DEALERS IN ALL GRADES OF

PIANOS.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.
SOLD FOR CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES FOR

STEINWAY & SONS,
A. B. CHASE,
J. & C. FISCHER
MEHLIN & SONS,
FRANKLIN,
FOSTER & CO.

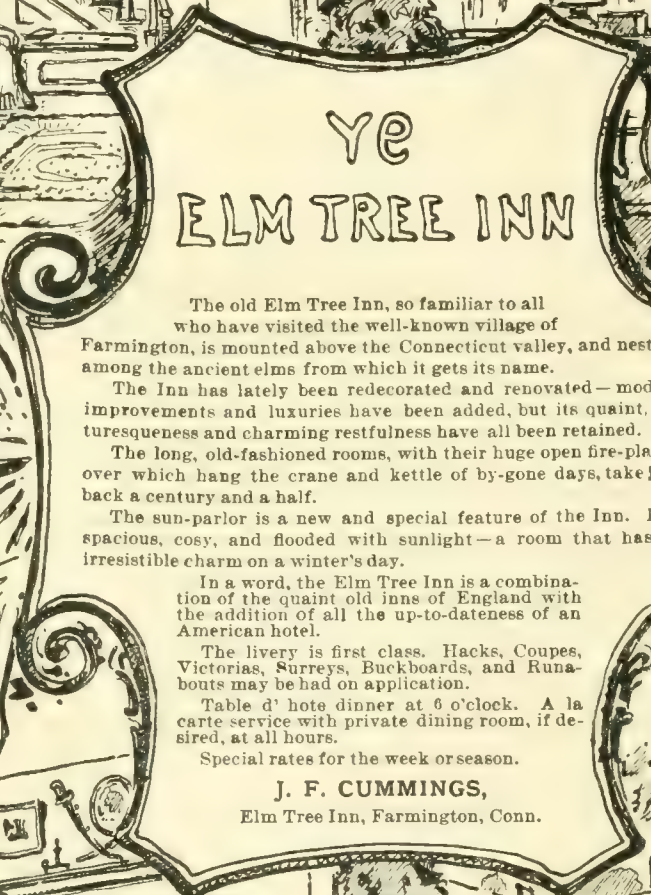
AND OTHER MAKES OF
PIANOS. ✓

ALL KINDS OF
Musical Instruments

AND
Sheet Music.

Largest Warerooms in the State.

239-241-243 ASYLUM STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.



Ye ELM TREE INN

OLD STAIRWAY

SUN ROOM

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint, picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take you back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hote dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

J. F. CUMMINGS,
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

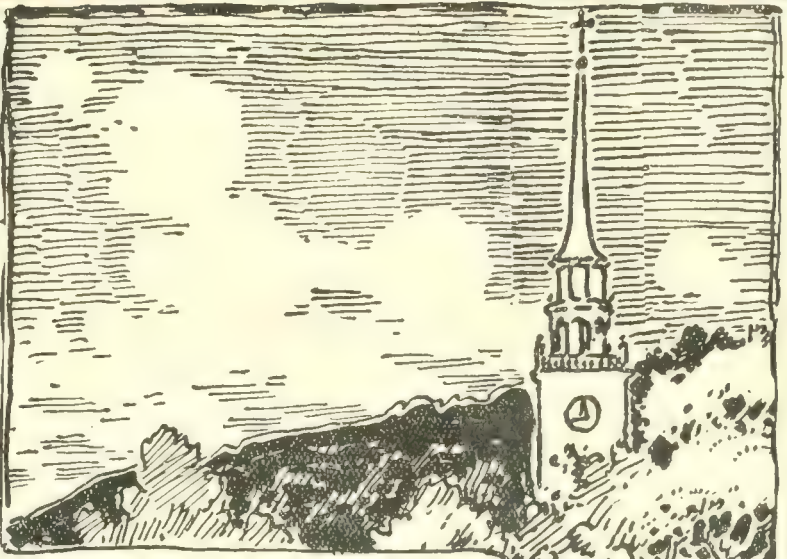
OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

W.C.

THE

FARMINGTON



DECEMBER 1901

WINTER Robert B. Brandegee

REV. TIMOTHY PITKIN

BUILDING OF A LODGE IN THE
ADIRONDACKS B. J

DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS
Charles Noel Flagg

MOREHEAD LEDGE AND DIAMOND GLEN
C. Rowe

A SUMMER VISITOR'S REMEMBERINGS
Tudor Jenks

CHRISTMAS IN DRESDEN
H. Trowbridge Allen

EDITORIALS

President Roosevelt in Farmington
The McKinley Oak

VILLAGE NOTES

NOTES OF MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL

FARMINGTON = GOWN.

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued Quarterly. It will be devoted as heretofore to the historic and artistic interests of Farmington, its people and activities.

Terms: 25 cents a single copy.

\$1.00 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.

PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



THE COMING OF WINTER

By R. B. BRANDEGEE

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. II

DECEMBER, 1901

No. 1

Winter

THE springtime comes like a child that is teething, one cheek warm and one cheek cold. The autumn with a flush, like one who is intoxicated with his own luxuriousness. But the winter comes like a prudent New England Dame. Around the edges of the woods she has gathered the piles of dried leaves. The sap has been warned to return into the earth. The woodchuck is getting ready for his winter's nap under the ground. And when all her children are cared for, winter draws over their heads the coverlid of white snow. On the side of the mountain is the pine tree, its shaggy green fur electrical in the keen winter air. All night long like Jacob the pine tree has wrestled with the winter wind, bits of green fur lie on the ground, and the pine tree's arms are full of snow, the torn garments of the winter storm. The birds gather under its branches and to them the pine tree quietly sings its song, "The Romance of the Sea." The red-tailed hawk draws his claws under his feathers and listens, lost in dreams. Everything dreams in the hearing of the pine tree's song. When the winter freezes the ponds thick with ice, she takes care to leave holes for the fish to come and breathe. Where it is shallow we find the muskrats' huts, and skate in among them; tall cat-tails and tufts of grass and reeds grow through the ice.

I can remember the first girl that dared to skate, long before it became fashionable. She came down on the saw-mill pond with her brothers. We looked at her with some misgivings, but had to confess she looked very graceful, and had a remarkable color. We built a fire on the ice and played "peel away," and when the thermometer went below zero, even the Mattabesett River had to acknowledge it was winter; if the wind was favorable we skated down through Beclay Quarter to East Berlin until we came to where the Mattabesett joins the Connecticut River. Excursions had to be made around rapids, walking on the skates. Perhaps the next day would bring a thaw and the ice would all disappear.

As we sit about the warm fire we cannot help congratulating ourselves how much more comfortable our age is than the ages that have gone before,—and if we could only capture some of this cold and keep it for July and August! It is aggravating to think of all the inventions unpicked. There they hang like the stars, all around us, and we may, like Tantalus, look at them. After all it is the men who can pluck these inventions who are among

the greatest of men. They may have lived in a corner, and not seem to compare with our sturdy legislators who go around the country with a brass band, but after all the eloquence has died away, it is the individual who has reached out his hand and plucked an invention for his fellowmen who should be the most honored.

One must be a real lover of nature to love the winter; though the winter pinches us until our ears tingle there is a warm heart for those who understand him. But before he will smile at you you must do battle with the North wind. You must plough through the deep snows undaunted. You must visit the winter on keen starlit nights, when he will greet you with a whoop of laughter that crackles long furrows in the ice ponds. Some cold night he may call, decorated with a zero degree, and taking the house between his fingers give it a good squeeze; then you will know the winter wishes to take a moonlight walk with you. Pooh, said the winter, I have seen this country covered with glaciers; I have seen your Hooker's Grove covered with icebergs. The breath of the White Bear was like the smoke from an engine. Those were days to live in. Come with me to the North Pole, and I will show you what life is. Thank you, said I, with a society smile, Perhaps some other time.

R. B. B.

Rev. Timothy Pitkin

THE material for this account of the Rev. Timothy Pitkin, and of his son, the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, has been drawn largely from the "Memorial History of Hartford County," the "Pitkin Genealogy" and "Goodwin's East Hartford." Timothy Pitkin was the fourth pastor of the Congregational Church of Farmington, the three before him being Roger Newton, Samuel Hooker and Samuel Whitman. It was a disturbed time, those years just before and during the American Revolution, and a public man was in danger, no matter which side he took. There seems to have been no doubt about Rev. Mr. Pitkin's patriotism, any more than there was doubt later in life about his decision in matters of church government which in that day were so largely matters of town government also. But he was distinctly a man of the old "Connecticut nobility" and did not so easily find his place in the more democratic and radical young America which developed even in conservative Connecticut after the Revolution. Hence his request for dismissal, before his preaching days were over. He still continued some preaching and pastoral work even into the second pastorate after his own, and we read of his words of comfort at the death bed of old parishioners, testifying to their "earnest piety and Christian character."

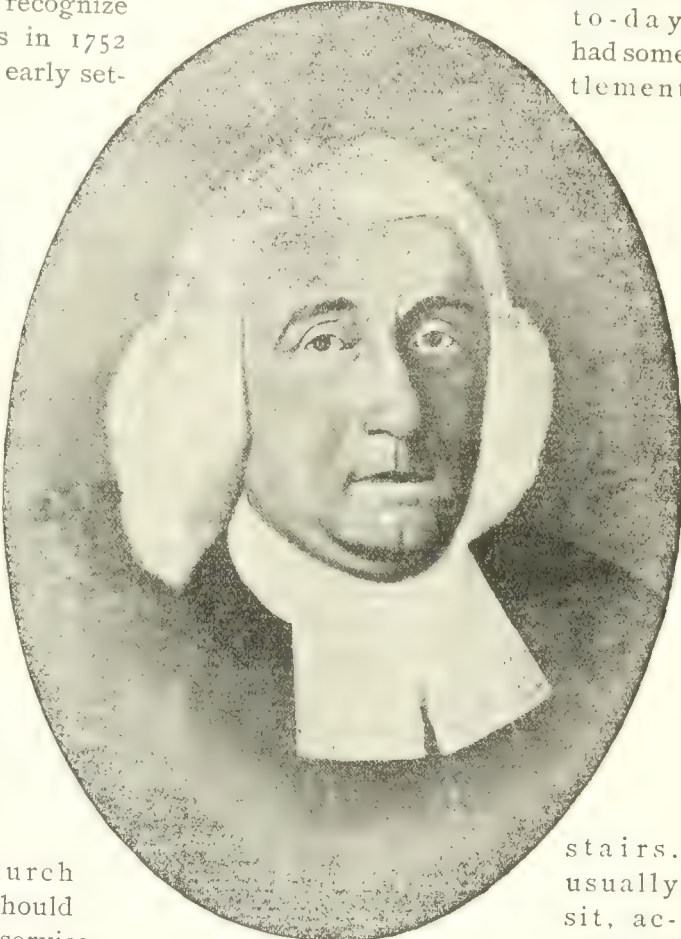
INTO a town, which contained in its organization in 1640, members of the church which Thomas Hooker had organized in Newtown (Cambridge), Massachusetts, and a few years before had transferred to the valley of the

Connecticut, came Timothy Pitkin in 1752. Among the members of his church were found the names of many descendants of those who were prominent in the affairs of that earliest period in the history of the colony; and many of those names we recognize to-day. The condition of affairs in 1752 had somewhat changed since the early settlement.

The fear and dread the early settlers had of the depredations of Indians found expression when the church building which was erected in 1708 was provided with "guard seats," where some ten or twenty men could be on the look-out near the doors against a sudden assault. In 1726 these seats were abandoned, and in 1751 the year previous to the one when Mr. Pitkin came to be its minister, liberty was granted to the *Christianized* Indians to build themselves a seat in the meeting house in the northeast corner over the

A committee of the church designated where people should sit, according to age, military service, office and wealth. We find in old church and town records that each person, deacon, elder, singer and even the boy had his allotted place as absolutely assigned him in the old meeting house, as was the pulpit to the parson. Mr. Pitkin's pulpit was reached by a staircase on the north side and was a formidable affair overhung by a sounding board, a wondrous canopy of wood with roof like the dome of a Turkish mosque.

The position of minister in those days was very august. He had the complete monopoly of all the material of the intellectual and spiritual life of the people with no competition, and the requirements of his position were many and varied.



REV. TIMOTHY PITKIN,
Born Jan. 13, 1727. Died July 8, 1812.

The town, now a little more than one hundred years old, had gained largely in population and in wealth. Indian wars, and local affairs of a religious and civil nature, filled the lives of the people until the great struggle for national freedom united them in a common cause in 1775.

Seldom is it the fortune of any family to have numbered so many individuals raised to places of distinction in the affairs of a state by their own abilities, as in the case of the Pitkin family of Hartford, East Side. No other family in our commonwealth stood so constantly and for so long a time in the front of current events, unless it was the Wolcott family of Windsor which was also remarkable for its prominent men. From 1659 to 1840, and later, the Pitkins were conspicuously represented in church, town and state governments as well as in military affairs and inter-colonial relations.

Dr. Allen, in his account of the "Lives and characters of the most eminent persons deceased in North America from its first settlement," mentions among others the Rev. Timothy Pitkin of Farmington; his father, Governor William Pitkin, who died in 1769; his grandfather, William Pitkin, who died in 1723; and his great-grandfather, William Pitkin, who died in 1694, and was the progenitor of the family in this country.

William Pitkin came from England in 1659 and settled in Hartford. He was appointed attorney for the colony by the King in 1664, and from 1675 to 1690, a period of fifteen years, he annually represented Hartford in the colonial assembly. He was also appointed commissioner to negotiate peace with the Indian tribes. Aside from his profession, he was one of the principal planters of the town, having purchased a large tract of land on which his sons all settled, on the east side of the Connecticut river, which the Hartford settlers began at an early day to avail themselves of. East Hartford was not incorporated as a separate town until 1783.

William Pitkin 2d was educated by his father in the law. In 1713 he was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and was one of the Council for the Colony for twenty-six years, annually re-elected until his death. He was Commissioner of war in 1706 and 1707. He was one of the committee of three to prepare the manuscript laws of the Colony in 1709. He was one of the committee of three appointed by the General Assembly to build the first State House of the Colony at Hartford, and he filled other positions of trust and prominence in the Colony.

William Pitkin 3d, the father of Rev. Timothy Pitkin, took a leading part in the first movement made toward the formation of this government and nation. He was distinguished both in public and private affairs, and possessed a thorough knowledge of the laws and policy of the Colony. He was speaker of the House in 1732, elected to the Council in 1734, for twelve

years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Lieut.-Governor from 1754 to 1766, and Governor of the Colony from 1766 until his death in 1769. He died in office. He was a strong advocate of colonial rights, and among the first in the Colony to resist the Stamp Act.

His son, Timothy, the subject of this sketch, was born in Hartford, East Side, in 1727. He was the second in a family of five sons. He graduated at Yale College in 1747 and later was for one year a tutor there. From 1777 to 1804 he was a Fellow of the Yale College Corporation, and was one of its beneficiaries. He studied theology and was installed pastor of the church in Farmington in 1752. Bacon in his "Ecclesiastical History" mentions him as one of the Half Century Ministers of New England. He was one of the trustees of Yale College for many years, and when Dartmouth was instituted he was chosen one of its board of trustees. During the Revolutionary War he espoused the cause of the Colonies, and his pulpit rang with fervid discourses on liberty. He visited his parishioners in their camp and wrote them letters of encouragement and sympathy. To Amos Wadsworth in camp at Roxbury he wrote, "Truly, I feel for my native bleeding country and am embarked with you in one common cause. My hope is yet in God, the Lord of Hosts and God of Armies." To the first company of soldiers marching to Louisburg he preached a farewell sermon from these words, "Play the man for your country and for the cities of your God and the Lord do that which seemeth to Him good." He lived to welcome the soldiers home from their victorious struggle, their beloved pastor and faithful friend.

Gov. Treadwell thus writes of the personality of Mr. Pitkin: "The Rev. Timothy Pitkin was a fervent and godly man distinguished for his courtly address and dignified manners, his warm and winning address from the pulpit, his solemn and searching prayers with the sick. Of his sermons, little more than the heads or leading thoughts were committed to writing and were usually filled up in delivery. He was a good classic scholar, and had acquired by reading an extensive acquaintance with and knowledge of men and things, particularly of passing events both at home and abroad. He was a gentleman of polished manners and communicative disposition, with sprightly air and manner, engaging and instructive conversation. He was eminently pious. A popular address was his province. In this he delighted and in this he excelled. His life was dignified and useful, his death was peaceful and his memory will be blessed."

His personal appearance is described as follows: "He was habited in a flowing blue cloak, with his snow white wig and tri-cornered hat; as he walked up the aisle to the pulpit he would bow on either side with the dignity and grace of the old nobility of Connecticut. He was a courtly gentleman and kindly friend, a man of fervent piety and earnest spirit."

In 1753 Mr. Pitkin married the daughter of President Clap of Yale College, and by his own resources and those of his wife did much for the refinement of the parish. [It was during Rev. Mr. Pitkin's pastorate that the present church building was erected, and during his lifetime that Capt. Woodruff built some of his most beautiful houses.] They were married after he had been settled one year in Farmington church, and when he brought home his wife, Temperance, they rode in an open four-wheeled carriage—probably what would seem to us a very rude vehicle—and were met and escorted home in state by the older and more respectable men of the town.

Timothy and Temperance had eight children. Their oldest son, Samuel, entered the Revolutionary Army after graduating at Yale College, and died in service the same year, at the age of twenty-three. A daughter, Catherine, married the Rev. Nathan Perkins, for many years pastor of the church at West Hartford, to whose memories the beautiful memorial window has been placed in the north side of the grey stone edifice in that town.

The Rev. Timothy Pitkin's son, Timothy, prepared for college with his father and his brother-in-law, the Rev. Nathan Perkins, graduating from Yale in 1785 with the highest honors of his class. He then studied law with Oliver Wolcott, was admitted to the bar in 1788, and was subsequently made Doctor of Laws. In this same year (1788) Rev. Mr. Pitkin bought land of Phineas Cowles near the church and later built a house for his son. In this house Timothy Pitkin 2d lived until about 1841, when it was sold to Dr. Edwin W. Carrington, father of the present owner.

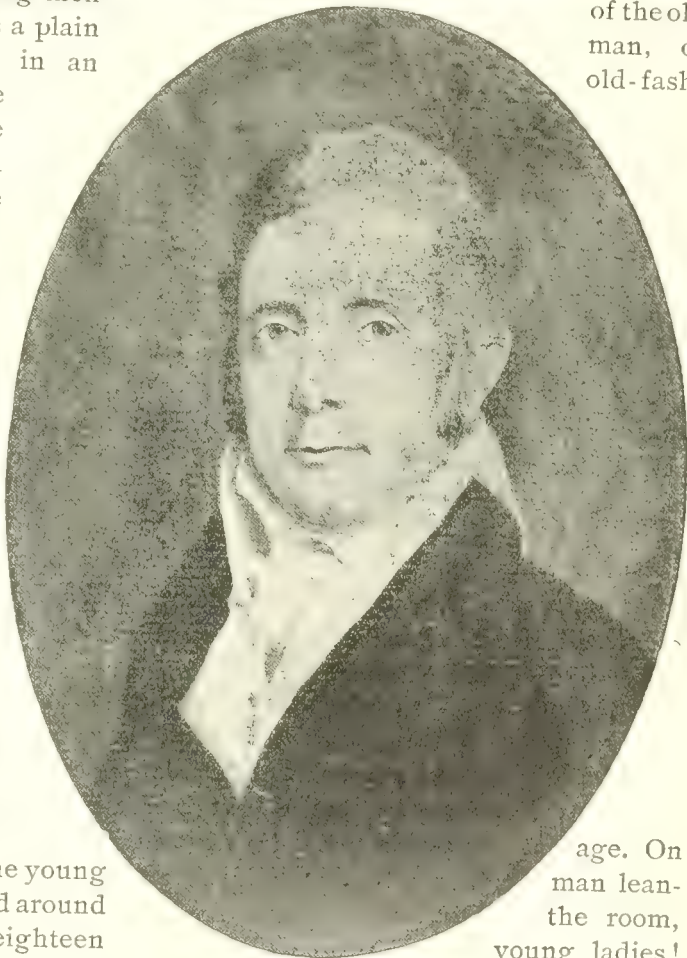
In the year 1790, the young lawyer, only 24 years of age, was chosen representative from Farmington to the General Assembly, and continued to be so chosen, with few intermissions, until the year 1805. During this period he was several times Speaker of the House. In 1805 he was sent to Congress as representative, and was continually returned in that capacity until the year 1819. He was in Washington four years under Jefferson's administration, eight years under Madison's and two years under Monroe's. One writer of the time says: "The Hon. Timothy Pitkin was for several sessions a Federalist member of Congress, and after his retirement from political life was of no doubtful political sympathies. His always lighted candle, as it gleamed from his office every night, testified to passers-by of laborious historical and political researches, all of which were made to contribute to the renown of the party of Washington and Hamilton." After his return from Washington his part in the intellectual and social life of the town must have been very active. In an old copy of the *Hartford Courant* is this notice suggesting the opening of a law school in Farmington which might finally have been a serious rival to the one from which he graduated in New Haven :

"The subscriber proposes to open a Law School in Farmington; and in addition to the usual course of instruction, to give lectures on National and Constitutional Law, and on the Political and Civil History of this State and of the United States.
"FARMINGTON, August 18, 1826.

"TIMOTHY PITKIN."

And about that year, or a little earlier, we find this account in some Personal Memories of that day describing an evening call at the house of Mr. Pitkin, which gives a good idea of the social doings of the early 19th century, not so very different from our own:

"My father went with me to Farmington and introduced me to the Hon. Timothy Pitkin. This gentleman was then a very distinguished man; he was one of the leading men of the old Federal Party. He was a plain the old school, living in an ioned house near the church. In two or three weeks after I had been in "Old Red" (as the students called Mr. Hooker's house) Mr. Pitkin called upon me and said his daughters would be glad to see me on a certain evening. Of course, I accepted; and on that evening arrayed in my unrivalled blue coat, with brass buttons, cravated and prinked, according to the fashion, I presented myself at Mr. Pitkin's. It was well I had been accustomed to good society, for never was there a greater demand on the moral cour-
entering the room I saw one young man leaning on the mantle-piece, and around for I counted them, were eighteen young ladies! During the evening my comrade and self were reinforced by two or three students, but five made the whole number of young men who appeared during the evening. You may be sure when I looked at the phalanx of eighteen young women even the



HON. TIMOTHY PITKIN,

Born Jan. 23, 1766, died Dec. 18, 1847.

age. On
man lean-
the room,
young ladies!

and self were
but five made

assurance of a West Point Cadet gave way. But the perfect tact of the hostess saved me from trouble. This was Miss Ann Pitkin, now Mrs. Denio, her husband being Mr. Denio, late Chief Justice of New York. Miss Pitkin evidently saw my embarrassment which was the greater from my being near-sighted. She promptly came forward, offered me a chair, and introducing me to the ladies at once began an animated conversation. In half an hour I felt at home and was ever after grateful to Miss Pitkin. The evening passed pleasantly away and I was launched into Farmington society; as there were only three of us at the close of the entertainment to escort the young ladies home, it was fortunate that Farmington was built almost entirely on one street; so one of us took the girls who went down street, one, those who went up street, and a third those who branched off."

In 1816-17 Mr. Pitkin published the first and second editions of the "Commercial Statistics of the United States." Two hundred and fifty copies were taken by Congress for use by the government. He wrote also the "Political and Civil History of the United States from 1763 to 1797, to the close of Washington's Administration." This history contains a vast amount of interesting information even to the student of to-day. It is becoming rare and valuable. After leaving Congress he was annually chosen to the Connecticut Legislature from Farmington until 1830, when he was elected senator. He was a member of the convention which framed the new Constitution of the State of Connecticut. In 1837, at a meeting of the *Société Française de Statistique Universelle*, held in Paris, Mr. Pitkin was awarded a medal of honor with a letter from the President, le duc de Montmorenci, acknowledging his valuable contribution to statistical science. He afterward received from the Comte de Bussy, the secretary, a diploma, making him a complimentary member of the Société. He married Elizabeth Hubbard, daughter of the Rev. Bela Hubbard of New Haven, and they had six children.

The first wife of the Rev. Timothy Pitkin died two weeks after the birth of a daughter, Temperance, and later he married Eunice Strong, daughter of Col. John Strong. In 1785 he was dismissed from the pastorate at his own request, and died July 8th, 1812, in the 86th year of his age. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Nathan Perkins, and was printed by request. It contains twenty-two pages of fine print, and over eight thousand words. This preacher seems to be even more long-winded than usual for in "Sprague's Annals" it is stated that Dr. Perkins had acquired a habit of expanding any subject which was presented, so that Dr. Nathan Strong, when Dr. Perkins expressed a wish that some hint which had been given by some member of the Council might be "spread out" on paper, replied with his usual facetiousness, "I should like to see it 'spread out,' too, and I nominate Brother Perkins to do it." The sermons were usually lengthy in

those days, with their "twenty-seventhlies" and "twenty-eighthlies," when the minister would show his godliness and endurance by preaching four and five hours and in making prayers of an hour long.

I quote from this funeral sermon preached by the Rev. Nathan Perkins: "We are convened in this place of religious worship on a melancholy and affecting occasion. That servant of Jesus Christ who heretofore for many years labored in this part of the vineyard has departed life. His work is done. We convene to pay our last respects to the remains of this man of God, to weep over them and to convey them in solemn mourning to the cold and silent grave, for man is but dust, and to dust must return. He labored in word and doctrine among you for the space of thirty-three years. He was an able, faithful, conscientious affectionate and zealous minister of the Gospel of Christ. He was an able minister of the New Testament. Endowed by the God of Nature with respectable talents, a retentive memory, sound judgment, quick apprehension and lively imagination, he was capable of a clear and critical investigation of subjects. He was a diligent student. He received no doctrine from mere tradition or because others had received it, or the Christian father had received it, or illustrious names in the annals of the church had received it. He wished to have a 'Thus saith the Lord' for all he admitted as articles of faith and duties to be performed. Plain Scripture only, determined his mind.

"The result of all his researches was an unwavering belief in the doctrines, disciplines and order of the New England churches. Nothing could draw him from duty. No temptation, no hope of applause, no fear of man. He preached not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord. For his people, he always manifested the greatest tenderness. He felt for them in affliction and sorrow. His sympathy and tears were mingled with theirs.

"He was a kind parent, affectionate husband, a firm friend, a patriotic citizen, a lively Christian, and faithful minister."

Building of a Lodge in the Adirondacks



ING, sing,
While the hammers ring :
The fragrant yellow timbers swing
And creak and strain
To a glad refrain
Of the rasping saw and the driving plane,—
While beam meets beam in a firm caress —
Building a lodge in the wilderness.

The timid folk
Of the woods awoke
At the alien sound of the hammer-stroke,
And fled afar in a frightened throng ;
But the Forest smiled
At each trembling child,
And bid it join in the Building Song.

“ Sing, sing,
While the hammers ring :
It is not fear that the builders bring ;
And the rasping saw
In the timber raw
Is but serving those who love my law.
Put by thy fear and thy vague distress,
Be glad for the lodge in the wilderness.”

The Mountain heard,
And his great heart stirred
At sound of the Forest-Mother’s word,
And he spake to the Mists that were
flying free :
And he called aloud
To the black Storm-cloud,—
And his voice was the voice of the
mighty sea :—

“ Sing, sing,
While the hammers ring :
I, too, know those who do this thing ;
The seasons fleet
Have seemed more sweet,
Since first they nestled at my feet ;
’Tis mine to guard from storm and stress
The rising lodge in the wilderness.”

The lofty Pine, the trailing Vine,
All cry “ Guard well that Hearth of thine,
Ye Roof and Rafters reared above ! ”
And the echoing sigh
Of the Lake floats by —
“ Keep guard, ye Walls, o’er those we love.”

Sing, sing,
While the hammers ring ;
The great trees sway in welcoming,—
The sharp blows fall,
While the wood-folk call—
And the Forest-Mother answers all :—
“ Sing, sing, in thy happiness,
And welcome the lodge in the wilderness.”

B. J.



AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT

By HANS MEMLING

BY PERMISSION OF JOHN H. HALL, ESQ.

Dutch and Flemish Masters

THE appreciative traveler when in Italy is irresistibly inclined to prefer Italian art, and in Spain, Spanish art. In Holland he is so impressed by the seriousness of her artists that he says to himself, "nothing was ever so honest and so good; surely Rembrandt was the greatest of painters;" and possibly if so fine a talent as his could be accurately weighed in the scales of artistic excellence this might be proven true. It may be that this or that painter or this or that country has been greater or greatest; but such comparisons are not essential to our enjoyment, and our business in looking at their productions should be to get from them all the pleasure and instruction possible. Rembrandt was certainly very great; but when we see at Haarlem the best of Frans Hals' pictures, we are obliged to acknowledge in him another kind of greatness, and at Antwerp we are compelled to admit that Rubens was a mighty master both as a painter and as a teacher, for what of its kind can be finer than his Holy Family in the Church of St. Jacques, and what teacher but he ever founded an Art School which produced so many pupils destined to become famous, and which could count in its number such names as Van Dyck and Jordaens. Then when we see the paintings of Memling in the hospital of St. Jean at Bruges we are forced to allow that he also was as great as the greatest, and yet was he greater than Jan van Eyck? Perhaps he was; but certainly both should command our deepest admiration and respect.

In looking at the pictures of the old masters, in the European collections, we are forced to regret that the people possessing them do not seem in all instances to have awakened to their full value; for if they had, they would not, as they occasionally do, exhibit them in small and poorly lighted rooms, and allow them to deteriorate for want of ordinary care. This condition, however, is gradually being overcome by a growing appreciation for good art, and by a recognition of the fact that fine works of art in proportion as they attract visitors, have an indirect but unquestionably great commercial value, continually enriching those cities fortunate enough to possess them.

It may seem unworthy to present as of primary importance the commercial advantages bound to accrue from the preservation of works of art, and the cultivation of art, as the moral advantages far outweigh those which can be measured in coin; but it is an undoubted fact that Amsterdam, Antwerp and Brussels by the recent erection of fine and well adapted palaces for the reception and conservation of their art treasures, have evidenced an intelligent comprehension of the economic side of the question.

I have heard it stated that Rubens' pictures bring more money into Antwerp than any of her industries, and it is easily apparent to one whose

attention is called to the subject that the small fees paid at the doors of the Antwerp Cathedral and of the Church of Saint Jacques, by persons drawn thither with a desire to see Rubens' masterpieces, are the most infinitesimal part of the contributions paid by travelers, which, taken in the aggregate favorably affect all the material interests of Belgium, and that such a great picture as Rembrandt's "Night Watch" forms in itself a national interest-bearing capital of huge proportions, and that this with the other great Dutch pictures are indirectly benefitting all the inhabitants of Holland.

Twenty-five years ago, and indeed until 1885, the visitors to Amsterdam could form but a poor idea of the wealth in pictures belonging to the Rijks Museum. The rooms containing the collection were so small, and badly lighted that it was impossible to see the pictures properly. Rembrandt's "Night Watch" occupied almost the entire wall space of one side of a room—which was nearly square—and the opposite wall was completely hidden by Van der Helst's famous "Banquet of the Arquebusiers." Both these pictures were very dirty, and the accumulation of dirt had been covered with numberless coats of varnish. The "Night Watch," because of its deep tone, suffered conspicuously, which very possibly explains why so great a critic as Fromentin misjudged it, and has left to us in his admirable "*Maîtres d'Autres Fois*" a record which is misleading, and very surprising to those persons who never saw the picture in its old position and condition, and who have had the opportunity of seeing it as it now appears after being skilfully cleaned and intelligently placed in the new Rijks Museum where it justly forms the chief attraction.

All the pictures of this collection used to be very dirty and heavily varnished, so that it was difficult to form an accurate opinion as to their beauty or merit. This deplorable state of affairs has now happily been changed, and the "new Rijks" with its priceless treasures draws thousands of visitors yearly.

Notable additions have been made to the Royal Gallery at the Hague and crowds gather daily in the old Mauritshuis to see Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lecture," and the beautiful portraits by Van Dyck, Ravenstein, Holbein, and many others whose works mark this as belonging to the foremost of European collections. Most of the rooms in the Mauritshuis, however, are poorly lighted, and it is to be hoped that in time the people of the Hague may follow the example given by Amsterdam, Antwerp and Brussels and construct a building worthy their rare possessions. The Royal collection of Antwerp which has survived many vicissitudes since its establishment in 1663 has recently been housed in a handsome and substantial edifice. If some of the pictures it contains could speak we might have the pleasure of listening to many an interesting tale, especially from the forty-eight canvasses

which were seized as trophies of war and taken to Paris in 1797, and returned by the French Nation in 1815. It is rather interesting to know that during this trying period Guillaume Jacques Herreyns, director of the academy of painting, sculpture and architecture, at the peril of his life hid many of the pictures, among them a large and valuable triptych by Quentin Metseys; and that now these pictures with those which made the journey to Paris and back may be seen appropriately placed, forming with more recent contributions and acquisitions one of the most beautiful collections in the world. Of course Rubens' pictures are prominently seen here, but perhaps the most remarkable group contained in the museum is the collection of "primitives" given in 1859 by the widow Van den Hecke. This comprises a number of Van der Weydens, Metseys, Van Eycks, Memlings, Dürers, and important works by other men who were nearly or quite as great.

Antwerp is certainly to be congratulated upon the possession of her art treasures, not alone as seen in the "Musée Nouveau," but in her churches and public buildings.

The new and well arranged art gallery at Brussels stands upon one of the finest streets of the city, opposite the palace of the Count de Flandres, and although the collection which it contains is not quite so rich as that in the Museum at Antwerp, it is well worth a visit,—or many visits if one has the time; for here may be seen pictures by great Flemish artists, the most important being Quentin Metseys' triptych "The Legend of Saint Anne," which is superior to the one at Antwerp, and commonly known as the masterpiece of this great artist. Here also may be seen some beautiful sketches by Rubens, and several portraits by him and by his pupil Van Dyke.

It is a satisfaction to know that Rubens, at one time ambassador to England, was courted and appreciated while he lived, and that he received a share—even if small—of the tribute of admiration which will always be paid to his genius. When speaking of Belgium the artists and art students of our time spell it "Rubens," and in thinking of Holland Rembrandt's name is uppermost, and yet how different were the lives of these two men, whose influence is so strongly felt throughout the civilized world to-day. The one throughout his life surrounded with all the perquisites and glamour of glory, and the other, the poor miller's son, who so dearly loved his wife Saskia with whom he passed so far as we know the only really happy period of all his life; and a very short happiness it was for she died two years after the marriage, leaving Rembrandt alone with his art. While he lived no one seemed to know that he was great, and so the written history of his life, although voluminous, is very scant, and even one hundred years after his death the only official record which could be found concerning him was contained in the death register of the Westerkirk at Amsterdam. This

precious document may be seen to-day by those who care to inspect it. The old Dutch text recites that on October 8th, 1669, fifteen florins of the public charity fund were expended for the funeral expenses of one Rembrandt van Ryn, a painter; and thus it is incontestably proven that he died a pauper and almost unknown. To know the short joys and long sorrows of his life those who understand must read them in his marvelous pictures, which tell a story that should bring tears from solid rock. I will not attempt to give it here, but will suggest to those who wish to read it, some of the earlier portraits of himself, where he is decked out in velvet and gold, and the later portraits of himself, in the last of which it is evident that his bloodshot eyes are of little use, but that the great mind still mastered art in a fashion that has set a guessing all the wizards of the brush since his time.

The list of great Dutch and Flemish painters is very long, and it would be a hopeless task to try to mention them all within the limits of a magazine article; but even when so limited it is impossible to pass lightly by such names as Jan van Eyck and Hans Memling. The galleries at Brussels and Antwerp, and some other European collections, count among their choicest possessions one or more works by these two men; but to form a just estimate of their power, it is necessary to visit the Cathedral of Saint Bovin at Ghent, where Van Eyck's celebrated picture "The Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb" may be seen, and the hospital of St. Jean at Bruges, which contains the masterpieces of Memling painted for the hospital during the XV century. The "Mystical Marriage of Sainte Catherine" and the famous *châsse* covered with beautiful pictures in miniature taken from the life of Sainte Ursule, and some small portraits of exquisite beauty, and a few other pictures by both Memling and Van Eyck are visited here daily by an unending line of travelers who are so richly rewarded for the trouble and expense of their pilgrimage that they do not count the francs dropped at the porter's lodge, which fall in an unceasing stream, supporting from year to year this truly charitable institution. Both Van Eyck and Memling resided for many years at Bruges, and here it was that the Van Eycks—for there were three of them who painted—are supposed by some authorities to have invented oil painting. It is said that even while they lived the noise of their achievement got abroad and a rather unpleasant story is still told in this connection, of the overcurious Italian painter who in his determination to discover the great secret, entered the Van Eyck studio during the absence of the brothers who, unexpectedly returning, found him there and did him to death. The secret died with the Van Eycks, and all we know of it to-day is that their pictures are almost as fresh as the day they were painted, five hundred years ago.

Both art and nature tempt the traveler to linger long in the Netherlands, for although at first he may think the landscape monotonous, he is

sure in time to feel the charm of the broad horizon, the dykes, and slender trees, and to appreciate, as Oliver Goldsmith has so perfectly expressed it, the beauty of the "slow canal" and "gliding sail." Cows are forever grazing in the green pastures, and occasional windmills in lieu of hills spread their long arms across the distant sky. A cluster of houses mark a village which seems fast asleep, and even cities have a strangely quiet air—one asks himself, "is it always Sunday here?" So it was one day a little more than a year ago when I pulled the door bell at the entrance to a monastery in Bruges, and half ashamed asked if visitors were admitted. It was a handsome monk who led the way, and did with a rare grace all the honors of the place, and at last showed me their most precious treasure, a small and beautiful piece of sculpture by Albert Dürer. I looked long and earnestly and could not but regret that so great a work of art should be buried in such a place; yet I am sure that this particular monk appreciated it thoroughly, and perhaps some of his brothers did the same. Religious sculpture is certainly most appropriately placed in religious houses, and undoubtedly Dürer did this "Visitation" with that idea. I am sure that had he known a Baedeker would one day be born he would have instructed the monks in this ancient Abbey of the Dunes to keep it still more closely hidden than no account of it might get between the red covers of the guide books which are so profusely seen in Europe. The guide books are very useful, but the laws of fitness should be observed—and then I asked the monk his name, that I might call for him if I came again, and he answered, "I am le père Économe, and if you come and wish to do so you can stay with us."

Bruges is called "Bruges la morte," but because its streets are barren should we conclude that it is dead? Rich in history as the theater and birth-place of men famous in the wars of their time; rich in painters whose works still live, and whose names can never die, will it not have a truer and longer life than most cities not called dead? What we unthinkingly term deadness may serve to preserve in its antique integrity through the present and coming ages this little queen of Belgian cities. Her moss grown bastions and mighty towers are so strong that they will last for many a day, and even when they crumble in decay the names of her great artists will still be handed on and preserved, continually teaching and helping perhaps greater artists now unborn, and they in their turn may ask as we ask to-day—why is this town whose works of art are better preserved than any other, called "Bruges la morte?"

CHARLES NOEL FLAGG.

The original of the portrait published in connection with this article bears all the marks necessary to establish its authenticity as the work of Hans Memling—the masterly manner in which it is executed, its great age, its state of preservation which is almost identical with the Memling pictures in the hospital of St. Jean at Bruges. The genuineness of the picture is still further attested by the usual signature employed by this artist, a two letter monogram, and the elaborate monogram in the right hand upper corner of the portrait which spells "Hans Memline."—C. N. F.

Morehead Ledge and Diamond Glen

AS YOU pass along the lower road, so called, leading from Main Street to East Mountain, you discover on the high ground of the north side indications of there having once been a building there, as portions of a well curb and a filled up well were lately to be seen. There in ancient days one Morehead carried on the business of dyeing yarn and had a hand loom in which he wove a coarse linen fabric called Hum Hum, used principally for towels and cleaning dishes. The legend is that Morehead possessed an irascible temper, and once settled a dispute by dashing a quantity of dye stuff upon the person of Mrs. Morehead. Hence originated the old time conundrum :

“There was a man, the man was human,
Liv’d a man, but dyed a woman.”

Many a school boy taxed his brain to render a correct solution to the problem. Now take the south side up the hill and get a view of Diamond Glen, so named by the pupils of Miss Porter's school. The deep ravine has a stream of water which once was carried by a flume and discharged into the buckets of an overshot mill wheel carrying the machinery for grinding corn. For many years the mill building was also used for making gin. The brook now takes the overflow of water from the reservoir which covers several acres and from which the hydrants and many houses and barns are supplied, giving better protection from fire than ever before. The old loom and dye house with the mill opposite passed away long time ago, but the enchanting view from that eastern slope will remain until these eternal hills remove, and suns and stars revolve no more.

C. ROWE.

A Summer Visitor's Rememberings

THERE were advantages in belonging to the old-time days of wigs and furbelows, and one of these was the stately courtesy that gave charm to many otherwise commonplace actions. To-day, I must say, in beginning these reminiscences, “I have been asked to write for the readers of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE,—” and so plunge in. In the tea-cup times, I could have begun: “You bid me, ladies fair, consult mnemosyne,—” and then go on to lie *ad libitum* so long as I was truly literary.

Yet perhaps the preamble is but a dull thing after all, and the plunge into cold fact will bring the quicker glow.

We used to spend summers in Farmington. The journey from Brooklyn was then worth talking about. The trip up Broadway in a stage was no light matter, and to go in real choo-choo cars to New Haven was to burn

one's own bridges and plunge into the unknown. If the train on the Old Shore Line had failed to connect, heaven knows we might have been devoured by something fierce and growling—say the New Haven landladies—the only creatures feared by Yale sophomores.

Then, having disembarked at the Farmington depot, came the ride across the meadows, including the awful climb up the bridge over the river, in Warren's stage. I never met highwaymen on the road, but dangerous-looking cows were frequent on the horizon and even nearer. Night, too, was coming on, and what'er betided (or betode) we must find shelter in the hamlet ere darkness overtook us. We usually did.

In our earlier journeys we peered eagerly from the windows to see whether certain comrades of the chase still lived and thrived. If Patsy Gallagher or 'Scovy Duck were seen to have survived the winter, it was a presage of happy days.

Once in the town with trunks unpacked, the cry was up in the morning early and off to the river to fish. My brother thought himself a good fisherman—the other brother, I mean. He at times let me go with him in pursuit of perch, chub, and sunfish, on condition that I wouldn't move, breathe, wink or think while he was luring on his prey. If I feebly coughed, sneezed, or said, "Darn it!" under my breath, he would knit his eyebrows, scowl, and show in divers ways that he was interrupted at the crisis of his piscatorial career. If after an hour or two of motionless suffering I repeated the offence, he would say in the subdued voice appropriate to a funeral: "Can't you keep still? Great Cæsar, how do you s'pose I can fish with you raising all that racket? What did you come for?"

Usually after two or three hours of petrification, I would beg to be put ashore, and he would eagerly seize the excuse to say that I had spoiled the fishing, and we would land the more willingly because it was time to eat.

Then we had picnics. Some of the beautiful maidens of Farmington would consent to let us carry food for them, and we would climb up to the Ledge, from which was plainly visible the whole village street as yet untouched by the Village Improvement Society. Here we would sit and converse with mutual embarrassment until the native contingent quarreled—which always happened. This usually broke the ice, and sometimes broke up the party, unless the lunch was particularly attractive. If one guest rebelled and went home, we usually commented freely upon his personal defects. Strangely enough, "conceit" was the inevitable fault in any defaulting member. Do all boys and girls think one another "conceited"?

We had a lovely time playing that charming game "Truth," where you are bound to give true answers to whatever is asked. Did we? Surely not. Only the simple suffered; the sly escaped. Did I ever confess the truth

about the little affairs of the heart that occupied my boyish mind? Ask of the winds and waves that round my pathway roar,—as the old declamation-piece put it,—but don't ask me. I'm not playing Truth.

Besides the fishing and the picnics and the parties, I remember the days of swimming in the river. When we boys—city and country—stripped for the plunge, what a leveling there was? How the graceful figures of the well-exercised country fellows excelled the less developed frames that the better clothing had concealed! How much better many of the country boys swam and dived and trod water!

But you want something humorous. I am afraid you must ask elsewhere. My memories of Farmington are not humorous. I recall one morning when a sheriff was passing our house with some bound boy or petty offender, how exciting it was to see the youngster suddenly break from his captor, vault the fence beside the road and be off toward the hills before the stout sheriff really knew what had happened. The boy ran toward the Ledge, and escaped. Whether he reformed and became an honor to his country or is now a convict—the Lord only knows.

I remember another time when a hard-hearted scoundrel of a man shot a pet dog of ours because it chased his turkeys; and I remember my little brother crying over the dying creature. For years afterward I longed for revenge upon the man, and when I heard that he had died, miserably poor and unhappy, I felt that the Fates were just.

Then I cannot forget the River with its awful toll of victims. Every year or two came a new tragedy, and the little stream seemed to be a murderer. How is one to feel in a sportive mood in reviewing such memories!

It is amazing to me that one can pass his fortieth year and still ignore the tragedies that are so interwoven with the comedies of past years. As I glance over the panorama of my remembrances of Farmington, the very figures that took part in the little comedies of the daily life there are now only monuments to the dead.

There is but one old landmark that to me brings only a feeling of unmixed amusement, and that is (or was?) the old fire-engine that was kept near the burying-ground, and seemed really deader than the deadest of the ancient inhabitants. The only relic that was older than the fire-engine was the house in which it rotted itself to oblivion.

I am afraid that the town has been spruced up, and has ceased to be the delightful country place it was in the days I knew it. I should not dare to revisit Farmington hoping to live again the scenes of other years; but if the Editors of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will get up another picnic and invite me, I will gladly carry the baskets as in the ancient days and do my best to revive the Days of Croquet and Chivalry.

TUDOR JENKS.

Christmas in Dresden

THE Christmas season in Germany, or more particularly in Dresden, is certainly a time of "Peace on earth and good will toward men," and the very air is pervaded with the holiday spirit. While all ages and conditions unite in gift-giving and merrymaking at this joyful time, one notices particularly the important part taken by the children in plans for the celebration of the universal festival. Their round, rosy-cheeked faces before the toy shops beam with an expectation which in few cases is to end in disappointment, for the cheapness of toys enables even the poorest laborer to provide enjoyment for his children. All over the city but especially in the *Altmarkt* and *Neumarkt*, villages of booths are erected and forests of Christmas trees appear in a night as if called into being by a magician's wand, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the temporary shops are filled with light and color and the miniature streets become thronged with eager and expectant crowds. In one tiny booth toys are heaped on the counter, festooned on strings, and crammed on shelves at the back until they fairly overflow into the street. They are almost all made of wood, and in some cases entirely plain in color but prettily carved, and in others brilliantly painted. The peasants of the Hartz Mountains and the Schwarzwald spend the long winter evenings fashioning the queer conceits for the Christmas market for the smallest possible remuneration, since all the toys in this booth are sold for 10 pfennigs or 2½ cents each, and this must include at least two profits. Dolls' furniture, beautifully made, tiny wagons, sheep, cows, household utensils, brooms, churns, etc., go to make up this remarkable display, and it is a never ending source of delight to watch the children making their weighty selections and receiving their small parcels on the shovel from the good natured proprietress in exchange for the bright 10 pfennig pieces.

One little girl bought a small doll's bureau but as she was about to leave the display her eyes lighted on a blue Mary on a green platform leading not one but two peaceful lambs with a red cord. She was so overcome by the prodigality of color that she requested an exchange which was cheerfully accorded and she scampered off, her face wreathed in smiles, the happy possessor of more livestock than was ever sold for a like price before. Other booths, there being several on each street, contained piles of cakes dear to the Saxon heart, *lebkuchen*, *honigkuchen* and other mysterious compounds impossible to describe but wonderfully attractive to look upon. Macaroons "*in grosser auswahe*," as the little blue and white sign put it, compelled the passer-by to invest an exceedingly small sum in a large package, and subsequent enjoyment of the dainty cakes confirmed the wisdom of the purchase.

The prominent stores on *Prager*, *König Johann*, *Waisenhaus*, and *Wildsouffer strassen* vied with each other in attractive displays, and by special dispensation were allowed to keep open on the two Sundays preceding Christmas to allow the working people to take advantage of their bargains. On these days the streets in the vicinity of the *Altmarkt* were well nigh impassable, owing to the crush of package-laden men and women, but in spite of the crowd joviality and good nature in accord with the season reigned supreme. The fact that 17,000 Christmas trees were sold in Dresden last year proved that in this capitol city of Saxony the festival is celebrated with becoming unanimity. The theaters put on fairy plays and operettas for the children and never fail of delighted, wondering audiences. Festivities continue for three days designated respectively the first, second and third Holidays, the first being Christmas day itself and the others the succeeding days; and on the first two the shops are closed, but on the third business is resumed in a desultory sort of way. After this extensive outburst of gaiety things quiet down a little until the following week when the year ends, and New Year's Eve, or as it is designated in Germany, *Sylvester*

Abend is celebrated by masses in the cathedral and services elsewhere. On the stroke of midnight all the bells of the city peal out and almost instantaneously the principal streets are filled with a good natured, noisy throng shouting "*Prosit Neujahr*," and shaking hands with friends and strangers alike. Among the lower classes any maiden venturing out after the midnight hour, unescorted, may expect to be embraced and kissed by enthusiastic New Year revellers, and many an animated struggle takes place accompanied by shrieks, but as "all's well that ends well," the salute is almost invariably bestowed, and with shouts of laughter the game goes merrily on. The cafés are crowded until toward dawn, and each newcomer is wished health and prosperity for the ensuing year. It is a delightful custom, and with genuine regret one slowly wends one's way homeward in the early hours of the opening century "with charity toward all," and an especially warm place in his heart for the good people of Dresden.

H. TROWBRIDGE ALLEN.

Editorials

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE begins its new year with many slight changes though with the same purpose in view. In writing about our future it seems only fitting to review the past, giving a brief history of the beginning and end of the magazine as a monthly. Some time during the summer of 1900 the notion of a magazine which should bring out what is best in the life of Farmington and give a means of expression to the various forms of talent it contains, came to the mind of one of Farmington's artists and most devoted citizens. He communicated this thought to a new comer, interested in all forms of literary activity and together they planned a publication which should meet the ideals of both. In this planning they were much helped by the artist's wife, who later became secretary and treasurer; by a fellow artist; by a woman who had gained much wisdom through experience in newspaper and magazine writing, and her husband who contributed designs for the magazine cover and several illustrations; and by the public spirited sister of the originator of the scheme. These people formed themselves into a committee, electing an editor, secretary and treasurer, and heads of departments. Later the committee was enlarged by one who did valuable service in a business way, then it grew smaller, but the nucleus remained and all gave up much time and strength to the task they had set themselves. To the secretary much gratitude is due for cheerful and efficient service, which brought about a much more hopeful state of finances at the end of the year than any one had dared expect. Her assistant, a well-known resident of Farmington, was a great help in this respect.

Though this committee dissolved itself when the magazine changed from a monthly to a quarterly, those who composed it promise their interest, advice, and frequent contributions to the new managers. The hope has been fully realized that the magazine should receive generous contributions both from residents of Farmington and also from those interested in the town because of ancestry or a former connection with Miss Porter's school but now living at varying distances—from Hawaii and California to New York. Historical value has been given it by the papers of Mr. Julius Gay, to whom we feel public thanks is due for his unflinching

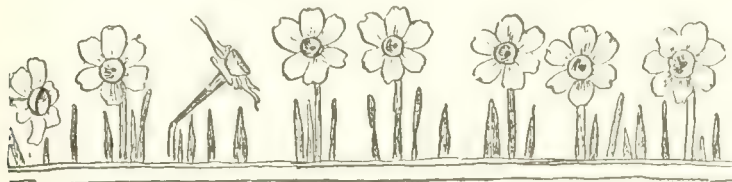
response to requests for help. It is with the deepest and most sincere grief that we learn of the death of Mr. Chauncey Rowe, one of whose reminiscences we publish in this issue. His friendliness and interest were always assured and his connection with the early part of the last century, together with his remarkably accurate memory made his reminiscences of people and events most valuable and delightful. There are several others whose sympathy and help have been as unfailing as if they had been actually on the committee, and this gives us encouragement to hope for the same aid in the future and to promise our readers as interesting a year as the one we have just passed.

WE are glad to be able to announce that the papers written by Mr. Robert Brandegee, both on Nature and Art, for THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE have been "done into a book," and with various drawings and verses make a most attractive collection for Christmas. This book, we understand, is to be decorated by hand.

THE death of Mr. Rowe will probably be felt more instead of less as time goes on. There is neither room nor time in this number of the magazine for a sufficient notice but in our next issue we hope to have some account of his life, interesting in that it witnessed so many changes in the life of Farmington, and perhaps a portrait as a reminder of the face we knew so well and always loved to greet

THE next issue of the magazine will make a special feature of views of Farmington.

THESE accounts of President Roosevelt's visit to Farmington are written not so much to interest the present subscribers of the magazine to whom the story is familiar from the frequent telling, but to make sure that a record is kept of the event. If we had an account of Washington's visit to Farmington written at the time by those who saw him, how immensely valuable it would be now. One point that has not been touched on is the fact that owing to mistakes of reporters and a general lack of information, the neighboring towns made all their plans to view the President in the afternoon and Farmington was as quiet as on ordinary days all through the morning except for the little groups of citizens, school girls, and village children that have been mentioned. In the afternoon the crowds descended upon us.



President Roosevelt in Farmington

COMMANDER WILLIAM S. COWLES, of the U. S. Navy, has recently restored and improved the fine century-old homestead in this village at the south end of Main Street, in which he was born. Mrs. Cowles is a sister of President Roosevelt. When the President came from Washington to attend the bi-centennial celebration of Yale University and to receive his degree of LL. D., he fulfilled his promise, made long ago, to visit his sister in Farmington.

It was soon known that the President would be in town on the 22d of October, and everybody was alert to see him. The special train which brought him from Washington reached the Farmington station at half-past seven in the morning. The borough had appointed special constables, and they with a few friends were there to welcome the distinguished guest. With him were Mr. Cortelyou, his private secretary, and Dr. Rixey, whose names had become so well known in connection with the sad tragedy at Buffalo. They drove at once to the house of Commander Cowles.

Soon after ten o'clock the visitors drove through the town, the line of carriages being led by that containing the President and Mrs. Cowles. The houses had been decorated with flags, and the people stood in front of their homes, the school children on the church green, waving a welcome. The President's response was most hearty and winsome.

From half-past two until five there was a quiet reception of invited friends at the Cowles mansion, in which the hosts were aided by Dr. Johnson, Mr. D. N. Barney and Judge Deming, also by a few young ladies. As usual the President charmed his callers by his genial reception of them, always remarking when possible on some association of army or college or neighborhood life. Senator and Mrs. Platt, Senator and Mrs. Hawley and Governor McLean stood with the President in receiving the guests.

The President's visit to Farmington will long live in the memories of the people, and will take high rank among the interesting traditions of the village.

The McKinley Oak

IF T. C. had not lost one of his legs in a former accident it would not have been so serious, but now to be in the middle of the Farmington River and there have one of the traces break, that was quite unfortunate. The water poured over the dam in great jets and volumes.

"There is nothing for it," said T. C., "but to sit here until some one comes along. Some of the men may come to cut corn on the meadows, or at the worst the boys will come for the cows at night. The river is pretty high to-day; let us hope it

don't increase. I don't know that anyone would hear me if I hallooed, for with the roar of the water over the dam, and the clatter of the mill, the miller will never hear a sound." T. C. hallooed and then held his foot up high for the water flowed through the bottom of the wagon. "If I had only known," said he, "I might have brought a fish line and bait. Those are very good-sized fishes swimming along there. That is a very eatable-looking dace examining the thills. They seem to think I am coming to visit them. For mercy's sake look at the roach swimming in and out among the spokes of the wheels as though they had discovered a new game! I wonder what that plate is in the bottom of the river and how it ever got there? There have been several people drowned near here. I hope the river hasn't any designs against me. They say it demands a victim every year." Overhead was a warm September sky and a few clouds that were not reflected in the disturbed waters. Some cows came to drink and looked long and inquiringly at the stranger. Already an hour and a half had passed and no one appeared.

While our friend is waiting patiently in the river for some one to come I will try and recall his connection with the McKinley oak tree planted in the Farmington Park. It is well to understand at the outset that T. C. is a Democrat "dyed in the wool," and yet he strikingly illustrates (as Mr. Redfield said in his oration at the tree planting) "That when a real trouble comes upon this nation party lines are obliterated and we are all Americans." When the Farmington bell tolled for the President, William McKinley, T. C. heard the mournful tones, and the idea came to him to plant a tree to the memory of the departed President; it seemed to possess him like an inspiration, when he was at the barn feeding his stock, and when he rode about the town. At times he talked with the people in authority, but compared with his own enthusiasm everyone seemed cold. "I am going to plant that tree," he said, "if I have to go to the park at night and plant it alone." Such enthusiasm was bound to arrive at its object. (And just here I would like to remind you that enthusiasm literally means possessed of the breath of the Lord.) The idea began to take shape. It was proposed that Mr. Dorman take his team and several of us go out in the pine woods and choose and dig up an oak tree. But while this project was delayed, word came that the new President, Mr. Roosevelt, was coming to town, and of course the idea occurred, if Mr. Roosevelt could only ride by the tree, it would make another association with the McKinley tree, that would go down with increasing interest through the generations.

Too much cannot be said about the kindly interest of Commander Cowles and Mrs. Cowles. Mrs. Cowles entered into the affair with a whole heartedness, characteristic of her, detecting the note of true sentiment unerringly. "May I write to my brother all about it," said she. "He has lots of sentiment, he will understand. I think it is a beautiful idea!" Our plan was to keep the whole affair secret, but in spite of all effort it began to be whispered about. Before the eventful day arrived Mrs. Cowles informed some of us, with a sorrowful note in her voice, that her brother would be obliged to refuse, as he had thousands of invitations to attend memorial exercises, and if he should attend the Farmington tree planting others might feel aggrieved. So the plans went forward, although one shrewdly remarked we had better keep the time originally proposed and this proved to be a wise foresight, as we

had a Governor and a Mayor and others in authority at the planting of the tree, even if we could not have our President.

The day of the President's arrival was a very remarkable one for Farmington. The President had hardly stepped on the Farmington platform before he had told the deputy sheriff that he (Roosevelt) was sheriff himself once. He noticed the Gettysburg button on the lapel of one of the association of burgesses. "Aha! You are an old soldier. You were in the civil war! What regiment? The Duryee Zouaves. Oh they were terrors! Why our battles in the Cuban war were only skirmishes, compared with what you men did in the civil war." Farmington may never see a prettier sight than when the school children lined up in front of the church one hundred and thirty strong. The crisp morning air waved their flags, the workmen in the church came out on the steps. When the President arrived in front of the children he stood up in the carriage, smiled, showed all his teeth that we know so well from the caricatures. All the young ladies at Miss Porter's School were in front of the school building. There were people running in all directions to get a favorable point of view to see the President. One woman, dragging a little boy, called to us, "I want to have him be able to say he saw the President." She was a very excited woman. We all saw Mr. Roosevelt for he rode up and down the street several times.

There have been so many misrepresentations of that story about Mr. Barbour and the President and the cows, it may be interesting and novel to hear the real story. Mr. Barbour driving some young stock near Diamond Glen met the President who was walking ahead of his party. The President stood aside to let the cattle pass, and made some remarks to Mr. Barbour about the weather. But Mr. Barbour did not realize that he had been entertaining angels unawares until he met the presidential party lower down the mountain.

I feel tempted to tell how one man brought out his little boy of two and a half years old, but the little boy was so much occupied with a stick and two horse chestnuts, he could hardly be made to look at the President; his father had to take the boy's head and point it in the right direction. The little boy was "like the cat that catches a mouse in the grass when there is an elephant going by."

But all this time I have left T. C. in the middle of the river with the water pouring through the bottom of his wagon. "Hullo, Tim!" came a deep voice from the shore, "what are you doing out there in the middle of the Farmington River?" "Waiting for someone to tow me ashore," Mr. Wadsworth rode out and fixed up T. C.'s traces, and they all got to shore at last.

Mrs. Cowles sent word that they wished Mr. C. to come to the reception in the afternoon. "I can't go," said T. C., "look at me with one leg. But there is my son, Tom, he could go in my place." But it was replied. "Your son Tom is one of the officials and will go anyway."

That morning along toward eleven o'clock we met T. C. riding up High street. "Did you get the invitation to call on the President?" "Oh, yes," said T. C., "I have met the President and we had quite a talk together." "The deuce you have!" I said. "Yes," said T. C., "and I tell you he's all right! He's all right, Mr. Bolles! He's a perfectly lovely man, he's all right! Why, you see, Mr. Bolles, the President's sister sent around an invitation early in the morning, but I wasn't shaved or anything.

So I sent back word I couldn't possibly come before half an hour. 'Very well,' Mrs. Cowles sent word, 'in half an hour we will return from our drive around the village, meet us then.' I fixed myself up," said T. C., "and got in the team and came up to the Cowles place just as the procession drew up to the gate. I thought I could just drive so that the President could talk to me without making him the trouble to come out of the house, but someone said there's T. C., and immediately Mrs. Cowles heard it she turned to her brother and said: 'Here is Mr. C.!' Well, Mr. Bolles! If the President didn't turn round and wave his hand to me and say: 'How do you do, Mr. C. I've heard all about you.' Just then they drew up to the horse block, and he came out and shook hands and talked about the first idea of the tree. I tell you, Mr. Bolles, the President is all right, he's a lovely man."

When the tree was set out in the afternoon of the 22d of October, there was a large gathering of people. Governor McLean said a few words, also Mayor Harbison of Hartford and Mr. Wadsworth, and Mr. Redfield made some eloquent remarks and at the end told about T. C.'s connection with the McKinley tree.

In his wagon sat T. C. looking over the large groups of people. Suddenly there was a commotion in the street and there was a cry, "The President is coming!" In an instant the carriages drove into the park, the President rode around and took a good look at the tree, but as he turned to leave the grounds the crowd thickened so that the carriages could not move. Near the President was a wagon with several colored people. One, a portly young woman, reached out her hand to shake hands with Mr. Roosevelt, and then mistrusting she had been too bold withdrew it; but the President's quick eye had seen her. He leaned out of his carriage and shook her vigorously by the hand, much to the delight of those who witnessed this little episode.

And now the McKinley tree is standing alone quietly in the park. It looks a little dismal without any leaves, and we trust all the eloquence uttered around it may help it to take root. And if it will only take root and grow, it may not be unlike T. C.'s first idea of the McKinley tree, which grew in his mind like an acorn, and expanded until the great ones of the land came into its shadows.

C. G. BOLLES.

Village Notes

ALL streets in the borough will soon be lighted by incandescent and arc electric lights of varying power supplied by the Union Electric Light and Power Company of Unionville. Several householders have been glad to substitute the incandescent for the kerosene light, and others will undoubtedly do so when the point of economy can be added to its other advantages. There are some regrets expressed for the passing of the old street lights, but it must be more for the sake of association than for the system itself, as in spite of the best endeavors of the Village Improvement Society which has sustained the lights, these lamps only made darkness visible and on many nights, moon-lighted—in the calendar only—the homeward path seemed a maze of fences, trees, and gutters which these more powerful lights may reveal.

THE Chapel Building in its more retired position and with many alterations and improvements fitted to its new uses, has taken up its active life again. It is very pleasant not to have all the old associations severed at once and the upper room will continue to serve as a chapel until the new structure is ready. The changes in this room are slight; a new floor, electric lights and the tables necessary for sewing school work. Below, the furnace room has been changed to a well appointed dressing room where the children leave their outside garments. The former kitchen is left for future development of the school, but the larger room has every convenience of a modern kitchen; ample pantry, two cooking stoves and eight oil stoves, which will be used alternately by the students. At the north end a space has been railed off for the dining room, where the dishes prepared will be properly served.

The *Sewing School* opened Nov. 15 with an attendance of forty-eight girls and four teachers. Miss Caroline Huntington of Hartford who has had charge of the school for the past four years will return from Chicago at Christmas time and resume her position, retaining Miss Isabel Huntington as first assistant. Miss Schenherr has the youngest class, Miss Redfield and Mrs. Brandegee the intermediate grades. The course of study is similar to that taught in Hartford, adapted somewhat to obtain the most practical results. The two higher classes are making infants' clothes, which will later be for sale at Miss Pope's shop.

The *Mending Class* must certainly meet the approval of busy mothers. For this the children bring some article that needs repairing, and the intention is to make these lessons less formal and especially attractive by reading aloud and serving chocolate.

This year the *Dressmaking Class* will cut, fit and make a lined woolen gown from material furnished by themselves. A charge of ten cents a lesson is made in this class.

The *Cooking School*, composed of two classes numbering sixteen each, will be in charge of Miss Heddon of Hartford. Here again the endeavor has been to make the course as practical as possible and so to teach the preparation of simple, everyday dishes that the result may be wholesome and appetizing.

THE date of opening for both dressmaking and cooking classes will be posted in drug store and postoffice. Applications for cooking school must be made by mail, and as the classes are limited, they will be filled in the order in which the applications are received. All village girls over thirteen years of age can apply.

ST. JAMES CHURCH people are rejoicing in their new Rector, the Rev. Ellis Bedell Dean, from Western New York.

The Moore cottage has become for this winter, at least, the rectory.

The ladies of the Working Guild of St. James held their annual Christmas Sale on the 7th inst. this year for the organ fund. The proceeds of their recent "Tea" were added to the fund for the seats at the church. The needs are many and great, but their zeal is greater, and doubtless we shall soon hear of a Rectory Fund.

It is a beautiful instance of the recuperative power in nature—the equanimity, nay the enthusiasm with which these recurring appeals are met by the good folk of Farmington.

W. A. H.

THE first public organ recital on the new organ in the Congregational Church was given the evening of December 10th. The church in its new dress was bright with the electric bulbs which have been very well placed. The organ has over 2,300 pipes and 53 stops and pistons, and is of a very sweet tone and not at all too large for the church, facts which are perhaps of more interest to the uninitiated than the mysterious lists called specifications on one page of the program.

THE dedication of St. Patrick's Church Sunday, December 1st, will always be remembered by our Catholic townspeople as a day unique in the history of their church in Farmington. The reason for this is that their modest little brick church was on that occasion solemnly blessed and consecrated to the service of our bountiful and omnipotent Father in Heaven. The grand ceremonial of the Catholic Church observed on so important and significant a day was carried out in all its magnificent details, and the dedication of the grand cathedral of the populous and wealthy city receives neither greater nor less attention than was accorded on last Sunday to St. Patrick's modest and unpretentious little chapel. Rt. Rev. M. Tierney, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Hartford, officiated at the ceremony, and was assisted by the Rev. James P. Donovan, D. D., chancellor and secretary to the Bishop. After the walls both interior and exterior had been blessed, the Bishop approached the main altar and there completed the ceremony of the dedication. "The mass of Thanksgiving," usually celebrated on such occasions, was then begun, with the Rev. P. F. Daly, assistant pastor of the church, acting as celebrant. When the mass was ended the Rev. Walter J. Shanley, Rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, ascended the altar steps and preached a sermon which was at once most able and appropriate. Father Shanley as a pulpit orator has few, if any, equals in the diocese of Hartford. The words of his text were, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth;" and in his sermon he spoke of the zeal of the Catholic Church for the beauty of her temples of worship.

At the conclusion of the discourse the Rt. Rev. Bishop addressed the children who had been presented for Confirmation. The Bishop made no attempt at oratory; he was there as the spiritual father of the children to be confirmed. In accordance with his usual practice the Bishop received from the children their promises that they would never taste intoxicating liquors before they reached the age of twenty-one years, and then, he assured them, they will have seen and realized so thoroughly the stupendous harm done to man's body and soul by indulgence in strong drink, that total abstinence would mark their whole lives. This custom of giving the pledge of temperance to all those he confirms has been observed by him since the time of his consecration, and the effect is that upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand people, adults and children, are to-day practicing the virtue of temper-

ance, as the result of the exhortations and pledges administered to them by Rt. Rev. Bishop Tierney. Several clergymen from neighboring towns were present at the dedication, besides Rev. W. H. Redding of Unionville and Rev. H. T. Walsh of Plainville, who is the pastor of the church.

Work has been done both on the exterior and interior of the chapel, and in its present condition it is certainly very neat and attractive. The Catholics of Farmington are to be congratulated for their generosity which made such extensive and successful improvements possible.

H. T. W.

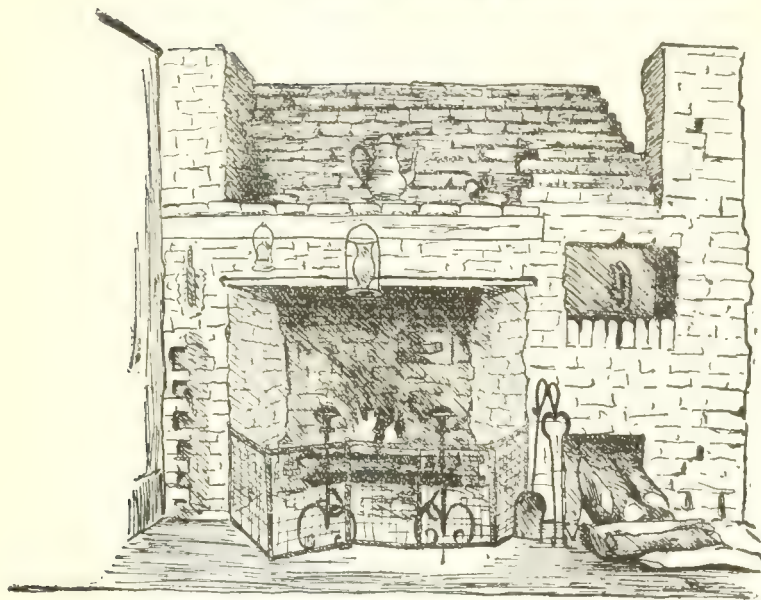
ON November third the Congregational Church was used for the first time in nearly four months. The intended alterations have been described in former numbers of the magazine and these have been carried out with the exception of altering the front porch and finishing the galleries. The color of the wall is a light gray, slightly tinged with green. The organ is set into a recess back of the pulpit, and arches and fluted pilasters of white are above and at each side of it. The pulpit is lower and octagonal in shape, painted white with carved wreaths and trimmed with bands of mahogany. The pews are also painted cream white, with bands of mahogany. Crimson carpet and pew cushions set off the whiteness of the pews, galleries and moldings. The freshness, purity, and quaint aspect of the interior give great pleasure to the eye, and all agree in saying that the ancient character of the church has not been destroyed by the alterations.

It is interesting and gratifying to recall the fact that Miss Porter planned for the alterations of the old church, giving just this result in its general features, such as lowering the pulpit, putting back of it a new organ, and that she herself made large contributions for this purpose. It is pleasant to think that she would approve and enjoy these changes.

THE new memorial building to Miss Porter has been described by the architect. It is hoped that it may fill many needs of the village as well as of the Congregational Church and may form a pleasant meeting place for many different bodies of people.

THE following books have been added to the library: *Life Everlasting*, John Fiske; *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, Drummond; *Young Joe*, *The Silver Medal*, *Pocket Rifle*, J. T. Trowbridge; *Ballast*, Myra Swan; *Rupert by the Grace of God*, D. G. McChesney; *Ernest Maltravers*, Bulwer Lytton; *Uncle Terry*, Charles C. Munn; *The Man from Glengarry*, Ralph Connor; *The Portion of Labor*, Mary E. Wilkins; *The Ruling Passion*, Henry Van Dyke.

Notes of Miss Porter's School



OLD FIREPLACE IN ANCIENTS' CLUB

A "CLUB FOR ANCIENTS" WAS formed last spring for the purpose of establishing a cottage in Farmington for the accommodation of its members when they come to Farmington to visit. The cottage will accommodate twelve girls at a time and it is proposed that each member of the club shall pay the cost of meals for herself and her guests when staying in the cottage.

The rent and other expenses will be covered by the club dues.

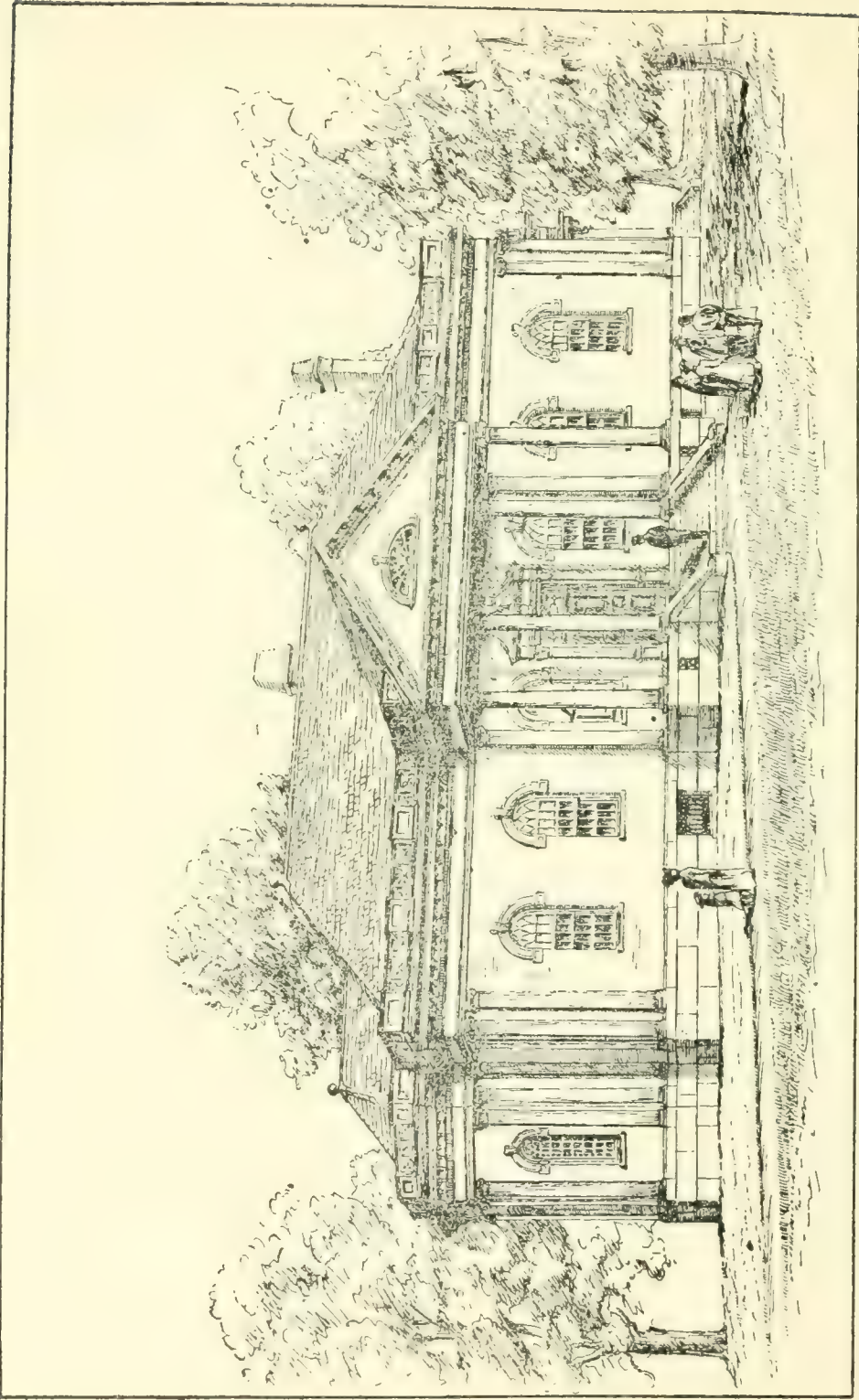
The membership of the club now consists of about seventy-five "ancients," and many of these have visited the house this fall. The house belonging to Mr. Porritt has been most charmingly fitted up. The large room at the south end is decorated in rich deep red and with the broad cushioned seats under the windows and along the side of the room and the fine old fireplace, make an ideal spot in which to talk over old times. The dining room in Dresden blue and white and the bed rooms in dainty chintz effects all make the interior of the house a very delightful one. If the experiment is a success financially, as it certainly has been in every other way, there is some thought of buying the house and then more will be done to the exterior.

Few changes have been made in the School this year. A cottage has been added, making more rooms for the girls, and also a new course in the History of Art, stereopticon talks in which are of great interest to the class.

THE Farmington Sewing Society in New York has at present one hundred and nineteen members and the society makes about five hundred garments a year. These are sent to the New York Diet Kitchen and to special cases. Last year there was a surplus of \$83, part of which was given to the Diet Kitchen and part to the Farmington Lodge. The society meets every Monday morning at eleven o'clock and sews until one when luncheon is served.

L. W. G.

[Notes for this department may be sent to the editor of THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE at any time before March 1st. It is hoped the various Farmington societies in the different cities may respond.]



FARMINGTON - CONN.

THE SARAH PORTER MEMORIAL

CHARLES OWEN MORE - ARCHITECT

A Memorial Building in Farmington

A Description by the Architect

THE accompanying illustrations show the building now being erected in memory of Miss Sarah Porter by her former pupils. The site chosen is that of the old chapel, which had been removed—the new building being designed to take the place of the old one, in every sense. In making the change, the road immediately north of the church has been transferred to the further side of the memorial building, so that its portico, or main entrance, faces south, on the church green. From the plan can be easily determined the general arrangement, and scope of the building. Its outside dimensions (main part) are thirty-eight feet eight inches by seventy-three feet six inches. The style is colonial, and it is intended to have the structure harmonious with its surroundings and in keeping with the architecture of a New England village. At the same time, a certain distinctive elegance of material and detail has seemed necessary—to give the building a dignified and enduring character, suggestive of its purpose. White bricks, with a slight tint of cream, have been chosen for the main walls. The bricks will be laid in Flemish bond, with white mortar. Below the brickwork the walls will be of very light colored Maine granite, the water table and steps being dressed smooth and the ashlar “pointed,” or left slightly rough. The arches and sills of the windows are to be of pure white marble. Under the portico there will be a niche, in which will be placed a memorial tablet. All of the columns, pilasters and the frieze, cornice and balustrade will be of wood painted white. The ornament around the front door will be of similar material. It is thought that this treatment of the exterior will give the building a distinctively colonial character, in keeping with other structures of an earlier period. For the roof, slates of large size, greyish-green in color, will be used, with ridges and finials of copper. The windows will, for the most part, be glazed with plain white glass, but leaded glass will be used in the large ornamental window at the end of the hall, and in a few other places. In the interior the finish will be of quartered oak. A high panelled wainscot will extend around the walls of the various rooms throughout. The trim and casings of doors and windows will be ornamented. In the alcove, and at its front, will be fluted pilasters, with carved Ionic capitals, frieze and cornice. In the lecture room, the ceiling will be finished with a dome in the middle, ornamented with plaster mouldings. Around the sides of the room there will be a plaster cornice. In the other principal rooms a heavy cornice of oak will extend around the sides of the ceiling. The height of the lecture room will be eighteen feet, of the ladies rooms fifteen feet, and of the other rooms, twelve feet. The plumbing and finish of the kitchen and toilet room will be of the best. The building will be heated with hot air, and lighted by electricity. For the present, the basement will be left unfinished, but later a large reading room or gymnasium, with baths and toilet room, can be arranged and finished, if such an addition is desired. At this writing, the foundation walls of the building are completed, and all material is ready or on the ground for carrying on the work of construction as the weather may permit. It is hoped that the building will be ready for use in June, 1902.

We aim to furnish the best there is to be had in the line of choice eatables of every description.

We guarantee perfect satisfaction with all goods bought from us, and are always willing to exchange goods that do not suit.

We buy much of our fruit at the great auction sales in New York, and receive our California Oranges direct from the growers.

We give the most careful attention to all mail and telephone orders, and deliver free in Farmington orders amounting to \$3.00 or more.

We ship all goods carefully packed and by first car or stage leaving the city after the order has been received.

We shall have a car load of the famous

COOK ORANGES

in time for the Christmas trade.

— OUR —

Candy Department

will be full to overflowing with fresh, pure, wholesome holiday goods.

Churches, Sunday Schools, etc., will receive a special discount on Confectionery for Christmas Entertainments.

N. R. & CO'S

BEST J. & M. COFFEE

Suits where others fail to please.

The Oneida Community Canned Goods

We have put in a full line of these well and and favorably known products.

All kinds of Vegetables in tins.

Fresh Fruits in tin.

Fresh Fruits in glass.

PRESERVES,

PURE FRUIT JELLIES, Etc.

The quality is not to be surpassed by anything on the market, and the prices are very reasonable.

Stop next time you are in the store and let us tell you all about the Oneida Canned Goods.

WE KEEP TWO BIG OVENS

running day and
night

turning out real

Home Made Goods

Best Materials.

Skillful Workmen.

Scrupulous Neatness.

Our

BUTTER ROLLS

Out of the oven

at 3 P. M.

are delivered for tea.

WE SOLICIT A SHARE OF YOUR BUSINESS.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.

Buy your Christmas Dinner at the Boston Branch

745 to 751 Main Street.

Come where the display of Christmas goodies is boundless. Come where all the fanciers and staples—the best the country affords are assembled.

FRUITS.

The California and Florida Oranges, Grape Fruit, Malaga Grapes, Pineapples, Table Apples, Figs, Dates, and the like.

MIXED NUTS.

The very freshest nuts, all sound and sweet, no empty shells, at 15c. lb.

CANDY.

Where else will you find so much that's tempting in Candy? The old fashioned Chocolates, Scotch Kisses, Creoles, Cupid's Delight, Caramels, Cream Wafers, Butter Scotch, etc.

OTHER THINGS.

Prime Raisins 10c. a lb. and 3 lbs. for 25c. Currants 10c. and 15c. Citron 15c. lb. 2 lbs. for 25c. Figs at 15c. and 20c.

HOLLY AND EVERGREEN WREATHS.

This store is the handiest trading place in town. All cars from all directions stop just around the corner or in front of the store.

THE W. W. WALKER CO. BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

MAIN STREET,
HARTFORD.

PARK STREET,
HARTFORD.

MAIN STREET,
NEW BRITAIN.

ROBERT H. PRUTTING,

... PIANIST —————

For Receptions, Dances, Teas,
and Private Parties.

EXTRA MEN FURNISHED.

Address: Hartford Fire Building,
Telephone, 237-5. Hartford, Conn.

May L. Herrmann,

TAILOR MADE SUITS TO ORDER,
ALSO REPAIRING.

ROOM 21 UNITY BUILDING,
HARTFORD, CONN.

WILLIAM L. MATSON,

DEALER IN

Stocks and Bonds,

55 Trumbull St., Hartford, Conn.

Securities bought and sold at the Exchanges
of this City, New York and Boston.

Choice Investments constantly for sale.

"From the Open Book of Nature,"

By ROBERT B. BRANDEGEE.

Price, 50 Cents.

For sale at Miss ADGATE's, Farmington.
BELKNAP & WARFIELD's, Hartford.
MRS. E. M. SILL's, "
SMITH & McDONOUGH's, "

Or sent postpaid on receipt of price, on appli-
cation to ROBERT B. BRANDEGEE, Farmington,
Conn.

Chas. S. Mason, Florist,

FARMINGTON, CONN.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chry-
santhemums specialties.

Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decorations.

CHARLES O. WHITMORE,

~ Architect, ~

75 Pratt Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Telephone 106-5.



and all that pertains to this line.◆

We will supply you and fit up your home or office with everything in

ELECTRIC LIGHTING,

Telephones, Electric Bells, Batteries, and everything in the electrical line in a scientific and expert manner, at fair and reasonable prices. Anything in our line that you wish done satisfactorily—telephone, send us word by mail, or call on us, we will quote you prices and guarantee you satisfaction.

We are now wiring Miss Porter's School.

THOS. OAKES & SON,

Telephone, 1041-6.

11 Haynes St., Hartford, Conn.

The Warner Photograph Co.,

Makers of Photographic Portraits,

AT 92 PEARL STREET.

Children Successfully Photographed at their Homes.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT:

For Finishing Kodak Films, Making Enlargements and Views.

Clark & Smith,

Book and Job Printers,

49 Pearl Street.

Hartford, Conn.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company Building.

Printing of College Catalogues, Society Publications, Addresses, Poems, Genealogical and Historical Works, Library Catalogues, Church Histories, etc., a Specialty.

CHURCH SOUVENIRS.

Ye Hand-made Shingles, 131 years old from the roof of the CONG. CHURCH of FARMINGTON, with picture of church and history of shingles by Chauncey Rowe, going at 50c. a piece; a few having sketch of the church done by an artist, at \$1.00 each. Hand-made nail thrown in.

JESSE MOORE, Farmington.

DEMING'S Repairing Department.

Watches repaired by a thoroughly competent workman, and satisfaction guaranteed. American and French Clocks called for, repaired, and delivered without extra charge. Jewelry of all kinds repaired at reasonable rates. Specs and Eye-Glasses repaired and new Lens fitted. A large stock of Spectacles and Eye-Glasses at low prices. Occulists prescriptions filled. Waltham, Elgin, and Hampden Watches.

YOUR PATRONAGE WOULD BE HIGHLY APPRECIATED.

87 PRATT STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.

DEMING, Formerly . . .
Allyn House Jeweler.



SILVERWARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Plated and Sterling. The Old Reliable "ROGERS ANCHOR BRAND."
New Patterns at Factory Prices at

No. 87 PRATT STREET,

J. E. GRIFFITH, Manager.

Dr. J. Warren Harper

DENTAL OFFICE,
50 State Street.
HARTFORD, CONN

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,
Attorney at Law,

847 MAIN STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.

D. R. HAWLEY,

Decorating and Painting

ARTISTIC INTERIOR WORK

Telephone Connections

Farmington, Conn.

C. A. JOHNSTONE,

Photographer,

45 Pratt Street,

Hartford, Conn.

GOLD SEAL COFFEE

40c. a lb.

2 lbs. 75c.

We have calls from all over the state for Gold Seal Coffee. Fine quality has placed it where it stands to-day—ahead of all others. It has no equal in this state—not one.

THE BEST 35c. a lb. 3 lbs. \$1.00 OLD GOVERNMENT
JAVA AND MOCHA.

If you will try our 35c., 3 lbs. \$1.00, Java and Mocha and compare it with any coffee sold at that price, we are certain where you will place your coffee orders hereafter.

Other Coffees for 30c., 25c. and 20c.

All kinds of Cereal or Health Coffees.

TEA.

Our Tea Department receives the most careful attention. We strive to place the highest grade tea possible at prices charged, and can safely say that you will receive the choicest grade tea at prices charged.

FORMOSO OOLONG.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST.
JAPAN (Pan and Basket Fired).
CEYLON.
GUNPOWDER.
YOUNG HYSON.
PEKO.

Prices range from 35c. to \$1.25

HILLS & CO.,

372-374 Asylum Street, Batterson Building,
Hartford, Conn.

THE WM. H. POST CARPET CO.,

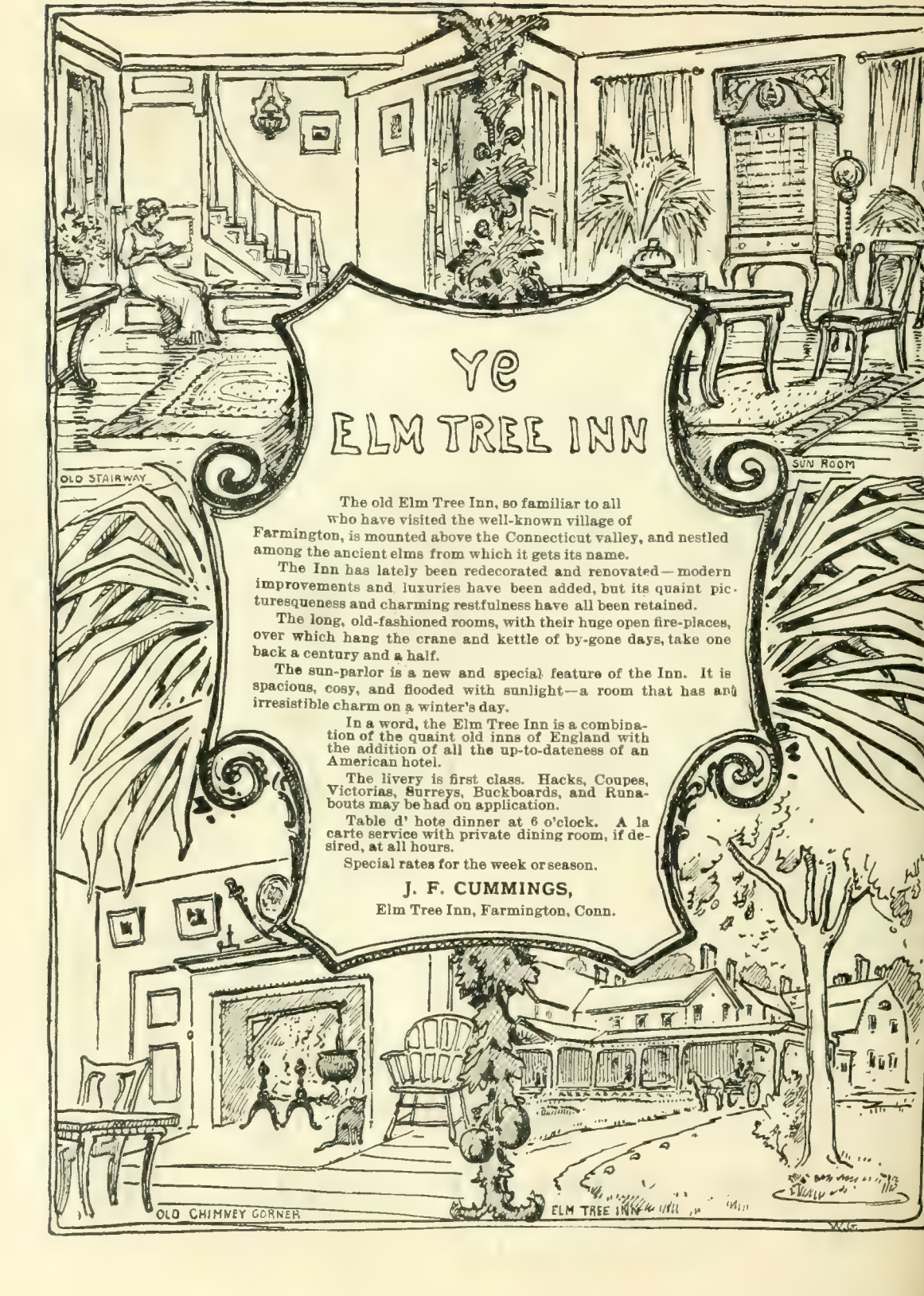
219 ASYLUM STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Make a Specialty of High Class House Furnishing in all its Branches.

Carpetings, Rugs,
Wall Papers, Upholstering
and Window Shades.

Estimates given on decorating a room or entire house.

THE BEST RESULTS FOLLOW THE BEST METHODS.



YE ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hote dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

J. F. CUMMINGS,

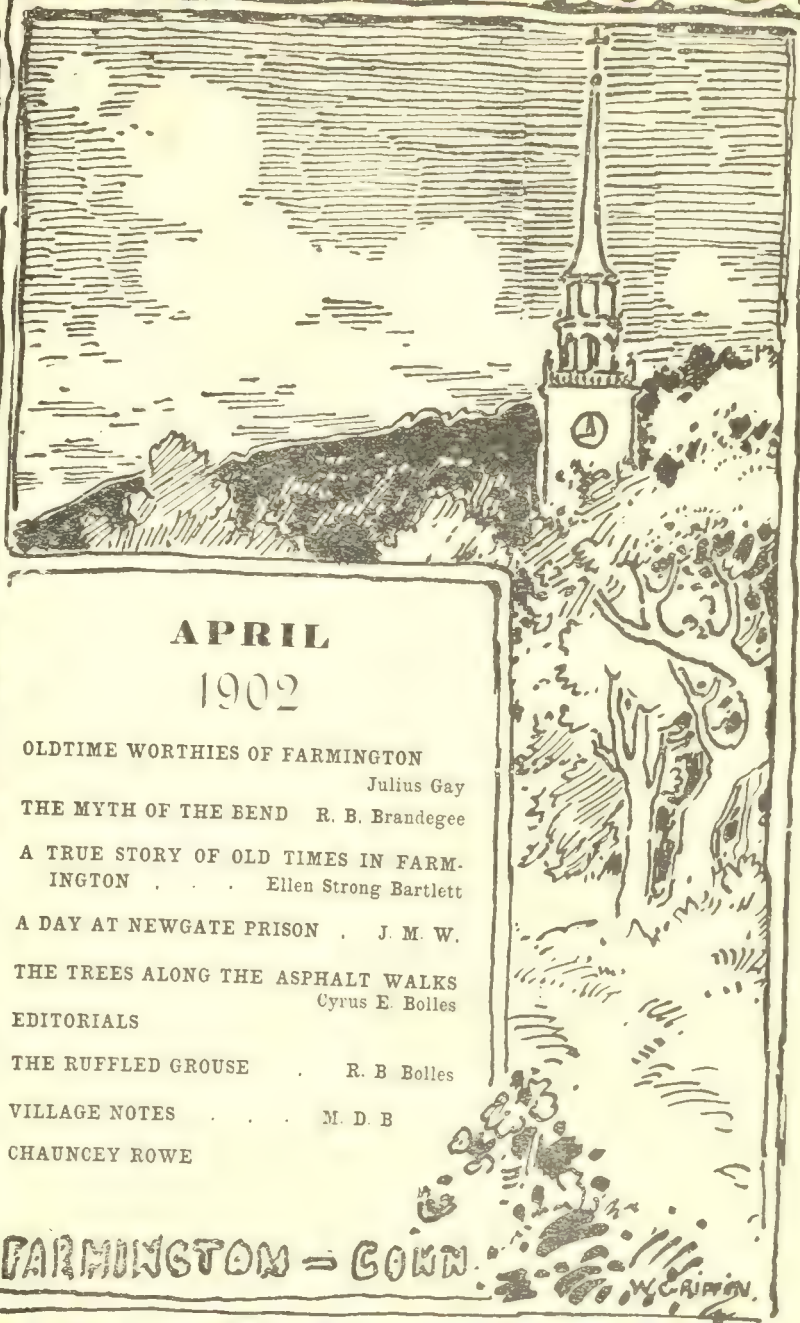
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



APRIL
1902

- OLDTIME WORTHIES OF FARMINGTON
Julius Gay
- THE MYTH OF THE BEND R. B. Brandegee
- A TRUE STORY OF OLD TIMES IN FARM-
INGTON Ellen Strong Bartlett
- A DAY AT NEWGATE PRISON . J. M. W.
- THE TREES ALONG THE ASPHALT WALKS
Cyrus E. Bolles
- EDITORIALS
- THE RUFFLED GROUSE R. B. Bolles
- VILLAGE NOTES M. D. B
- CHAUNCEY ROWE

FARMINGTON - GOWN

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued Quarterly. It will be devoted as heretofore to the historic and artistic interests of Farmington, its people and activities.

Terms: 25 cents a single copy

\$1.00 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.

PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



VIEW OF MAIN STREET, FARMINGTON

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. II

APRIL, 1902

No. 2

Oldtime Worthies of Farmington

Deacon Thomas Bull

THOMAS BULL one of the early settlers of Farmington was born in Hartford about the year 1647. He was a son of Captain Thomas Bull famous in Colonial history as the commander of the Connecticut troops at Saybrook when Sir Edmund Andross attempted to read his commission as royal governor; he, on learning that the Captain's name was Bull, said: "It is a pity that your horns are not tipped with silver." Thomas the younger was one of the early deacons of the church and lived on the east side of the road which diverges from Farmington main street a little south of the church and which was in his time known as "the little back-lane." He was a farmer, blacksmith, gunsmith and shoer of horses. His account book gives a list of all sorts of work in iron done by him, from hardware for the meeting house and the fittings of the village stocks, to work for his townsmen on carts, plows, axes and all the primitive appliances of early agriculture. He had his full share in the dignities and honors of public life, and was by turns constable, collector, town clerk, selectman, assessor and school committee. Twice he represented the town in the General Assembly. His marriage with Esther, the daughter of the first John Cowles, is interesting as illustrating the matrimonial customs of the day. The court record is as follows:

"Benjamin Waite having publicly protested against Thomas Bull Junr. and Hester Cowles alias Cole their proceedings in reference to marriage and manifested his desire that authority would not marry or any way contract in order to marry them the said Thomas and Hester. The Court desires the said Waite that he would manifest his reasons to them and produce his proofs of any right or claim that he hath to the said Hester Cole, but he refused to attend any such thing at this time. The Court did therefore declare to the said Benjamin Waite that they did not judge it reasonable to restrain Thomas Bull and Hester Cole from marriage till Sept. next and therefore if the said Waite does not make good his claim and prosecute to effect between this and the 7th of April next they will not longer deny them the said Thomas and Hester marriage."

Benjamin and Hester had both been residents of Hatfield where her father spent the last years of his life, but the preferences of the young had little weight with the stern parent or the solemn magistrate. Esther was duly mar-

ried to Thomas April 17th, 1669, and Benjamin consoled himself with Martha Leonard in June, 1670. We can only guess at the thoughts of Esther as tidings came from time to time to the quiet home of the village blacksmith of the brilliant military exploits of her former lover, rescuing his Hatfield friends and relatives from their Indian captors in Canada after the massacre of 1677, and finally sacrificing his life in the vain attempt to save Deerfield from destruction in the terrible days of 1704. Esther died in 1691 at the comparatively early age of 42, and Deacon Bull soon after married Mary, widow of Captain William Lewis and eldest daughter of Ezekiel Cheever the famous schoolmaster of New England. He died in 1707 or 1708, leaving behind him a numerous family of young Bulls to continue the family name and honors.

Dr. Daniel Porter

DR. DANIEL PORTER, known in all the country round as "that skillful chiurgeon," but more commonly spoken of as Daniel Porter, bone-setter, on his coming among us bought of Thomas Upson a house and lot at the south end of the village street, near the site of the brick building only recently degraded from its dignity as the South School House. He records his possessions in January, 1655, as "One parcel of land on which his dwelling house now standeth, with yards or gardens therein being, which he bought of Thomas Upson, containing by estimation six acres be it more or less, abutting on the highway on the east, and on Thomas Upson's land on the south and on the west, and on John Lankton's land on the north." In October of the same year the General Court, sitting at Hartford, ordered "that Danniell Porter shall bee allowed and paid out of the publique Treasury, as a sallery for the next ensuing yeare, the sum of six pounds; and six shillings a journey to each Towne uppon the River, to exercise his arte of Chiurgerie." So greatly were his services valued that in 1668 he was "freed from watching, warding and training," that he might be always in readiness in any sudden emergency to exercise his skill upon the broken bones of the colony. In 1671 the Court further decreed that "For the encouragement of Daniel Porter in attending the service of the country in setting bones &c, the Ccourt do hereby augment his salary from six pounds a year to twelve pounds per annum, and do advise him to instruct some meet person in his arte." Lest the salary of twelve pounds and his fee of six shillings for each visit to the river towns should not suffice for his honorable support, the "Court grants Daniel Porter one hundred acres of land, provided he take it up where it does not prejudice any former grant or plantation." This grant was unfortunately selected near the northwest corner of Wallingford and so proved to be out of the jurisdiction of the court. His grandchildren subsequently exchanged it for one hundred acres west of the Housatonic River. It mattered little so long as land continued



VIEWS OF THE FARMINGTON RIVER

the most plentiful of all kinds of estate. Moreover Dr. Porter was one of the famous Eighty-four proprietors and regularly received his share in each division of the reserved lands. The relative values of professional services of the day, especially of those rendered in military expeditions, appear in a decree of 1676, wherein "The Council did grant that a minister's pay shall be twenty-five shillings per week; a chiurgeon's pay shall be sixteen shillings per week," nor need we think the ministerial pay out of all reasonable proportion. Whatever we may think of the spiritual value of the preacher's labors, on the eve of battle the inspiring words of him who stood forth as the vicegerent of Heaven were beyond all price.

The doctor left five sons, three of whom were physicians. The eldest son, Daniel, removed to Waterbury and was the second person of five successive generations known as Dr. Daniel Porter—father, son, grandson, great grandson and nephew of great grandson. He died near the end of the administration of Sir Edmund Andross and so left us no will or inventory to shed light on his character and surroundings. Scarcely anyone at that time left estate or will to enrich the royal governor with probate fees. They divided their accumulations while living, a desirable course in many ways. His youngest son, Samuel, remained in his native village and was styled in the records, "Samuel Porter, Doctor of ye town of Farmington."

JULIUS GAY.

The Myth of the Bend

"TRADITION tells us that our Farmington River did not always flow in its present tortuous course northward but flowed from a great lake southward."—*Essay on the Tuxis Sepus (Farmington River) by Mr. Julius Gay.*

"There used to be one nation lived one side and one the other side of the Farmington River, and if either tribe crossed over this river boundary and got 'ketched' he got killed."—*From conversations and recollections of Mr. Lucius Dorman.*

The Prelude

THE moon was full and not a breeze stirred the branches of the forest. A solitary wolf was calling far away, the night was full of the sweetness of June blossoms. The young Indian girl was talking very earnestly with her lover. "I fear. I am so fearful. Last night the great owl cried for an hour near the lodges, and you know that means death. I am afraid. There is a suspicion about your crossing the river. Oh, I am so afraid. Perhaps you had better come no more," said she. "Be not afraid," said the Indian, "many times have I crossed the river, I am not afraid, no harm will come to us.

Did you think a little river like this could keep me from you?" "Oh, but the river," said the Indian girl, "it is the river of death. I hate it. Do you remember the fate of Red Wolf who swam the river for the wounded deer? Oh, I tremble still,—the stake, the tortures with fire. My heart tells me that you will suffer the same fate. Leave me. Leave me. What was that?" "'Twas a wolf or bear." He draws his bows and sends an arrow into the gloom. There is a scream of pain, the hollow is alive with dark forms; there is a fierce fight and the young Indian is captured.

The Myth

By the side of the river knelt the Indian girl; the great unbroken forest murmured behind her, before her lay the river like a sheet of silver. She prayed to the Great Spirit, Gitche Manitou, she prayed for the life of the one who had crossed the river and must suffer death. "If there is need of a life let me die, Oh Gitche Manitou," said the maiden. She paused for a reply, but there was no reply, only the sound of the night-birds and the river flowing southward among its reeds. Again she prayed earnestly to the Great Spirit and again there was no reply, only the far distant cry of some animal in the mountain. Suddenly the river was lit from side to side with a pale and then a brighter light, and there was Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit.

"What wouldst thou have of me little one?" said the Great Spirit. "I would have him live who must die to-morrow." "And thy father?" said the Great Spirit. "He has said as surely as the river flows between our two nations, so surely will he keep the treaty, and the young warrior must die. But thou who knowest everything and can do anything, let me die but let him live." A smile of great tenderness came over the face of Gitche Manitou. He reached downward and traced with his forefinger along the ground, and the river followed his finger as the hounds follow after the game. The river danced with excitement to follow a new channel. And they came to the high mountains and the river said, "Now we must return for we can go no further." But the Great Spirit drew his finger across the mountain and it crumbled like an egg shell. And when the morning awoke, lo! the river was gone.

R. B. BRANDEGEE.

A True Story of Old Times in Farmington

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago: no railroads, no telegraphs,—but hearts were brave or cowardly, true or false, just as now.

It was an evening in late October; the sun had set clear; and frost was in the chilly air. Away up on the "mountain road," in the low-browed, wide spreading farmhouse, Mr. Brownlow looked around with a sigh of content on the cheery square room where the family would spend a peaceful evening. He reflected that his stock was well cared for, that his barns were full, that he was able to assist those who were poorer than himself: and after praising the especially delicious supper which his wife and sisters had prepared, he threw fresh sticks on the fire, and settled down for the enjoyment of the *Weekly Courant*, which he had brought from the village that afternoon. With his reading he mingled running remarks: "Good apple crop this year, they say. We picked the last in the home lot to-day. They're the best I ever picked. We've got a good yield of turnips, too, and the turkeys are getting as fat as butter; we shall have plenty to eat and plenty to sell. Be sure to invite everybody to Thanksgiving, mother."

Again: "Well! the paper says that old Mike, the crazy man, has got out, and that he's running loose round the country. You must look out, girls." Miss Maria laughed a little: "I don't believe he'd come way up here?" "No: I suppose 'twould be rather too much trouble. H'm,—'when last seen, wore a plaid camlet cloak.'"

The cat purred, the clock ticked, the knitting-needles clicked; Mr. Brownlow almost nodded.

A knock resounded from the "end-door," which opened directly out of doors. "That's Stebbins, come to see about buying that colt." So up jumped Mr. Brownlow, and hospitably opened wide the door.

A vision of a wild, haggard face, a plaid cloak, a flashing axe was all, and poor Mr. Brownlow lay dead across the threshold, his head cloven at one stroke!

Oh! the horror of that moment for those women! Speechless and benumbed, they looked for instant death for themselves at first. But, apparently, the madman had turned back into the night.

When their terror could find vent in screams, the only support that they could bring was Jerusha, the "help;" for the hired man had already gone for his evening's pleasure.

So the four women left their dead, and fled to the village for aid. In a moment, for them, peace and happiness were turned into terror and grief.

Their agonized flight down the shadowy hillside was finished just as the tranquillizing good night of the nine o'clock bell was booming; but it changed

to a wild clanging which brought forth a hasty crowd of men and boys, with "What's the matter?" on every lip. Each one was eager to set out on the search for the lunatic, lest he should do some other deed of horror. Lanterns and warm coats were quickly brought, and in an incredibly short time, at least sixty men were ready to start on the quest, and in groups of eight or ten, were rushing off; when "Hold on!" shouted Deacon Deming in stentorian tones. "Call those boys back! Attention! every one."

"Now, neighbors," he continued, "we shall never accomplish anything in this helter skelter way. I move that we have one man to direct matters to-night, and that man'd better be 'Squire Morton, in my opinion."

The satisfaction of all with this proposal was expressed by a cheer; and after a little modest hesitation on 'Squire Morton's part, he stepped on the church horse-block, and gave out his impromptu orders. He was a man of spare frame, and simple manner; but his clean-cut features and deep-set eyes gave promise of a lofty, fearless nature; and on his face the lines of experience indicated wisdom and penetration. He neither assumed nor demanded especial authority, but his simple words showed that he was accustomed to lead.

"My friends, a dreadful thing has happened to-night. Don't let any carelessness of ours bring more trouble. I see that most of you have firearms. I make it a strict order that no man shall fire on old Mike, even if a good chance offers itself. Surround him if possible, catch him by all reasonable means; but bring the poor creature into town quietly and safely, so that he won't be roused to fury, and, above all, don't shoot."

Then he distributed the men by twos and threes in such a way that all the districts of the town, which old Mike could have reached by that time, would be faithfully scoured in a systematic manner. If old Mike should be found, a whistle and a halloo were to inform those who were near at hand, and as soon as possible the church bell would give the signal that the search was over. If he should not be found, the different bands of men, converging from the outside to the center, would meet at sunrise on the green to discuss plans for future search. All assented cordially to the plan of the campaign; and soon the village center seemed deserted, except for the lights of those who were hurrying off to accompany the afflicted women of the Brownlow family to their desolate home. There was one dissenting voice, however, that of James Williams. He was a son of one of the leading men of the town, bright and winning, but spoiled by lack of early parental training. He and Jonathan Hinsdale, who was considered the pride of the village, had been inseparable friends from childhood, and they were often called "David and Jonathan."

James almost idolized his friend, who, besides having great powers of mind, was endowed with the stability and self-control which James lacked.

Jonathan was soon to marry the pretty sister of James; and it was a matter of rejoicing to the friends and neighbors that he was to be a minister, then considered the profession of most honor in the community.

"Well!" grumbled James, as the two started for West Farms, their assigned place of search, "I don't see why I should be hampered by 'Squire Morton's orders. I know how to use a gun without being tied up by any old granny regulations like that. I despise people who are afraid of everything. I shall use my own judgment about firing." Jonathan tried to reason with him a little, but it was useless then, and he had no idea that James would really encounter Michael; so he turned to other subjects while they were prowling about in the darkness.

Hours passed on. Patiently the men, most of them weary at the start from a day of toil, plodded over hillsides and meadows, through swamps and forests. Nothing could be found of old Michael, except that a branch* of a young maple, freshly lopped off, looked as if he might have been wielding his terrible axe again.

And, by the lantern's light, tracks were seen around an old, lonely house which made the eight or ten men who had met there, sure that old Michael had secreted himself in the cellar. They gathered in the old kitchen for consultation. If Michael was really in the cellar, he must be brought out, and the search must be ended; but who wished to creep down rickety stairs into the abysmal darkness of an old-fashioned cellar, to be met by a madman armed with an axe?

'Squire Morton looked around the little company.

"I will go down to look for Michael. Who'll go with me?"

No one volunteered.

"I am going. I call on one of you to go with me."

Even his authority failed. Each head was shaken to show that courage was lacking. Then with lips a little more firmly set, and eyes looking straight forward, 'Squire Morton lighted a candle, and briefly saying, "Then I will go alone," opened the door and calmly stepped down into the darkness and to possible death. Every face was pale,—the men hardly breathed, so acute was the suspense while they huddled around the head of the cellar stairs to listen. They heard his careful footsteps as every part of the dim cavern was explored and then at last he came back to them, safe and alone. All that he said was "Michael is not there;" and each man knew that it was certain that no lurking-place in that cellar sheltered Michael from sight. But after that modest proof of unflinching courage, those men would have obeyed 'Squire Morton's slightest word. "I never saw such grit as that," said Bill Judd in relating the incident to a circle of listeners the next day.

But the dreaded and yet much sought lunatic was not even seen. He

eluded them or had fled to some region entirely beyond their field of search. Glimmers of the dawn appeared, and the night's work seemed about to end in disappointment.

Just then, James Williams, sleepily stumbling through some underbrush, saw a figure moving towards him through a grove of young trees. The steps were light and quick, the man certainly carried a heavy weapon, and James thought that he detected in the dimness the fluttering folds of a cloak. He could not, alone, capture Michael, for surely it must be he; if he should wound the violent man in the arm, he would give himself no more than a proper advantage.

So he raised his musket and fired. The shot rang out ominously and it brought a half-dozen men running to the scene. They found James Williams wildly calling on Jonathan Hinsdale to speak.

But the dead speak not. David had slain Jonathan.

And thus, before the sun looked on the earth again, a second family was plunged into woe. Three families, I might say, for while some bore with melancholy steps the lifeless form of the gifted Jonathan to his home, it required all the efforts of three or four men to restrain the self-reproachful ravings of the unfortunate James, who knew that his return to his home must bring a blight blacker than death to his family. "Oh, why did I not obey orders? Oh, Jonathan! I loved you better than myself, and I have killed you! Oh, my sister! What shall I do when I see you?"

He voiced the thoughts of all; they contrasted the calm fearlessness of Mr. Morton with James's reckless independence of control.

Perhaps you would like to know the gentle means by which old Michael was at last caught. For weeks the whole country side was aroused to secure him. Bills describing him were posted at every cross road, so that every one in the county knew his appearance, by report. He was sometimes traced, but was not taken. Every one felt that life was in jeopardy while he was at large. One sunny afternoon in early winter, a poor woman in a house miles away from the scene of the tragedy heard a timid knock at her door. So childlike was it, that she forgot the customary fear of opening doors to outside knocks, only to find herself confronted by old Michael himself. There were the tattered remnants of the plaid camlet cloak, the wild eyes and sunken cheeks, —yes, it was surely he. Her very frame seemed to collapse; but she was a woman of nerve. The axe was not visible, and the man looked weak and tired. "Will you please give me something to eat?" was all that he said. "Certainly, certainly," replied she, with ready tact. "Sit down by the fire to get warm, while I bring you some baked beans." The woman's stock of provisions was poor and scanty, but she brought forth the best she had, and set it kindly before the hungry man, deftly managing to remove all knives

from sight. Then she asked: "Would you like some milk? I will get it in the buttery. Come Solomon," to her little boy, whose patched clothes ill became his royal name. "Come and help me get it." So she took the boy to the buttery, and once within, she pushed him through the little square window, charging him to run for his life to the nearest neighbors, and to say that crazy Mike was in her kitchen, but was "peaceable" just then. Her plan worked perfectly. By various soft beguilements, she kept Michael interested in hot food and drink until some men arrived, who approached him as friends, were by him received as such, and so easily led away the man who had caused terror for weeks.

The poor demented man was taken to the house of Mr. Morton who was deputy sheriff for the county for forty years; and there strong men kept their vigil around his bed all night, lest his old fury should burst forth again. Morning came without an outbreak and he was taken to Hartford, where he was tried, and his insanity having been proved, he was assigned to safe-keeping.

Never again did he escape to terrify the dwellers in Farmington; but often was the tragedy of that night repeated to awestruck listeners, and the story has been handed down to succeeding generations.

ELLEN STRONG BARTLETT.

A Day at Newgate Prison

TWENTY miles north of Farmington, in the little town of East Granby, not far from the border of Massachusetts, stands Newgate Prison, grim memorial of the stern old days when punishment was synonymous with cruelty. As I had so often wished to visit the place, attracted by interest both in its history and in its copper mine, it was with ready enthusiasm that I seized the chance of a trip thither, offered me one pleasant day in June; not the typical June day, however. On the contrary, the air was crisp and cold, with great white fleecy masses of clouds sailing north with us as we followed the course of the Farmington River on its devious way to the Connecticut. On our right, sometimes nearer, sometimes farther away, towered the huge dyke, or ridge, of trap-rock, known in this region as Talcott Mountain, which, beginning with the famous East Rock of New Haven, runs north for eighty miles across Connecticut, across Massachusetts into Vermont; on our left flowed the river through its broad and fertile meadows. Beyond the meadows gleamed the distant hills chased over by sunlight and shadow, a vivid contrast of brilliant yellow green and cool, deep purple.

After three hours driving through this exquisite and ever varying scenery,

climbing higher and higher, past West Avon, past Weatogue, through the dreary modern village of Tariffville, where we saw acres of white-tented fields evidences of a novel experiment in tobacco raising, we crossed at last the Farmington River and left it behind us. Then up and up again, a last hard pull up a short steep hill, and there before us we catch a glimpse of the flag floating from the old belfry, we see the tumbling walls, moss-grown, we drive through the stone gateway bearing the inscription "Newgate 1801," into the courtyard of Newgate Prison, so named from the famous old prison in London. The site would be ideal, not for a gloomy place of restraint with all the attendant horrors, but for some airy French château with its dazzling white walls, its many angled red roofs, its springing pinnacles, with the façade toward the west overlooking a broad and verdant valley bounded by the misty Green Mountains while northward rise the dim outlines of the Berkshire Hills and behind lies the great dyke, through a break in which we see (or think we see at the bidding of our guide,) the gilded dome of the State House at Hartford. This was our introduction to Newgate Prison.

Spending a moment in feasting our eyes on the stately panorama of low-lying plains and western hills, we then followed our guide as he led us through the buildings, one in excellent condition, another in partial repair, the walls of others in ruins. The guide in sternly conscientious manner refused to say a word till we were all collected open-mouthed around him, and then reeled off his tale monotonously as he pointed out the different objects of interest, a few old relics, a chair from the shoe-shop, a dumb-waiter, a long rough table, all crude and shapeless, suggestive of the uncouth mode of living. There were parts of a tread mill used in the old days to grind the wheat for the prison bread, and propelled by thirty men at once. The fatigue of this drudgery was so extreme that it was necessary constantly to "shift" the men, and it was always a prompt method of reducing the most obstinate to subjection. We climbed to the belfry, we peeped through an opening in the wall into the women's quarters, we descended ladder-like stairs into a low, small room (below another more contracted in size, but above ground), lighted and ventilated by one little window, strongly barred; here, in two tiers of bunks on either side thirty-two men passed twelve hours out of every twenty-four. The sight recalled tales of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Our guide then conducted us, by means of a ladder thirty feet in length, down into the copper mine "long since abonded," to quote our pilot. In these dreary oppressive depths of fifty, sixty, even eighty feet, each of us bearing a lighted tallow candle set in a shapeless candlestick rudely whittled from a bit of pine wood, we groped our way over wet and slimy rocks, through many galleries, or caverns, noticing as we slid and slipt along, the thin veins of green copper threading the rock. We saw the gallery which was formerly

shut off by a heavy oaken door and used as a dungeon for unruly convicts—cold, damp, dark. As I peered into the hideous trap something icier than the chill of the mine sent a shiver through me. I stood astounded at the callous heartlessness of those old jailers who dared confine even the basest of their fellow men in such a deadly hole. However in justice it must be admitted that, according to the records, the prisoners were remarkably free from disease.

The mine was discovered very early in the eighteenth century by the settlers who worked it at intervals from 1707 until 1778, when on account of the cost of mining implements work was abandoned not to be resumed, until in 1831, after the State Prison had been moved to Wethersfield, the mine was bought and operated by a private company. The Colony of Connecticut began to use these caverns as a prison in 1773; in 1790 the site was selected for the same purpose by the State. The guide told us an almost incredible tale; namely, that two hundred Tories were by Washington's orders sent from Cambridge and imprisoned in these depths for five years. On examination of the rather scanty historical records, this is found to be in a measure true. This letter from Washington to the Committee of Safety in Simsbury tells the story plainly enough:

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 7, 1775.

GENTLEMEN:—The prisoners which will be delivered you with this, having been tried by a court martial and deemed to be such flagrant and atrocious villains that they cannot by any means be set at liberty or confined in any place near this camp, were sentenced to Simsbury, in Connecticut. You will be pleased therefore to have them secured in your jail or in such other manner as to you shall seem necessary so that they cannot possibly make their escape. The charges of their imprisonment will be at the Continental expense.

I am, & so forth,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

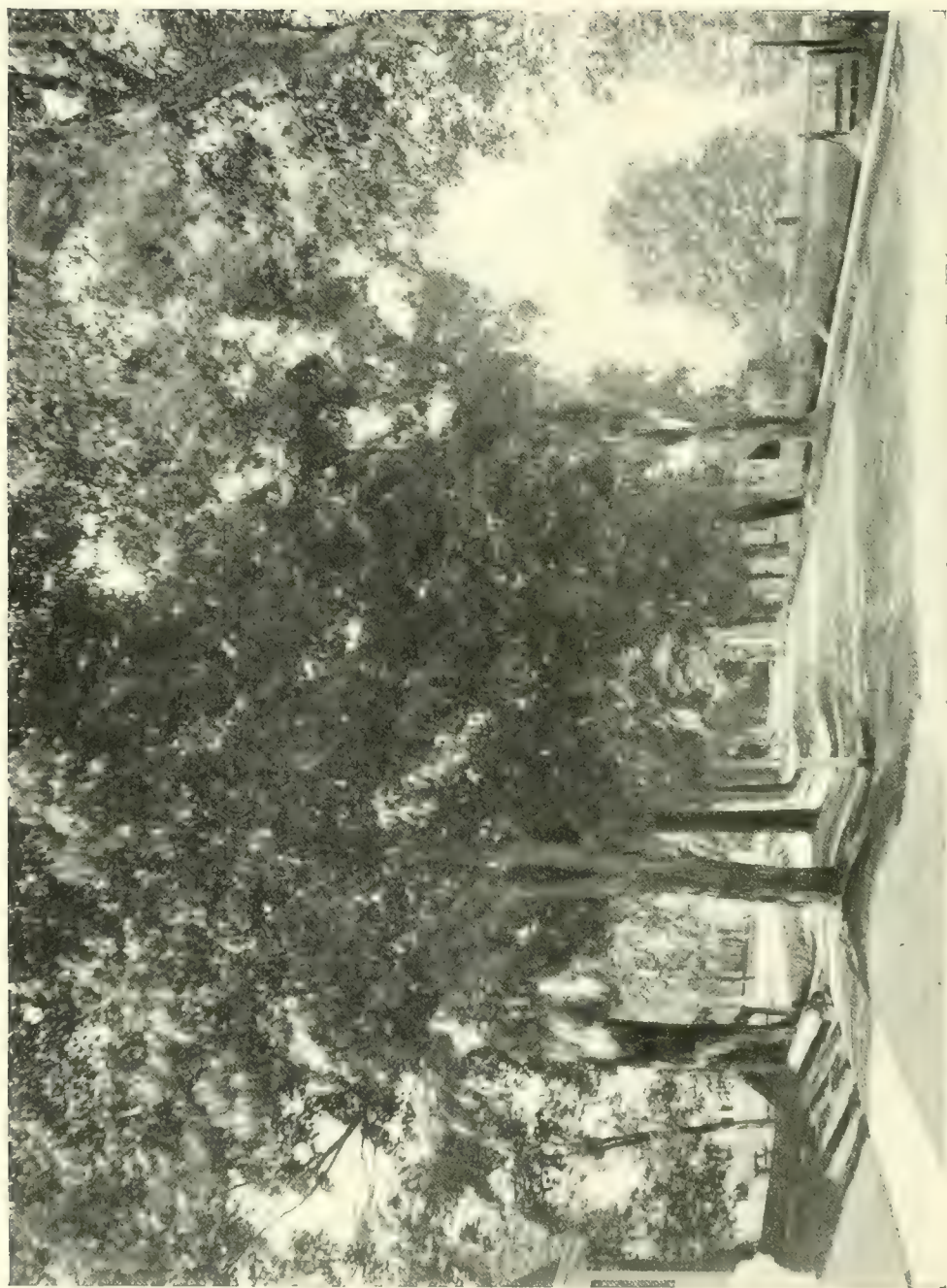
There were besides a few other Tories and some common criminals imprisoned at first in the mine, later in huts and sheds above ground, and for several years all were forced to labor in the removal of the ore. The mine proved profitable only when worked by the Tories and convicts confined there—unpaid labor. For this lack of profit there were two reasons: first, the vein, though rich in copper, containing from 10 to 15 per cent., in places going as high as 40 per cent., is what is called refractory; that is, the metal does not separate readily, thus increasing the cost of smelting; secondly, even under these hard natural conditions the mine might have been a source of revenue to the Colonists but for the still harder restriction imposed by the home government which prohibited the smelting of the ore in this country and compelled the Colonists to ship it to England.

To return to the upper air and to the prison proper: On the south side

of the inclosure, the building once including the chapel, now in ruins, was erected in 1790. The building next it at the southwest angle of the wall in 1800; in this, the one show building, were the kitchen, the dining-room, the women's quarters, and the two sleeping rooms for the men, already mentioned. A stone wall, twelve feet high, replacing the old close picket-fence or stockade, and enclosing perhaps half an acre of ground, was built in 1802 by the convicts. To celebrate the completion of this great task, a banquet was served in the tavern opposite the prison entrance at which officers, guards, and prisoners feasted together.

The stories, of which there are many variations, none to be accepted as authentic, of the attempts to escape show what men will do and dare to regain their freedom. One man having bribed the guard to let the rope dangle down over the well mouth, perhaps sixty feet below the surface, had dragged himself up nearly to the top, when the guard coming to a realizing sense of the enormity of his traitor's act—with the wretched price of his corruption in his pocket, doubtless—sundered the rope and let his poor victim fall back to a death by drowning. Several men at another time removed the barred gate guarding the drain, or level, built to conduct away the water dripping from the ceiling and oozing from the walls of the mine, and forced their way through a passage almost too small for them. Two at least escaped. There is a legend, not to be relied upon, however, that one man of larger bulk than the others stuck fast and was choked in the *débris*. They tell a story of a cripple who, while at work in the blacksmith shop, burned a small tube in his cane in which he concealed a file. With this he and his fellows began to sever one of the bars of the window in the lower sleeping room—the half divided bar is still to be seen. Their only chance to carry on this hazardous undertaking was between the hours of six and nine, after the men had been shut up for the night. At nine o'clock a bell would ring, the signal for all noise to cease, but till that hour the men were allowed to talk and sing and otherwise amuse themselves. By good luck one of their number had a rude fiddle on which he played to drown the rasping sound of the file. The gain of each night was covered by moistened earth patching the breach. This went on for two or three nights without detection and the bar was more than half severed when the plot was basely revealed by a convict in the room overhead who hoped by his contemptible deed to be released. Poetic, as well as practical, justice requires that the betrayer's expectation should not have been fulfilled—and he remained “in durance vile.”

Perhaps the most dramatic of the many endeavors to break loose from bondage is the following tale related to us by the guide on the very spot where the attempt occurred. In 1802 some thirty men at work in the nail shop hatched a desperate plot by which to escape. From the pewter buttons



VIEW OF MAIN STREET, FARMINGTON

of their clothes they molded rude keys to unlock their fetters and, when all was ready, at a signal agreed upon, they made a dash across the gangway for the yard, determined to overpower the guards and make good their escape by the main gate. The first man to rush out was a negro and he was met by an officer who, in his excitement and agitation, struck him with his sword, scabbard and all. At the same instant a guard leveled his gun and shot the insurgent through the head. This prompt and decisive act, paralyzing in its quick conclusion and resulting in the death of the leader, so cowed the other conspirators that they surrendered without a struggle. As a warning of the dreadful fate awaiting all, where the poor black man fell—the stone marking the spot is still pointed out—there the body lay for four long days.

In these pages I have written of what has chiefly attracted and interested me as I read the dubious history of the evolution of the mine into the prison. There are many other details, some of them dramatic, some too unpleasant to relate. There is always delight in delving in old archives for facts, whether the facts are gay or mournful and I have enjoyed the task; but my feeling while within the prison walls was one of intense distaste and loathing. I was depressed by the wretchedness of it all, and I turned constantly for comfort to the serene and smiling landscape before me.

J. M. W.

The Trees Alongside the Asphalt Walks

ALONG our village street are many fine trees planted by unselfish and thoughtful people who have gone before. Yet it may not have been such an unselfish act, for a tree's infancy and childhood is very beautiful and the infant pines and the small oak, with its little hands full of great autumn leaves, are a most inspiring sight. The long list of trees that stand at the sides of the walks have more to do with the beauty of the town than most of us realize. But there is quite a variety in this list, which still may be incomplete: Horse chestnuts, junipers, kalmia, magnolias, maples, the ash, osage orange, pine, oaks, sassafras, slippery elms, tulip, willows, wild cherry, apple, elms, basswoods, butternuts, locust, copper beech, dogwoods, hawthorns, catalpa. The sugar maple and the elm trees are the most common. The locust trees are finely represented in front of Dr. Wheeler's place, soaring upward above all the other trees, and on their topmost branches may live the birds who wish to be near heaven. In Mr. Charles Lewis' front yard is a fine sinewy double rose hawthorne tree, often covered in summer with a perfect mantle of flowers. The number of elm trees is very conspicuous, headed by the great elm

opposite the Elm Tree Inn. This elm used to reach over the road and touch the ends of its fingers to the ground in the Elm Tree Inn yard. It has got to be so old it felt the need of steadying itself. It was beginning to look like the banyan tree we all studied about in Lovell's geography. George Washington is said to have planted this tree, but no one believes it any more than they do that Washington drank a big mug of toddy in the old inn. We are quite surprised when the winter has stripped all the leaves from the trees to see some bird's nest quite near the walk; an oriole or a robin has been nesting there without our knowledge, seeing and recognizing all the people who go to the postoffice and to church.

Fashions change with the people who walk the streets, but the trees for fifty and a hundred years have the same green suit in summer, and yellow and brown in the fall. "Ah," said the maple tree, "it is awful to see our old Farmington growing into a little city. Look at me, they have cut off five of my arms and my blood ran all over this asphalt pavement." "I liked to reach down," said the horse chestnut, "and brush the people as they passed with my blossoms. I used to stroke the cheeks of the school girls with my long leaves." "And I," said the catalpa, "I am a good mind never to blossom again, I'm so mad." "Yes," said the elm, gently, for the elm is always patient and sweet, "the city will kill us all. I had a sister who lived in the city, and the sewers ran through her roots one side, the gas pipes on the other side, and the telegraph ran through her cut branches. All day long there was a smell of naphtha gas, so that she could hardly breathe, and as for the night she never slept, for they had hung a great electric light under her sleepless leaves."

To those who are intimate with the trees, they are nearer in winter than in summer—the refined colors of their plum-colored gray trunks, and the networks of branches across the skies. After a long rain what wonderful lichens start into life on the tree trunks, like those concealed writings that come out when held by the fire. "The downy woodpecker, the nuthatcher, the chickadees, the brown creeper, I love them all," said the maple tree; "they tickle me, but they do me lots of good, picking away the worms and insects. When I laugh right out people say, did you hear the wind whistling among the bare maple limbs, and when I chuckle softly they say that was the sough of the branches. I also chuckle when I see the new spring hats, when I hear the school girls talking about their teachers, when I see the artist painting a tree or telling someone else how it should be done. Goodness! what do artists know about trees, anyway? If I should permit myself to look like one of their trees people would chop me right down. I like boys the best because they climb right up into my arms, and we have long conversations together in the shade of my leaves. I tell you, boys know more than most folks, and we have to send them to district schools to keep them from being too knowing."



Just across the line on what was once the garden of Col. Gay and of three generations of his descendants, stood the little red shop, now removed to the east side of the Waterville road just north of Poke Brook. In 1795 Gabriel Curtis pays Capt. Judah Woodruff thirteen shillings for making for it a show window of thirty-two sashes (you can count them to-day if you like) for his son, Lewis Curtis. Lewis advertises in the "Connecticut Courant" under date of 1799, "That he still continues to carry on the clock making business, such as chime clocks, that play a number of different tunes, and clocks that exhibit the moon's age, etc., etc."—From "Old Houses in Farmington" by Julius Gay.

And now good bye, beautiful trees, the roaring March is here and all conversations must come to a close. I see you smiting your arms against each other to warm them. I can see the faint glow in your finger tips. How much of pleasure in this life we owe to you, beautiful trees; other friends may pass away, may become estranged, but you are always returning with your simple peacefulness, with your leaves and flowers.

CYRUS E. BOLLES.

Editorials

AMONG the new books added to the library is one by William J. Long whose books on birds and animals have been a delight to all who have read them; it is a satisfaction to find *Secrets of the Woods* as full of interest as those preceding it. The collected edition of Mr. Long's work is in two volumes, one called *Beasts of the Field*, the other, *Fowls of the Air*, which I hope the Library may one day own. The author states in the preface: "The names used here for birds and beasts were given by the Milicete Indians; the occasional legends referred to have never been written, but were heard by the writer before the camp-fire in the heart of the wilderness; and the incidents and sketches are true to life, as I have seen it in many years of watching and following the wild things." The above quotation is not only a good example of the writer's graceful English but also gives the reason for the real woodland flavor through all his work. Perhaps most interesting are two very different creatures—the great Bald Eagle sailing proud and indifferent in the upper air, only moved when the writer succeeds first in touching him fairly in the shoulder and later in climbing to the nest and viewing the young eaglets from near by, and Tookhees, the little 'fraid one peeping timorously from his retreat and warning his fellows of the stranger's presence. But our feeling for them all is very intimate and the woods and fields have a new meaning as we watch for the Chipmunk, Bre'er Rabbit and listen to Ch'gee-gee's greeting.

RECENTLY we heard one of Mr. Long's lectures dealing with facts in Nature chiefly about the animals. The speaker aimed to disprove many ideas prevalent in late years that the life of the wild things is mainly tragic full of apprehension, terror and the struggle for existence. Certainly, the theory he upheld of the joy of life among the animals, the many pleasures they have shown in their games and their abundant humor, is much more delightful to contemplate than this reign of terror, this drama of pain and sorrow which has been described to us. But I think Mr. Long would not care to insist too strenuously on the absence of fear because of absence of pain

or dread of future calamity, where the small boy who throws stones and is cruel to his dog would profit by his word. There must be dread of future calamity in the minds or intelligences or instincts (what you will) of the dog who has been once kicked or the fox who has suffered from a trap.

Still it is good to hear the "joy of life" insisted upon as a prominent characteristic of the beasts and birds and it is very easy to believe in and imitate in these first days of spring.

ALL the discussion which is going on in the various reviews concerning the function of the public library, its attitude with regard to "new books" and its influence on the fiction-reading public is most interesting and makes us stop to consider. If we do not get fiction at the public library where should we find it? Certainly the last thing these writers would wish would be to influence people to buy all these swash-buckler, gadzooks stories so rife to-day—and so long as people work and are weary, so long as girls and boys crave excitement, just so long will novels of adventure be read and enjoyed. But we see no *raison d'être* whatever for the morbidly analytical novel with no literary quality to recommend it. If something of the kind must be had, read Balzac or Thomas Hardy. There is real beauty of style and literary strength and judgment combined with so true a knowledge of human nature. Still one would hesitate long before including either of those authors in a list of books for general reading. Among the various letters written by librarians to the *Saturday Times Review* was one by Miss Hewins, very practical in its suggestions as to the possible usefulness of novels in historical reading. She spoke especially of *The Tory Lover*, one of the new books in our own library, as being the basis for a course on early United States history—bringing up as it does facts which excite us to read further in the history and biography of the period. Thus no one who reads *Richard Carvel* should fail to read in addition a good life of George Washington, an account of England in the time of George III, some of John Fiske. And the *Crisis* will do more than it has to justify its existence if it leads us to make a more thorough study of Abraham Lincoln and the Reconstruction period. Henry of Navarre is just now a favorite character in romance and we get new and vivid pictures of the Huguenot persecutions with each succeeding novel. Look up this period in a good French history, read some memoirs of that time,—it is all as thrilling or more so than the novel itself. Nothing is much more difficult to carry out nor more satisfactory when accomplished than connected reading.

It was a pleasure to find in the library Mrs. Champney's *Romances of the Mediæval Chateaux*, a collection of stories based on old memoirs and charmingly illustrated by pictures of these beautiful examples of Renaissance architecture. This romance and others like it are valuable chiefly as they stimulate our desire for more definite knowledge of this most fascinating period in French history and lead us to read more history and biography than we otherwise would. So by skillful suggestion, by careful grouping, recent fiction in libraries may be made stimulating and a path to more solid reading, rather than the suffocating thing it often is.

The Ruffled Grouse or Partridge

THERE has been quite a confusion about the ruffled grouse and the partridge, largely because in the Southern states they call our quail the partridge and our ruffled grouse or partridge the pheasant. But unlike Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the partridge varies little with his different names. At the foot of a bush or by a log in the woods the ruffled grouse makes its nest. A few leaves and feathers and the nest is done. These birds that make their nests on the ground must be rather lazy, and they hardly take the trouble to make much of a home. The whippoorwill lays its two eggs on the bare leaves with no attempt at a nest. The partridge makes a little depression and lays its ten or a dozen eggs; possibly the partridge would make more of a nest if its young had to be fed in the nest as the robins are, but the young partridges begin to run about like chickens the moment they are hatched. Already they are as wild as the wind, and the least call of danger will make them disappear like globules of mercury. Instantly they seem to vanish from the face of the earth. It is probably this readiness to disappear which prevents the partridge from being exterminated. The prairie chickens which were common enough here once were more confiding in man, and have long been exterminated, and the last wild turkeys of New England were not fleet enough to escape parties of men with trained dogs and were caught in the deep snow and exterminated in that very New England state that now throws its protective laws over all the birds. The woods will lose half their charms with the departure of the birds.

When the partridge is setting on its eggs and the woods are still and the thick canopies of leaves hardly move overhead, between the leaves the blue eyes of heaven are full of peacefulness. Near the nest is the little fern *Phlegopteris Hexagonoptera*, a tuft of *Dicksonia* that sheds a perfume through the woods. Above these in speaking distance is the pendulous nest of the red-eyed vireo. When the fox saunters through the wood the partridge has a moment of deathly fear, and over and over again she congratulates herself that the feathers on her back look like the dead leaves.

The courting time with the partridge is one of the important events, as with all the rest of creation. The cock partridge assumes all the airs of his relative the barnyard rooster. The cock partridge arranges with scrupulous care his beautiful ruff; no beau of the time of Vandyke ever arranged his collar more carefully. He then spreads out his tail like a fan and admires the band along the margin; he lifts up the feathers on his crest. Aha! He is rolling his drum, his wings fly so fast you cannot see them, and a low reverberation like distant thunder fills the woods. Mrs. Partridge is lost in astonishment and admiration.

"You may have observed there are no wolves, bear or panther in these parts," said the cock partridge: "it is the roll of my drum that has frightened them away," and he looked about him with defiance. A squirrel had come down to listen, and a skunk, although it was daytime, came out of his hole, quite near the birds. There was a rustle and buzz of wings that sounded like thunder and the partridges were gone. "Why did you run away so quickly?" said Madam Partridge, with the painful directness of innocence. "I did not run," said the cock partridge, "I only retired. I could not fight the skunk, he is not in my class, as the pugilists say. John L. Sullivan would not even fight with a colored man, and I decline to fight with a skunk." "You spared him," said Mrs. Partridge, "because he doesn't,—because—because he doesn't smell right" and she looked at her lord and master with renewed admiration.

When the young are hatched, the mother bird takes them under the thick bushes and there they meet the woodcock. The woodcock can see the partridge family arriving without lifting his head; the woodcock's eyes are set so far back he could look out of both windows in a car without turning his head. "Good morning, Mrs. Partridge, quite a fine brood you have there." "And yours?" said the partridge. "Ah, mine, said the woodcock." "we got our eggs laid so early in the season, the snow returned again and spoiled them." "That's too bad," said the partridge, "my husband calls that being overprompt—the Mrs. Whitman—Julia Brandegee way. I don't understand what that means, but my husband was in captivity once, and he knows many things; he says every human being would understand. I must say I like promptness," said the partridge, "the loon is my ideal. My husband says the loon will dive when he sees the flash of a gun." "Well, I don't no," said the woodcock, "I don't feel called on to believe all your husband says." Mrs. P. got mad; she was a real ruffled grouse for a minute. "Come children," she clucked, "it is too warm here."

We took some half dozen eggs from a partridge's nest and set them under a hen. They were all hatched out and excited much admiration, but the old hen was one of those old fool hens that steps on their chickens instead of on the ground. The little partridges might have got used to it in time, but they could not eat the food we gave them. (I have learned since we should have fed them for a time on ants eggs.) Anyway with nothing to eat and the hen standing on them most of the time, they all died. We also placed some hens eggs in the partridge's nest, but we never knew whether they hatched or not. Some have claimed they heard a Wyandotte rooster crowing on the side of the mountain when the moon was rising full.

Hardy, breezy ruffled grouse, you are as much a part of the woods as the lichens on the rocks, as the polypodies, as the *micella repens*, as the cones

on the hemlocks; would we thank anyone who had exterminated the liverwort or the arbutus? These disarrangements of the harmonies of nature are worse than those infamous French painters who retouched the pictures by Titian.

R. B. BOLLES.

Village Notes

THE library fund has been increased this winter by \$113, the proceeds of an entertainment in the Village Hall and a supper, similar to those given heretofore. There is need for this help every year, if we are to find the desirable new books on the shelves. Each year there is the sum of \$95 from members of the Library Association, and the interest \$125 from the permanent fund with which to carry on the library work. This work includes an outlay of about \$60 yearly for magazines, the cost of new books, rebinding about 200 old books annually, the librarian's salary of \$150, and the incidental expenses, amounting for last year to \$432; and for the difference between the income and outlay we are largely indebted to private donations.

When Miss Julia Brandegee in 1882 started a free library with fourteen books in Mrs. Hardy's house for the benefit of the Boys' Club, no daring prophet foretold the present outcome. When that small beginning had grown to demand shelf room for 400 books and found a lodging in the quaint old building called Tunxis, opposite Miss Brandegee's home—the same now altered and occupied as a dwelling—Thomas L. Porter, town clerk, and librarian of the Town Library, which was kept in the back room of his office, and was not free, came up to see Miss Brandegee with the greeting: "I want to know what you are doing to run out the Town Library." He then told her there were not enough people paying 50 cents a year for the privilege of taking the books to cover his salary of \$5, proving that unless a library keeps pace with the times it becomes a dead thing.

Book clubs then supplied the readers in town with current literature, but there was nothing done for the children who most needed it.

Miss Brandegee told the writer that she did not expect to live long but wanted to do something while she was alive, when the free library was started. Now she hopes to live to put the books on the shelves of the new library. The new library cannot be a secret since Mr. Redfield spoke hopefully of it in his remarks at the dedication of the McKinley Oak, though it is as yet the creation of hope and desire only. It would be a fitting completion to the Village Green which Miss Sarah Porter gave for the beauty and dignity of the entrance to the town, to place upon it an artistic building whose uses are secondary only to those of the church and school.

The following new books have been added to the library since the first of the year: *Life of Lowell*, 2 vols., H. E. Scudder; *Audrey*, M. E. Johnston; *Child's Garden of Verses*, R. L. Stevenson; *Deborah*, Ludlow; *Marietta*, Crawford; *Romance of the Renaissance Chateaux*, *Romance of the Feudal Chateaux*, E. W. Champney; *The Valley of Decision*, Edith Wharton; *Kim*, Rudyard Kipling; *Circumstance*, S. Weir Mitchell; *The Benefactress*; *The Gateless Barrier*, Lucas Malet; *The Making of a Marchioness*, F. H. Burnett; *The Tory Lover*, Sarah Orne Jewett; *The Portion of Labor*, M. E. Wilkins; *The Ruling Passion*, Henry Van Dyke; *Hunting Trips on the Prairie*, Roosevelt; *Highways and Byways of the Lake District*, Bradley; *Ireland, Historic and Picturesque*, Chas. Johnstone; *The Making of an American*, Jacob Riis; *Short History of Architecture*, 3 vols; *The Renaissance in Italian Art*; *The Would Be Goods*, E. Nesbit; *South London, East London, Westminster*, Besant; *The Outcasts—Mooswa*, W. A. Fraser; *Secrets of the Woods*, Wm. J. Long; *Lives of the Hunted*, E. Seton Thompson; *A Day with a Tramp*, Walter A. Wyckoff; *Colonial Furniture in America*, Lockwood; *The Land of the Dollar*, G. W. Steevens.

THE Girls' Club will close about April 1st a most successful year. The Choral Class, under Mr. Walter Davis' direction, has done remarkably good work. At the last meeting the class presented him with a silver tipped baton as a slight token of their great appreciation of his kindness in giving his services. The various social evenings have been greatly enjoyed, among them a valentine party and a sleigh ride.

THE Union Club has had several different meeting places this winter and been delightfully entertained by a paper on travel "From the Bosphorus to the Baltic," by W. B. Allen; by Mr. Swett's paper on Child Study; by one from Miss Marot of Miss Porter's school on "Social Progress in Relation to Public Schools;" a talk by Mr. A. C. Dunham of Hartford on "Modern Uses of Electricity," and a paper by Dr. Johnson on his sojourn in Japan. The public are cordially invited to these gatherings and coming constitutes membership; as it is desirable to keep the club informal, beyond a president and committee there is no organization.

M. D. B.



PORTRAIT SKETCH OF CHAUNCEY ROWE

BY R. B. BRANDEGEE

Chauncey Rowe
Died December 1st, 1901

HON. CHAUNCEY ROWE, the subject of this sketch, was born in Farmington, March 17, 1815. Concerning his boyhood days there is little known, but that he attended the common school of the town and later the "Academy" or Simeon Hart's School must be surmised, as all who knew him are willing to accord him a high place in erudition as evidenced both in his conversations and writings.

At the age of twenty-one, in the year of 1836, he engaged in business in the "Old Stone Store," formerly standing on the site now occupied by the present Congregational parsonage, with Chauncey Deming Cowles, who subsequently entered the ministry of the Congregational Church. His place was taken by the father of the young divine, the new firm being composed of Mr. Rowe and Major Timothy Cowles. This partnership continued for twenty years and was a particularly pleasant and prosperous business venture.

No better evidence of the popularity and esteem of the young merchant by his fellow townsmen is afforded than the fact that at the age of thirty-two he was chosen to represent his native town in the General Assembly in the session of 1847, considered a mark of rare distinction in those days, when so many prominent families had candidates for this position which had been honored by some of the most illustrious names in the history of the State. Speaker Foster of this session was in the United States Senate during the Civil War, and the President of that body during the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson. Chas. Chapman was a member from Hartford and William W. Eaton was in the House from Tolland. Mr. Rowe was re-elected in 1848 and again five years afterward in the session of 1853. He further served in the House of 1860 and 1879. He was elected to the Senate in 1854, and was Chairman of the Committee on Education. It can be said of Mr. Rowe that he filled all the positions of legislative trust and responsibility in a faithful, painstaking and judicious manner, winning the friendship, confidence and esteem of his associates, reflecting credit upon himself and honor to the town he so many times represented.

Half a century or more ago Mr. Rowe was identified with that famous military organization known as the Farmington Grenadiers, holding a position as an officer high in command. Its principal duty was to meet on the "Green" on "training day" and there carefully execute the simple manual that had been drilled into the company since its organization, which dated

It has seemed better to print these separate accounts of the life of Mr. Rowe as they stand, rather than to combine them.

some time before or during the Revolution, and then to march in their inimitable manner through the main street of the town to the music of fife and drum, which was played in true old Colonial style, and above which, it has been stated, the officers' commands could not be heard. Finally the Grenadiers disbanded when the number marching was less than the number of officers in command. The rest of the day was given over to sports of various kinds, and eating gingerbread and "training day cakes," which were freely offered by numerous venders. Mr. Rowe was a member of the Harrison Veterans, being one of the oldest representatives of that body, and he took great pride in recalling incidents of that famous "wide awake" campaign. He voted in sixteen Presidential elections, his last vote having been cast for President McKinley.

The Rev. Noah Porter married Chauncey Rowe and Susan Dickenson Oct. 9th, 1839. Mr. Rowe was very domestic in his habits and the family ties and affections were more strongly marked and developed in his character than in that of most men. Two sons, Charles H. and George were his only children, George dying at the age of 18 years. Charles, who graduated from Yale College in 1862 and the medical department in 1864, was appointed assistant surgeon of the Eighteenth Connecticut, of which ex-Governor P. C. Lounsbury was a member; later he was appointed surgeon of the Seventeenth United States Infantry and was transferred to Texas, where he fell a victim to the yellow fever scourge in Galveston, in September, 1867, at the age of 26½ years. This was so great a blow to the affectionate father that he ever afterward bore the marks of a deep grief, and would be moved to tears in recalling the memory of his soldier son.

The loss of his wife a few years later, added to loss of business, filled his cup of grief and sorrow to overflowing. His mental balance for a time was threatened, but the later years of his life saw his mind and cheerfulness greatly restored, and he was regarded by all his townsmen with a deep and sincere affection. His mind was clear and his steps were active until a week or two before his death, which occurred on Dec. 1st, 1901, at the ripe age of 86 years.

Mr. Rowe had many of the strong traits of character that stamp the New Englander as a man of success. Early thrown upon his own resources he acquired a good education for the time, and reaching his majority formed a partnership and actively undertook the management of a store, and identified himself with the interests of the town. This interest in the town he never relaxed until the day of his death, always ready in town meeting or public place to advocate and uphold whatever he believed to be for its best advantage. During the Civil War he was intensely loyal and patriotic in upholding the strong arm of the Union, and aiding to the best of his abilities the officers of the government in the discharge of their duties; and afterward he actively

interested himself in securing funds and erecting in the new cemetery a monument that bears on its sides the names of the battles and the roll of honor of our "soldier dead." It was an occasion for him, on each recurring anniversary of decoration day, to share his grief with others in making a public address, filled with the great sorrow through which the nation had passed.

The last years of his life were spent in pleasant walks about the town, making visits on neighbors and in social intercourse with all, who have only the kindest remembrances of their friend and neighbor.

A. R. WADSWORTH.

CHAUNCEY ROWE was born in the West Farms district, in a house where the extremest frugality and even harsh manners ruled—modified, however, by a refined and affectionate mother. As a boy of twelve he was at service with a neighbor, where again he was greatly repressed, but health and a strong vein of humor aided him. Later he went to New Britain to learn the trade of a tinsmith, but soon came to Farmington as clerk of Mr. Timothy Cowles, where he remained as clerk, partner and sole proprietor till his store was burned. He had early in life suffered from a sunstroke and the lasting effect perhaps made him easily excited and he sank under the loss of his business into a melancholy which continued for several years, only gradually recovering his old serenity and humor.

He was greatly afflicted by the death from fever at home of his younger son, whom he had restrained from the Civil War. Then came the death by yellow fever of his older and, at that time, his only son, who had become surgeon in the army. After a few years his wife died and out of all this he emerged at last to quiet patience.

He could have had only the veriest elements of learning at school, and later never much used books but was a great reader of newspapers, yet was for I do not know how many years Representative in our Legislature, superintendent of the Sunday School and always ready to serve as he could in the village.

[Mr. Rowe must have been a very thoughtful reader and loved to send clippings from his papers to his friends or copy favorite poems for them. Many such bits did he send to the *Church News Letter* when it was in existence, and whenever he wrote anything in the line of historical reminiscence, as he was always most willing to do, his style had a quaintness and dignity all its own, always distinguished by a certain dry humor. EDITOR.]

Mr. Rowe joined the church early, only hesitating to accept the creed "election" until it was presented to him in clearer form. He was conservative and only smilingly, when compelled, would confess clearer light had come in his interpretation of the Bible.

No man was more anxious for the good of the village, maintaining his own uprightness among young men very different in character. On one occasion, at a dinner of young men whom he thought his social superiors, finding the dinner was used as a burlesque of the Lord's Supper, he rose saying he would never again dine with them.

E. G. PORTER.

THE last years of Mr. Rowe's life were marked by that mellowing which often appears in the case of those who have no dread of death. He was strong in his political opinions and positive in his religious beliefs, but there was no rancor and there was a spirit of toleration that made him very charitable. He wanted everybody to go to church, and his desire for civic righteousness was strong. He was proud of his village and as he went through the street he would frequently be seen dragging a fallen branch or picking up a bit of paper that were disfiguring the sidewalk. His spirit of kindness was nowhere more shown than in the chaffing which often occurred between him and some who might be found at the postoffice about mail time. He could give and take with unbroken good humor and while he never came off second best, there was no sting to his wit.

He hated intemperance and dreaded the effect of social drinking by young men. Many can now remember the very kind warnings which he gave when he thought they were needed.

The death of Mr. Rowe was a distinct loss to the best life of the village, which loss can be remedied only by copying his spirit.

J. G. J.

In Memoriam

AT THE FUNERAL OF A FAITHFUL MAN

THE lips are silent which alone could say
His worthy tribute, we can only lay
The laurel on his breast,
And bear him to his rest
And say, farewell dear soul till break of day.

Amid the fickle and faint hearted throng
His heart was steadfast, brave and strong,
His counsel gave us light,
His courage gave us might
To see the right to wrestle with the wrong.

That sturdy, stalwart presence was a tower
Of strength and hope in many a trying hour,
In friendship warm and wise,
In large self sacrifice,
In countless kindnesses we proved his power.

Mr. Rowe had a great fondness for poetry and must have kept much in his memory. This poem he sent to the *Church News Letter* on the occasion of some death in the village. He had copied it from memory. It seems fitting to add the first stanzas to this short account of his life in Farmington.

YOUR ORDERS

FILLED WITH

OUR PRICES
ARE RIGHT

RELIABLE, FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

You may come personally, (which is preferable.)—You may order by mail or telephone, or send a messenger.

Every order sent to us will receive our most careful and painstaking consideration.

All Out-of-Town Orders are filled and shipped on next train or car leaving after the order is received.

If your order amounts to \$3.00 or more it will be sent prepaid to West Hartford, Farmington or Unionville.

Freight to any point within 20 miles of Hartford prepaid on orders of \$5.00 or more.

ORANGES!

THE BRONCO BRAND,
THE COOK BRAND,
THE ROSE BRAND.
CALIFORNIA NAVELS.

We receive direct in car load lots from the growers themselves.

No rehandling,—no delay in warehouses,—no auction room profits.

The best fruit direct to you at bottom prices.

N. R. & CO'S

BEST J. & M. COFFEE

Suits where others fail to please.

The Oneida Community Canned Goods

We have put in a full line of these well and favorably known products.

All kinds of Vegetables in tins.
Fresh Fruits in tin.

Fresh Fruits in glass.
PRESERVES.

PURE FRUIT JELLIES, Etc.

The quality is not to be surpassed by anything on the market, and the prices are very reasonable.

Stop next time you are in the store and let us tell you all about the Oneida Canned Goods.

WE KEEP TWO BIG OVENS

running day and
night

turning out real

Home Made Goods

Best Materials.

Skillful Workmen.

Scrupulous Neatness.

Our

BUTTER ROLLS

Out of the oven

at 3 P. M.

are delivered for tea.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.

NEWTON & BURNET,

319 Asylum Street,

Hartford, Conn.

“ALWAYS THE BEST OBTAINABLE”

— IN —

~ Meats, Poultry, Game, Fish and Vegetables. ~

OUR PHILADELPHIA CAPONS AND CHICKENS
ARE THE LARGEST AND FINEST TO BE HAD.

IN BROILERS WE LEAD THEM ALL.

OUR FACILITIES FOR GETTING CHOICE FISH ARE UNEQUALLED.

We use only the best grades of Beef, Lamb, &c.

CHARLES O. WHITMORE,

~ Architect, ~

75 Pratt Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Telephone 106-5.

Chas. S. Mason, Florist,

FARMINGTON, CONN.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, and Chrysanthemums specialties.

Palms, Ferns, and other plants for decorations.

WILLIAM L. MATSON,

DEALER IN

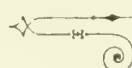
Stocks and Bonds,

55 Trumbull St., Hartford, Conn.

Securities bought and sold at the Exchanges
of this City, New York and Boston.

Choice Investments constantly for sale.

HORSFALL &
ROTHSCHILD,

 **OUTFITTERS,**

HARTFORD, CONN.

*Distributors of Fisk, Clark & Flagg's
Shirt Waists, Gloves and Neckwear for
Ladies, also the Forsythe Waists and
Ladies' Knox Hats.*

JOHN W. HOPPER,

~ Expert Plumber. ~

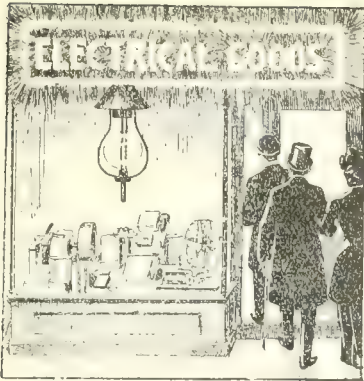
ESTIMATES GIVEN ON
FIRST-CLASS PLUMBING.

Refers to work in Farmington on N. Wallace's
New House, and Town Hall in Unionville.

1076 Main Street,

Hartford, Conn.

TELEPHONE.



and all that pertains to this line.◆

We will supply you and fit up your home or office with everything in

ELECTRIC LIGHTING,

Telephones, Electric Bells, Batteries, and everything in the electrical line in a scientific and expert manner, at fair and reasonable prices. Anything in our line that you wish done satisfactorily—telephone, send us word by mail, or call on us, we will quote you prices and guarantee you satisfaction.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES Wholesale and Retail.

THOS. OAKES & SON,

Telephone, 877.

11 Haynes St., Hartford, Conn.

WE ARE FIRST-PLUMBERS ALSO.



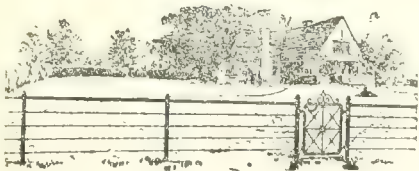
The Traveling Market

Brings joy to country homes, but in the city the people like their meat, etc., handled in the most cleanly manner. No dirty harness and horses handled by hands that handle meat the next minute. Trade where your goods are handled clean. That is the

PRESTON MARKET

42 Ann Street, Hartford.

SPERRY & BARNES' HAMS
are the finest in the market.



P. R. DAY & SON,

FENCE BUILDERS.

Build all kinds of fences for all kinds of purposes. Give us a call or write for estimates. Personal supervision given all work.

Sage-Allen Building, Hartford, Conn.

CLARK & SMITH, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,

49 Pearl Street.

Hartford, Conn.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company Building.

Printing of College Catalogues, Society Publications, Addresses, Poems,
Library Catalogues, Church Histories, etc., a Specialty.

DEMING'S Repairing Department.

Watches repaired by a thoroughly competent workman, and satisfaction guaranteed. American and French Clocks called for, repaired, and delivered without extra charge. Jewelry of all kinds repaired at reasonable rates. Specs and Eye-Glasses repaired and new Lens fitted. A large stock of Spectacles and Eye-Glasses at low prices. Occulists prescriptions filled. Waltham, Elgin, and Hampden Watches.

YOUR PATRONAGE WOULD BE HIGHLY APPRECIATED.

87 PRATT STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.

DEMING, Formerly . . .
Allyn House Jeweler.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
847 MAIN STREET,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Dr. J. Warren Harzer
DENTAL OFFICE,
50 State Street.
HARTFORD, CONN.

DR. J. F. WRIGHT,
DENTIST.
Removed to the Ballerstein Building.

**"From the Open Book
of Nature,"**

By ROBERT B. BRANDEGEE.
Price, 50 Cents.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, on application to ROBERT B. BRANDEGEE, Farmington.

D. R. HAWLEY,

Decorating and Painting

ARTISTIC INTERIOR WORK

Telephone Connections

Farmington, Conn.

CHURCH SOUVENIRS.

Ye Hand-made Shingles, 131 years old from the roof of the CONG. CHURCH of FARMINGTON, with picture of church and history of shingles by Chauncey Rowe, going at 50c. a piece.

Handmade nail thrown in.

Mailed free to any part of the United States.

JESSE MOORE, Farmington.

C. A. JOHNSTONE,

Photographer,

45 Pratt Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Free Delivery ===== ===== **in Farmington.**

We deliver goods free of charge in Farmington. Send in your order by mail, or bring it in person, the same care is taken, either way.

Here is a stock of the choicest eatables possible to be collected, the same as across the street from your house as far as convenience is concerned.

Write for prices and see what we can do for you in the way of a saving on the finest quality and best stock of groceries in the state.

HILLS & CO.,

372-374 Asylum Street,

Batterson Building,

HARTFORD, CONN

THE WM. H. POST CARPET CO.,

219 ASYLUM STREET,

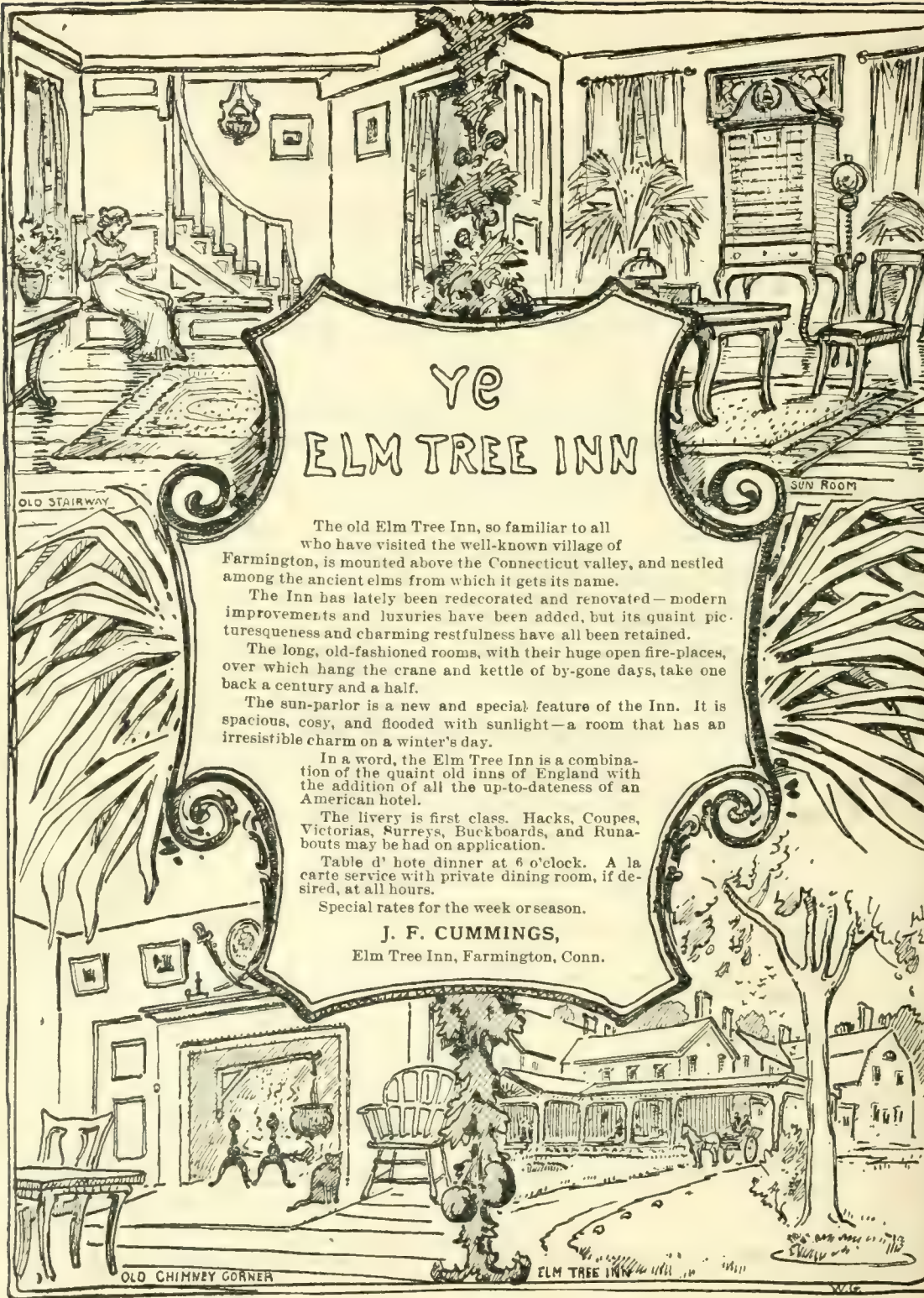
HARTFORD, CONN.

Make a Specialty of High Class House Furnishing in all its Branches.

**Carpetings, Rugs,
Wall Papers, Upholstering
and Window Shades.**

stimates given on decorating a room or entire house.

THE BEST RESULTS FOLLOW THE BEST METHODS.



Ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hôte dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

J. F. CUMMINGS,

Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD STAIRWAY

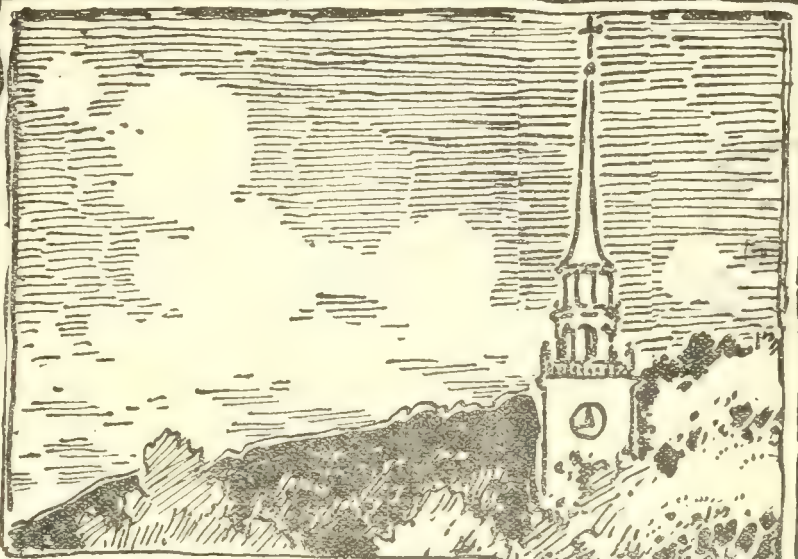
SUN ROOM

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

FARMINGTON



JULY
1902

OLDTIME WORTHIES OF FARMINGTON

Rev. Samuel Hooker, Julius Gay

BED - TIME

B. J.

THE RETIRED MINISTER

Cyrus Bolles Cutler

CHURCH WINDOW DECORATION BY

FARMINGTON ARTISTS

(Illustrations from Sketches)

ROSES

Ralph C. Nourritt

THE WEATHER PROPHECY

R. B. B.

(With Illustration)

ONE OF FARMINGTON'S FOES

W. Bradford Allen

THE ODD AND END SHOP

M. D. B.

THE MENDI INDIANS AGAIN

J. M. Brown

EDITORIALS

VILLAGE NOTES

M. D. B.

FARMINGTON - GOWN

MAGAZINE

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued Quarterly. It will be devoted as heretofore to the historic and artistic interests of Farmington, its people and activities.

Terms: 25 cents a single copy

\$1.00 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.

PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



Sketches of Choir Boys for Memorial Window in Honor Room
of Grace Church, New York.

The Farmington Magazine

VOL. II

JULY, 1902

No. 3

Oldtime Worthies of Farmington

Rev. Samuel Hooker

REV. SAMUEL HOOKER, the second pastor of the Church of Christ in Farmington, was installed in July, 1661, as the successor of his brother-in-law, Rev. Roger Newton, who in September, 1657, had been dismissed with the intention of returning to England. Of the early life of Mr. Hooker an account can be found in *Sibley's Harvard Graduates* as full and accurate as the industry of the learned librarian of Harvard University could obtain; how he studied at that ancient seat of learning, paying his quarter bills in wheat, silver, pork, butter, rose-water, etc., as was the custom of the day; how in November, 27, 1654, he was chosen a fellow of the college; how the people of Springfield chose him for their pastor February 7, 1659, which honor he declined; how the year after his settlement here he was appointed by the General Court of Connecticut one of a committee of four persons "to go down to New Haven to treat with the gentlemen and others of our loving friends there . . . respecting an amicable union of the two colonies"; and how the colony in 1667 granted him 250 acres of land. President Porter in his address of 1840 says: "He was, according to the testimony of Rev. Mr. Pitkin, 'an excellent preacher, his composition good, his address pathetic, warm and engaging,' and as story relates, he informed a friend of his that he had three things to do with his sermons before he delivered them in public, 'to write them, commit them unto his memory, and get them into his heart.' From this notice, and the well-known fact, that his father was famed throughout New England for the force and fire of his pulpit eloquence, we have reason to believe that he was a warm hearted and eloquent preacher. His death was deplored as 'a great breach upon this people,' and his memory was embalmed in the affections of his flock."

Cotton Mather, in his famous *Magnalia*, says "thus we have to this day among us, our dead Hooker yet living in his worthy son, Mr. Samuel Hooker, an able, faithful, useful minister, at Farmington, in the Colony of Connecticut."

The list of the published writings of Mr. Hooker is a brief one. Some of his letters to Rev. Increase Mather and to Rev. James Fitch, from 1676 to 1682 have been printed. Writing to the former at the conclusion of King Philip's War, when the New England mind saw a special providence in every

event, he says: "The last report which cometh to me . . . is that a divine hand hath followed those of our enemies who went Albany-ward. Multitudes of them swept away by sickness. . . . At this time a very malignant and dangerous fever is wandering hereabouts. God seemeth not to have finished His controversy with the land." In May, 1677, Mr. Hooker preached the Annual Election Sermon from the text (Hosea 10: 12): "For it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." And the Rev. John Whiting introduces the printed pamphlet to us by an address to the "Christian Reader," declaring "in what awful and tremendous manner the Lord's anger hath of late in special made to appear against his wilderness people, . . . the inhabitants of many villages made to cease even in Israel and some candlesticks removed out of their place," alluding, I suppose, to the death of Gov. Winthrop. Of the long discourse which follows we have room for only a brief specimen, the "Doctrinal Conclusion": "When a sinful people have been chastened, and are still threatened but not destroyed, it is time for them to seek Jehovah till he comes and rains righteousness upon them; that is, till he, by the efficacy of his almighty spirit, makes them a believing, sanctified people." To which he adds: "If God rain not righteousness on you, it may be expected that he will rain something else. Seek this gentle rain that the storm of his wrath fall not on you." In May, 1693, Mr. Hooker preached another Election Sermon which the General Court ordered printed "for the people's good." They twice repeated the order at subsequent sessions, but no copies of it have come down to us. We hear of him not unfrequently on committees and at meetings of his brother ministers for matters of public interest. In the witchcraft case of Ann Cole he was called in as a consulting divine, just as our material age in such matters would call in a consulting physician. He does not appear, however, to have been in any way responsible for the tragic ending of the case.

To this writing of sermons and attention to public affairs was added the labor of presiding at endless church meetings, and the recording of the interminable discussions of things now left to other hands. Petty financial matters were tediously disposed of. The town built meeting-houses and paid the minister, but small charges fell to the church. A peck of wheat from each member paid the expense of the communion table, which might be commuted into sixpence in coin or threepence for "brethren whose wives come not to the Supper." Much time was wasted on that obstinate, crochety, good man, Simon Wrothum, who made more trouble than forty out and out wicked men. John Woodruff, borrowing without formal leave some small matters, is accused of stealing, and retorts with a charge of lying, and the church votes that John did not "err or speak false in this." Meeting after meeting

sat upon the matter until both parties made due apology. An era of good feeling suddenly set in, and other parties signed a confession concerning other matters to be read the next Sunday ; but, alas ! human nature is weak, and before Sunday came they privately requested Mr. Hooker not to read it. Page after page of Mr. Hooker's record is taken up with the case of "Goody Rew," who having committed a certain offence, is summoned before the church, not so much because of her offence, as because, not clothing herself in appropriate sackcloth and ashes, she had braved the matter out in gorgeous apparel offensive to Puritan taste. Inquisitive neighbors bore testimony that they had seen two tailors in her house working on a stuff samar. Sewing societies and lesser tribunals for the discussion of social matters had not arisen. Every village quarrel was referred to the church meeting, and a lengthy code for their decent hearing and settlement was spread on the record. The propriety of the minister taking the guilty brother before a town meeting and compelling a confession was considered, together with the course to be pursued should the town decline to grant a hearing. Such were the labors required of the pastor of the olden time, for which the wisdom of Solomon would have been none too great. By the prudence of Mr. Hooker, and to the honor of our worthy ancestors, the record is not stained with certain numerous cases found on the records of the early churches, fostered by the publicity given them.

On the 22d of September, 1658, three years before his settlement here, he was married to Mary, eldest daughter of Capt. Thomas Willett, a man of note in the early history of Massachusetts, and who was afterward the first mayor of New York city. A very interesting character this Capt. Thomas Willett, of whom we have space only to quote from his epitaph ;

" Here lies grand Willett, whose good name
Did mount upon the wings of Fame ;

Now he's hence gone to his long home,
And taken from the ill to come :
Lived here desired, lamented died,
Is with his Saviour glorified."

Of his wife, Mistress Mary Willett, the same poet informs us :

" Yea, Venus, Pallas, Diana, and the Graces
Compared with her should all have lost their places."

The church over which Mr. Hooker was installed in 1661 was formed nine years before, in 1652, by his brother-in-law, Rev. Roger Newton, and six other pious men, known as the "Seven Pillars" of the church. On the first of March, 1680, the church record shows a membership of fifty-seven.

Some of these, no doubt, were attracted hither by our broad, fertile meadows, but many had been members of the church of the Rev. Thomas Hooker in Hartford. After his death, when differences arose, some of the church had gone with Elder William Goodwin to Hadley, and at length had followed him to this town to sit under the ministry of the son of their old beloved pastor. Here died Elder Goodwin; and here, after a pastorate of thirty-six years, died the Rev. Samuel Hooker, as the record reads, "on the sixth day of November about one of the clock in the morning, A. D. 1697," at the age of about sixty-four years, and was buried in the ancient burial ground, probably at the spot where the veneration and affection of his descendants dedicated a monument to his memory, June 19th, 1895.

His house stood on the east side of the main street, a little north of the point at which the road to the railroad station branches off to the right.

JULIUS GAY.

Bed-Time

THE lazy sun is yawning, as it hides behind the town,
 For the Sleepy Time is at hand;
 And cozy beds are calling, as the sun goes creeping down,
 To each little boy in the land.
 The organ-man is drowsy as he wanders down the street;
 The leaves are asleep on the tree;
 And the horses and the wagons and the little dogs you meet
 Are as sleepy as they can be.

*Your bed is calling to you, little John, Baby John!
 There's a sleepy chair beside it to hang your clothes upon.
 And I hear the cool sheets saying, "What means this long delaying?
 It is time you stopped your playing, Baby John!"*

The chairs are all so tired that to use them is a sin,
 While the floor is asleep, no doubt,—
 And the carpets are the bedclothes that snugly tuck it in—
 You'll wake it if you run about!
 I heard the cuckoo calling from the big clock in the hall—
 "Hurry up, Little John!" it said;
 And the little clock is ticking, half asleep against the wall,
 "Go to bed! Go to bed! Go to bed!"

*Your bed is calling to you, little John, Baby John!
 There's a crinkley white pillow to rest your head upon;
 And the little dreams come creeping,—I can see them slyly peeping
 To see if you are sleeping, Baby John.*

B. J.

The Retired Minister

I CAN hardly believe the ministers need any sympathy, and yet it must be rather trying to have every Tom, Dick and Harry, when they are out of other work, try a shot at the minister with their popguns and their arrows with pins in them. There was a time when the minister was a very great man in the community, when with his wig and his ponderous air, and his high pulpit with the big reverberating sounding board, he really seemed like the Almighty. But gradually the pulpit has come down, down, until a little elevation is found to be enough. One man whispered to another: "You see, you see: the minister is human like the rest of us."

I am inclined to think it is the general diffusion of knowledge that cuts down the pulpits. There was a time when the clergy led around knowledge by the ear, and would only allow remarks of a clerical nature. Knowledge hardly dared speak in whispers. Once she timidly said: "The world is round, and not flat." Said the head of the church: "Who was that that spoke?" Then there was a slap that echoed round the world. That was the little Galileo incident. But now knowledge has grown a big athlete, and the slaps come from the other side. "Let us see," it says, "this Bible of yours that has made such oppressive characters, and which has tried so hard to repress the opening of the human mind!"

In the little town in which I was born, Saints' Rest, there were six or eight retired ministers,—men who had done battle with the evil one for many years, and only laid down their arms, or had them taken gently from them, by age. They were a singularly peaceful people, and their few human frailties were all the more striking against their former warlike lives. They were like great warriors who had retired and taken up knitting for a pastime. There were times when it was not easy for the new minister, a young man, who had to fight the devil under the eyes of these old warriors; those eagle eyes which knew every trick of spiritual warfare. Then, too, they could not easily put aside the habits of a lifetime. Nature, dammed, enters her protest. The instinct of saving reasserts itself, like that Newfoundland dog who had to be tied to a tree when the boys were swimming, and who finally broke his rope and brought the swimmers ashore whether they would or not.

The singing in Saints' Rest had gone through many trying stages. There were those in the choir who had loud, strident voices and sang always below the pitch, and others who, while on the key, were as gentle as the sucking dove. There were epochs when the choirs had differences among themselves, and the singing was done by the congregation. "For the curse of the Lord rests on country choirs," said one of our group of retired

ministers, the Rev. Mr. W., and as he said it he shut his long mouth like a trap, and glared fiercely through his spectacles.

There were times when the congregational singing was really fine, and again the deacon, who led the singing, would start so high that the hymn soon mounted out of every one's range, except of those singers that nothing could daunt. There were times when the singers dragged the hymns out like molasses candy, and lost all musical form. It was on one of these occasions that the Rev. Mr. W. tried to hurry up the singers. He was nearly a line ahead of the others. I think the Lord must have been amused at this musical steeple-chase. At the close of the race the old minister came out a full length ahead. The officiating clergyman said: "Brother W., you drive a rather fast team for the rest of us." Brother W. said nothing, but shut his long, thin mouth. This may have been the incident that made him not partial to the officiating clergyman. "Mrs. S.," he would remark, "is a very fine woman," and then he would shut his mouth tight, and glare unutterable things through his glasses. My aunt tells me that once he reached over five or six seats and prodded her in the back with a cane. "What was that for?" I inquired. "I led the singing when none of the deacons were there; but on this occasion Deacon H. was there, and, of course, I did not think it my place to lead." 'Twas then the Rev. Mr. W. reached over and prodded me with his cane some more, and it was quite embarrassing, for all the people turned to see. I won't say that he was so very musical: but when the soloists sang he was apt to put his mittened hands over his ears until the solo ended."

"There are two Jezebels in this town — one Mrs. — and the other Mrs. —." Remarks of this character did not make him beloved. A stern advocate of the temperance movement, he provoked much antagonism from the liquor element. When he mowed his fields he discovered that his enemies had planted wires therein, and when he left a tree partly chopped, in the morning it was found full of nails. It seemed as if he grew thinner and more warlike every year, and he looked somewhat like a very meager John Brown. Not only in church affairs, but in town affairs, he was active, and made the town pound very useful by gathering in the stray cows and calves.

There was a time when our pig, who was so educated she could climb out of any pen, — there was a time when she, with her family, were making a call in the old clergyman's yard, and they were trying his apples. The minister started for the pound with them, and with considerable labor drove them safely by our house. Then one of the boys had a happy thought. He got the pig pail, which he rattled, and then called: "Pig! pig!" There was a hesitation; then a stampede. "There is no place like home." The Rev. Mr. W. laid about him with a club; his glasses fell off; his hat was gone. Those devils that went into the swine are there yet. Eat enough



SKETCHES IN COLOR AND PENCIL OF MEMORIAL WINDOWS WITH IRIS MOTIVE

pork and you will find out. It was a fight between the devil and the minister, and for once the devil conquered.

Possessed with an idea, the Rev. Mr. W. would expound it on his visits to his neighbors. One day it would be a dissertation on the best way to make hens lay (a thrilling question yet). But the minister's way was not so successful after all; for we all remarked that his hens breathed hard and held their tongues out. Some died, and that ended the experiment.

One day he announced that his son had returned on a furlough from the war. He also announced that his son would kiss all the young ladies who had brothers in the army, — kiss them for their brothers. It was quite a pretty, simple plan, was it not? A flutter of excitement went through the village of Saints' Rest; for the son was young, and not bad looking. There were some elderly maidens who thought it silly to run away; but the proclamation put most of the younger girls into temporary hiding. But we must not be too critical lest we become like the brown nuthatch, that goes round and round the tree trunk looking eagerly for worms, and does not remark the beauty of the tree.

We are all well aware of the retired ministers' lovable qualities. Behind every movement for the uplifting of the town—of the community—we could count on finding our group of retired ministers. And in spite of frictions with deacons, with choirs, and perhaps after being dropped from their places to make way for some young recruit at the instigation of a bevy of old maids, —in spite of all these things and hundreds of other events incident to a minister's lot, they went into retirement with a sweetness and serenity that made their lives like those fresh water springs which flow upward perpetually through the brine of the ocean.

CYRUS BOLLES CUTLER.

Church Window Decoration by Farmington Artists

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE has taken much pride and pleasure in its attempt to describe the different forms of art and native industry in which some of the residents, past and present, of this village have engaged. The list would be far from complete if we did not give some description, inadequate as it must necessarily be, of the work in stained glass done by the Misses Maud and Genevieve Cowles during the past year.

The subject of stained glass has received more and more attention during the last twenty years, and in America we may well be proud of the strides that have been made in this art. The method of making stained glass windows differs somewhat in this country from that used in England; indeed, the term stained glass hardly applies to the English windows. There the surface

of the glass is painted in enamel colors, and sometimes one sheet of white or plain colored glass is painted several different colors, while here the glass is colored when it is in a molten condition and pieced and plated. The leads in American windows are part of the design, often forming the outlines of figures, etc.; but in English windows the outlines are drawn or painted, the leads crossing them arbitrarily. In the La Farge glass each separate color is generally a separate piece, making the window one great mosaic. This is a method very similar to that which has given us the glorious stained glass of very early mediæval times, such as the earliest rose windows.

The story of the first orders received by the Misses Cowles is in many ways an interesting one. They had decided, after finishing the illustrations for the Christmas edition of "My Study Fire" to find, if possible, some way of reaching more nearly their ideal in art, which was to use their ability in decoration in such a way that more beauty might be brought into the lives of the poor and usually neglected classes. They hoped they might be able to secure orders for frescoes or other decorating in such places as churches, asylums, hospitals, or prisons, — decorating in which the subjects should be religious and symbolic. But how to find a way! Many discouragements were met, and much advice to content themselves with a form of art in which they had done well in the past and not enter a new and far more difficult field. Led by their sympathy and reverence for the old Italian masters, whose work was a spontaneous expression of the religious life of their times, it seemed natural to the young artists to appeal first to their own church for encouragement. After a number of efforts the opportunity they had longed for came through this appeal. They had hoped to get some frescoes, as they were trained for that through illustrating; but, to their surprise, a desire was expressed for them to design two memorial windows and two decorative borders for panels.

This seemed a great undertaking, as the requirements for work in stained glass are very complicated; but the very fact of receiving such a commission seemed to be in itself a reason for encouragement. There are two methods of searching for a design, — either to take a wholly new motive from nature and modify it to suit the purpose, or to find some motive already used and build on that. The windows were to be floral in design; so the iris was chosen, and the second way of finding the motive was finally used, and an arrangement of iris found on an old altar screen was employed as the foundation. The iris is one of the most symbolic of flowers religiously, having been connected with sacred things since the days of the Egyptians. Among the ancients the three upper petals stood for faith, wisdom, and valor, and as a whole the flower is a type of eloquence and power. Later this flower was found to be a most fortunate choice, as it is connected with the life of the patron saint of the church where the windows were to be.

Sketches for the windows were finally made, grouping on the window in memory of the man, apples above the iris; on the woman's, rosebuds, symbolic of strength and beauty. These sketches were sent for criticism and suggestion to a past master in the art of window painting, a critic who proved kind, but most just. The sketches were returned with the verdict: good, but not the best the artists were capable of doing. So work was begun again from the beginning, and finally the master declared it satisfactory.

Before these memorial windows, which were made in the work-shop at 41 Washington Square, were finished, another order was received for a window in memory of a deaconess in Grace Church, the window to be placed in the honor room of Grace Church, New York. The sketches and designs for this window were made in this room, and boys connected with Grace Church nursery posed for the figures of the choir boys. The subject was chosen on account of the close association of this deaconess with the choir boys. The little boys were much impressed with the importance of their occupation, and dressed in the worn-out vestments which the choir master kindly lent, were excellent models. If they were at times at all restive, a chocolate cream placed on the top of the book made a good focus for their attention, the forfeit of the candy being sufficient punishment for the restlessness which should dislodge it. Some of the first sketches were made in the church itself, and there the pose was taken almost unconsciously, so awe-struck were the boys to be standing in that section of the dim, beautiful edifice. The attitudes and whole idea of this window also is symbolic. Passing from the glory of childhood into the dimness of after-life is like going from the bright choir-room into the dim church; and all the attitudes are expressive of some emotion, such as holiness, rapture, and boyish eagerness.

After the designs for this window were finished, the execution of the window was given to the Misses Cowles instead of sending it to England, for all the windows in Grace Church are painted instead of stained. Many different stages have to be gone through in the making of a window, especially one where the painting is done with enamel colors. The colors must be ground just as the old masters did theirs, and some mixed with oil, some with water. The full-sized cartoon on paper having been made, the design from that must be traced on a full sheet of glass, which is called the *easel*, and black lines painted on this where the leads come. Then papers are pasted on the glass corresponding to the different parts of the design, and these removed, one at a time, and the space filled with a piece of glass. These pieces are fastened to the *easel*, and to each other by lumps of wax. The colored glass is of different kinds, varying from a quarter of an inch to one inch in thickness,—some almost transparent, some opalescent. With the opalescent glass porcelain has been mixed to make it less transparent, and this kind is largely used in the making of draperies.

The painting of the window must be done in series: first, the outline painted, and that fired or dried; then all the surface must be covered with the shadow or half-tone; then, with a stub brush, the high lights are scratched out, and then the half-tones are picked out with a needle, thus leaving dotted lines. After this the whole must be washed in oil of turpentine and tar, and the deep tones put on. Then the pieces are sent to be fired, with fervent prayers that all may go well. When the glass is fired it is heated red hot, and sometimes this process changes the colors most surprisingly. In the window which we are considering, what was the dismay of its builders at discovering on the return from the furnace a small choir boy with a brick-red countenance, thus necessitating a fresh supply of glass.

In England many kinds of glass are used which are not imported to this country. So to make this memorial window correspond to those made in England rolled glass was used for painting in draperies, and the opalescent and other varieties of American glass were using in plating the drapery behind, thus making the colors richer. Sometimes the artists used a little oil paint between the layers in order to modify the coloring. Very much plating is done in the American windows; even the leads can be modified or concealed by putting sheets of glass over them. There must be three designs made for windows built in this way: one for leads, one for values, and one, very small, for colors, and the change from one to another is like transposing a piece of music from one instrument to another.

One difficulty about the stained glass lies in the fact that one is never sure of duplicating colors chosen. Though the same ingredients are put in the crucible, the same colors do not necessarily result. Then the colors differ in their constructive powers. Purple and blue are not supporting colors, and have a curious way of spreading, so seeming at a distance to be much larger than they actually are. In the memorial window with iris design, shown in illustration, blue was used under the iris till it looked as if the flowers were resting on air, and all had to be changed. Green, yellow and red are supporting colors.

Much of the glass used in plating is very beautiful, — opalescent, with flaming or blue misty effects. As has been said, the building of the deaconess memorial window was entrusted to its designers, and they went into the work-shop under the auspices of the Church Glass and Decorating Company, where are executed the designs of many different artists. But though president, superintendents and workmen were most kind and helpful, much had to be worked out by one's self, and the best way of combining the painting and American method of plating discovered. The workmen must be artistic, as few artists carry out their own designs, and all receive high wages and have their own special part in the building of the windows, from the worker in colors to the "putty artist."

Finally, after six weeks of work in the work-shop, the window was completed, with no accident and all promise of satisfaction to the owners. At its dedication all the little boys who posed were invited, and eagerly pushed forward to find themselves in the strange portrait. Great encouragement had been given the young artists because of the faith of all concerned that, in spite of the newness of the task, all would go well.

Roses

ONCE a year the earth crosses the borders of Paradise, and the Lord lays His hand on the earth's head and speaks some cheering words, and takes the record of the year. Every tree is dressed in its heaviest suit of green. It is at this time that the Lord presents the earth with the rose. All through the winter the earth hides the rose in her bosom, and when the summer comes again she brings it forth changed into a thousand varieties; and the Lord smiles, and the earth smiles, and it is June.

"Take these thorns for a bodyguard," said the earth; and she planted the rose where she could see it. "Let me smell of it," said the South Wind. "Let me blow its petals open," said the West Wind.

"Let me hold it against my heart," said the lover, "and keep it forever among the leaves of memory."

Red roses and white roses, yellow roses and pink roses, without a word they eloquently tell of the beauty and goodness of God. In every garden they grow and twine their branches lovingly around the meanest hovel or greatest palace. And out in the pastures are the Sweet Briar and the Dog roses, and there they make spots and corners of loveliness upon God's rugged earth. The Sweet Briar especially overflows with happiness. Every leaf is like a letter from one we love.

Our New England climate will not permit us to raise the thousand different varieties of the rose, and we have to be content with the hardy kinds that can brave the winters. If I were to try and name all the beautiful roses that can be grown, I might slip into verse writing; so I will spare you and name a few that we should all have: The Crimson Rambler, the Old Persian Yellow, the York and Lancaster, Madam Plantier, the Hybrid Sweet Briar, Fisher Holmes, and Margaret Dickson. What visions of happiness their names call before one! We should not grudge the little care required for a flower that gives such bountiful returns as the rose.

THE rose-breasted grosbeak is one of our native birds that has become much more common in the last thirty or forty years. The older ornithologies speak of the rose-breasted grosbeak as quite a rare bird, and mention Middletown, Conn., as one of the places where this bird may be found. The nest may be built in some tall bushes, and the male may be *seen* sitting on the eggs, his rose breast showing over the edge of the nest.

The rose-breasted grosbeak is one of our most beautiful singers. Its song has great variety at times, and it might be mistaken for the Baltimore oriole.

Some have wondered why the rose-breasted grosbeak wears the colors of the rose across its breast. It was discovered that one of its songs was in praise of a red rose, and Nature was so much pleased with this song that she presented the grosbeak with his magnificent decoration.

It is said to be a luck-day when one sees a rose-breasted grosbeak. So keep your eyes wide open and your mouth shut, and may all good fortune wait upon you!

RALPH C. NOURRIT.

The Weather Prophet

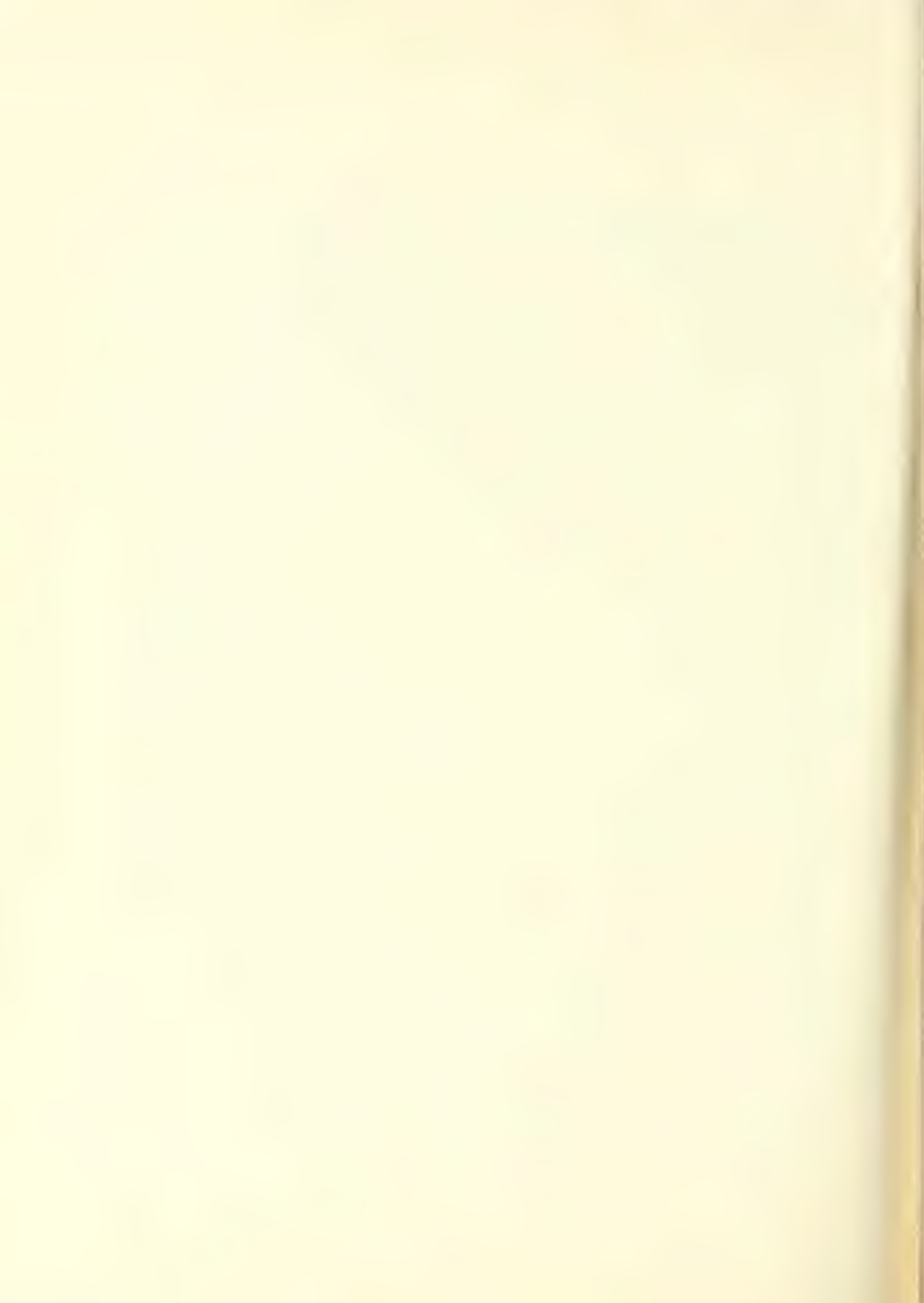
II.

Before the Storm

I WISH, BY GOSH
 I'D GIVE MY HEAD
 IF THIS E'ER HAY WAS IN THE SHED !
 YOU MARK THAT ROLLING THUNDER-HEAD
 NO BIGGER THAN A TREE ?
 SOON AS THE SUN BEGINS TO SET
 I KALKERLATE WE'ER LIKE TO GET—
 YES, THAT IS HIM, THE QUAIL—"MORE WET."
 THE QUAIL AND ME AGREE.
 THE SWALLOW FLEW QUITE LOW ALL DAY.
 "WE'RE BOUND TO HAVE IT WET," THEY SAY—
 "GET IN YOUR HAY, GET IN YOUR HAY,
 "OR IF IT 'S GREEN, WHY LET IT LAY ?"
 THOSE MACKEREL BACKS, THEM LONG MARE'S TAILS,
 THEM IS A SIGN THAT NEVER FAILS—
 THEY SURE BETOKEN RAIN.
 THE TREE-TOAD CRIED THIS AFTERNOON,
 AND THAT IS SURE A RAINY MOON
 THAT DIPS DOWN BY THE GRAIN.



THE WEATHER PROPHET





The Storm

LONG LINES OF HEAVY CLOUDS
BLACK AS A RAVEN'S WING,
REACHING ALONG THE SKY FROM EAST TO WEST
AND GRASPING ALL THE HEAVENS IN THEIR ARMS.
SUDDEN A RAGGED CHASM IN THEIR SIDES
LOOSENS A CROOKED SHAFT OF MOLTEN FIRE;
DEEP ROLLS THE THUNDER ON THE LIGHTNING'S HEELS,
ROLLING AND ECHOING THROUGH THE VAULTS OF HEAVEN,
UNTIL THE UPPER HEAVENS CLAP THEIR HANDS,
AND SHOUT THEIR VOICES TO THE THRONE OF GOD.



After the Storm

A CROSS THE TRELLIS-WORK THE ROSE IS BLOWN,
ITS LOVELY FACE HALF BURIED IN THE MIRE;
IN THE FAR DISTANCE, WITH A PARTING MOAN,
THE THUNDER CLOUD HAS SHEATHED ITS SWORD OF FIRE.

AH! WHAT A PEACE, WHEN NOT A LEAFLET STIRRED,
WHEN THE CLEAR PUDDLES MIRROR THE BRIGHT SKY;
AGAIN WE HEAR THE MUSIC OF THE BIRD,
OR LISTEN TO HIS WILD, HIS HOMELESS CRY.

R. B. B.

One of Farmington's Foes

AMONG the least desirable of the immigrants that have ever landed in this country from Europe the elm tree beetle holds an unenviable preeminence. It arrived here about sixty-five years ago, and, although unwelcome, evidently intends to stay. It has a name — *Galeruca Xanthomeloena* — which is as hard to pronounce as the beetle is to fight.

The beetle has no human friends, but is fortunate in proving an exception to the old saw, slightly paraphrased :

Bugs have other bugs to bite 'em,
And so it goes *ad infinitum*.

And this is the chief cause of concern to its human enemies, for they have to fight it alone. To come down to cold facts, Glover tells us that the beetle was imported into this country in 1837 from its home somewhere in South Germany, Austria, or France. Our friend, or rather our enemy with the unpronounceable name, made itself quickly at home, unpacked its belongings, and prepared to settle. It spread quite slowly along the Middle Atlantic seaboard from Virginia to Massachusetts, and up to the present is confined to about the above section. We who live in Farmington are familiar with the little beetle, about a quarter of an inch long and of a yellowish brown color. It has come into our houses an unwelcome guest.

Along about the middle or latter part of May the beetle makes its appearance, and having no eye for the beauties of nature, but a very healthy appetite, proceeds to puncture the elm leaves as if they had been attacked by a shotgun. At this period the little brown eggs are laid, usually on the under side of the leaves. Then the beetle having done considerable damage to the foliage, though perhaps no real injury to the tree itself, and provided for posterity, ends its miserable little existence and falls to the ground a corpse. The eggs survive, however, and these eggs in the course of about a month hatch out into slug-like yellow and black little creatures, which are the chief offenders, for they skeletonize the leaves, mostly from below, but also at times from the upper side of the leaf, causing the leaf to turn brown, curl up, and eventually fall.

Now, a tree, like an animal, has lungs, only the lungs of the tree happen to be leaves. By means of the leaves the trees extract nourishment from the atmosphere, and they depend on this nourishment for their life as they depend on the moisture from the earth. When the leaves fall prematurely the tree figuratively gasps for breath, and, unless it is a good, strong tree, soon becomes sick. Now imagine the effect of a drought. The poor trees, with their lungs diseased, are tormented by thirst, and the weaker ones droop and die.

Horrible examples are not wanting to prove this theory. A glance at the elm in front of Mrs. Brady's, or at one opposite Mr. Wadsworth's, will tell the story of what the beetle can do and is doing.

Several years ago the Farmington Forestry Association was formed, and commenced operations by spending several hundred dollars on a steam pump, wagon, hose, etc. All the elms in the village were sprayed with beneficial results; but as *all* the elms were sprayed, the general public perhaps failed to realize the real good done, as there were no unsprayed trees at hand to make comparisons with. This year a few of our citizens, desirous of preserving their trees, talked the matter over, and coming to the conclusion that it would be difficult to arouse sufficient interest in the limited time, decided to hire out-of-town men to come with their own apparatus and spray at least some of the trees. This was done, and seventy trees were sprayed. So this year, for the first time, an intelligent comparison can be made, as only a minority of the trees in the village have been sprayed.

The writer is of the opinion, whether the result of this year's experiment is successful or not, that steps should be taken on a larger scale next year to preserve our elms. They are worth saving, from both an artistic and a business standpoint. To preserve our elms the community must act as an individual, and it strikes the writer that this is well worth the consideration of our borough government. Under the borough laws the individual is debarred, and properly, from cutting down or trimming the trees in front of his house without the consent of the borough authorities. The borough takes away a privilege from the individual. Does not this entail an obligation of some kind to him?

The present way of fighting the elm tree beetle may not be the best way, although it is the best way that we know of now. It is a subject well worth the consideration of all who have the interest of Farmington at heart, and it is scarcely credible that the borough of Farmington, and more especially their Warden and Burgesses in congress assembled, will allow themselves to be beaten by a little beetle a quarter of an inch long — our enemy, *Galeruca Xanthomeloena*.

W. BRADFORD ALLEN.

TO RETURN to the days of rag carpets and brick ovens would scarcely be the choice of people enjoying the luxuries of to-day; but it gives them a distinct pleasure to step into the past for a half hour, a pleasure close at hand in the privilege given by Miss Pope to go through the O'Rourke. This, as may be known to all is an old farm house on High street, once belonging to Mr. O' Rourke, which passed into Miss Pope's possession several years ago and which she has fitted up in perfect keeping with the customs of the times in which the house was built.

The outside shows the architecture that was the outcome of necessity for protection against Indian attacks—the overhanging second story. The inside reproduces and follows faithfully in most details the simplicity and severity of even the prosperous householder of a hundred years ago. Nobody attempting to live in an old house nowadays would dispense with the comfort of modern heating and plumbing. These are found here but they do not exclude the fire-place or the quaint corner wash-stand. There are fine specimens of four-posters with their canopies and hangings and patch quilts of riotous gaiety, and beside each is found the demure candle-stand so puritanical in suggestion that one would hesitate to lay upon it the Dolly Dialogues or the Confessions of a Frivolous Girl. The ancient timepiece countenances on the wall only samplers and high colored prints, and the melodeon suggests the psalm singing that satisfied all the musical instincts of the times.

All the furnishings are genuinely old and the survival of the brilliant black and red table cloth in the "settin' room" is a triumph of vigilance against its natural enemy. Its color and design make one glad to live in the days of Ruskin and Morris. The many impressions one brings away of spacious rooms, simple and elegant lines of furniture, of light and air in every corner and an absence of small things that crowd, make the survey a lasting pleasure.

During the last twelve years some additions to the original structure have been made and one room in the ell has grown into a shop, best described by its sign, so modest that it has never appeared, — "Odd and End Shop"; where every day soothing beverages that invigorate in the cold of winter and refresh in the heat of summer are much sought by Miss Porter's school girls and occasional villagers and visitors. No better summing up of the resources of this unique place could be found than the lines sent as a joke by a Hartford lady :

Odd and End Shop

Gentle stranger, will you stop
And raise the latch of my small shop ?
Do not pass by in restless haste



ALL OF THE O'ROURKE'S, SHOWING "OLD AND FINE SHOP"



I've something here for every taste.
Mittens for both girls and boys,
Knitted reins and other toys,
Hot roast peanuts, toothsome cates,
Ginger snaps, and Bagdad dates.

Coffee too, which you must know
Grows in sunny Mexico,
On far Esperanza's height,
Where the coyotes cry by night.
You'll find its flavor unsurpassed
To crown the end of your repast;
Although you sail o'er seven seas,
Stopping anywhere you please
I'll be bound, you'll never see
The equal of our special tea,
Named for England's ancient tower,
Symbol of her might and power.
Every day we serve it here
With cream and sugar, or just clear.

Should you want a dolly drest,
Or a golfer's hand-made vest,
Or a rug of colors gay,
Leave your order now I pray.

Time forbids that I detail
All the goods I have for sale;
Come and see them, row on row,
Something you will buy I know.
Should you hail from foreign climes,
Nor understand our English rhymes,
With just, though modest pride I'd say:
"*Ici, madame, l'on parle Francais.*"

The Mendi Indians Again

A Sketch

It was a most singular episode in the quiet life of Farmington which brought to us the band of Mendians in which were included three Mendian girls.

One of these, by name Tamie, was sent directly to and remained with me until their departure for their native land, and she proved a most interesting personality. About fourteen years of age, she was tall, straight as an arrow, and lithe as a willow, with a soft low voice and a sweet smile which so far as I remember, never developed into a laugh. Her nature was rather serious and yet she was uniformly cheerful.

She liked to talk of their simple life in the village from which she was so rudely taken. Their houses must have been bee-hive looking structures, wrought from grasses and twigs and placed near together, I think for safety; and it would seem that real work never occurred to them, but games, and in maturer years athletics engaged them.

It was remarkable how easily Tamie learned to speak our language and she could read quite well. The first verses of the chapter commencing: "Let not your heart be troubled," with the "Lord's Prayer," the "Sermon on the Mount," the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," were favorites.

She cared little for play here, the conditions were so different from those at home, but she was fond of flowers and particularly enjoyed a little garden which she tended carefully. I remember her joy when I had been preparing pineapples, she asked for the green crowns to plant and was so delighted when they began to grow. Her perceptions were keen and her questions innumerable. In going to and from her school daily, she passed the home of a friend of mine who almost every day met her at the gate and had a little talk with her and at parting would send her love to me. This Tamie said with a smile, she only gave now and then, adding, "It is no good every day."

They as a band, enjoyed the hospitality extended them and several of the men came repeatedly to my home being mainly attracted by a French mantel clock, and it was interesting to watch them as they discussed it, their physical aspect revealed so much although I could not understand a word.

One night after all had retired to their rooms, Tamie came to my door and when I opened it, she stood there the picture of despair; taking my hand she led me to a north window in her room when she exclaimed "I think we never see Mendi any more." The banners of an extremely brilliant *Aurora Borealis* were flashing in the sky and she was sure they would be destroyed but was reassured when I told her that at certain seasons we often had those lights.

I felt sorry to part with Tamie for she was very interesting and I wonder shall we meet again.

J. M. BROWN.

THE removal of an old house around which cluster the associations of many generations of owners is like the removal of an old friend and may justify a passing notice. Opposite the Savings Bank stands a long wooden building in which the writer in his early days, almost as far back as memory reaches, attended a dame's school such as Shenstone vividly describes in his *Schoolmistress*. The southern part of this venerable building dates back to the time of good Deacon Smith, whose wife inherited the premises from her father, Captain Ebenezer Steele. He was called by Dr. Porter "the meek and affectionate Deacon Thomas Smith . . . who served in the office but a few years, but he had served well and his death was lamented." To their son Thomas they gave in 1773 a lot eighteen feet wide on which he built the north third of the present long house. In 1778 the whole came into the possession of Mr. Chauncey Gleason, who sold it in 1791 to Mr. Reuben Smith Norton. The latter, a wealthy merchant, built a brick store in the corner of Solomon Whitman's garden, which building now forms the southern part of the office of the Farmington Savings Bank. After numerous transfers the old house became the property of Mr. Samuel S. Cowles and later of his sister, Mrs. Mary C. Hardy. The yellow house next north was built by Captain Judah Woodruff in 1769 on a lot given by Deacon Smith and his wife to their son Samuel in 1764. The daughter of the latter, "Mary Ann Smith of precious memory," as she was styled by Dr. Porter, married Esquire Horace Cowles, into whose possession the whole property passed, a man to whose indomitable energy and perseverance the town owes most of its progress for a whole generation. From him the property passed to his son Samuel, who was the second treasurer of the Savings Bank, and in whose southwest parlor the bank had its habitation for several years. To him the bank owes, not its origin, but its great enlargement and the firm foundation on which he left it. The old wooden buildings will doubtless be soon removed by the present owner, Mr. Noah Wallace, to whose good taste we shall look for a great improvement of our street.

JULIUS GAY.

Village Notes

SINCE the last issue in March, Farmington has had its ripple of excitement in the changes of ownership of real estate. The Hardy place on Main street has passed to Mr. N. Wallace. The Hamilton estate has been bought by Mr. L. A. Storrs of Hartford. There are rumors of more changes to come, as some people who have lived here for short periods find that the charm of our village is surely drawing them back.

EVERYBODY has felt an anxious and sympathetic concern in the fluctuations of the illness of our loved and esteemed townsman, Mr. A. A. Redfield. We fear that the effort it required to attend the Constitutional Convention and the speeches he made there demanded more of him than we should have asked. In return we can only say that the distinction he conferred upon the town by representing it will never be forgotten.

THE last Monday in April brings the election of borough officers. This year two burgesses were voted for and re-elected, the other four, as well as all other officers, holding over till the next election.

THE notice for the annual meeting of the Village Improvement Society brought out a gathering of four people. Probably the feeling that the borough has taken the matter of improvements off our hands had much to do in reducing the attendance, but there are still things to be done outside the power of the borough. The library, like a college, is always in want. A library building fund needs a start so that the day when our books are safe from fire may be brought nearer. Some help toward a new district school-house, or even an added room on the old one, would be a fine object for future effort; the curbing and proper care of the two triangles, one at the junction of High street and Farmington avenue, the other at Main street and Unionville road, would add much to a pleasant impression of the entrance to the town. The village green is looking this year as Miss Porter wished to see it, and the care of the two triangles would seem but a proper and grateful addition to her perpetual gift. Something has already been done privately to improve the lower piece. Should the gypsy moth invade our region, the Village Improvement Society could instigate an active campaign against that enemy. With objects, present and possible, that need the aid of so effective an organization, it seems unwise and unfortunate to allow it to die out.

TO SAY that the scenes from "Cranford," given by the Wethersfield ladies, was not thoroughly appreciated would be a reflection on our reputation as enjoying the very best. If such was the case, it must have been because the characters of "Cranford" were not so familiar to us as they deserve to be. The story is a very quiet one; but doubtless there might be a livelier dramatization of it, and we hope there may be one presented by local talent next winter.

THE Howells play, May 13, was surprisingly well given, and discovered to us genuine dramatic ability in the two principal roles. The shadow play of "Bluebeard," which was the "curtain-raiser" with the curtain down, delighted the children. The novelty of the evening was "Daniel in the Lion's Den," a musical scene for the 'cello, which brought its composer, Mr. R. B. Brandegge, an encore. These opportunities for laughter and enjoyment do us so much good that a dramatic club, presenting several plays a season, would be a welcome addition to our village life. The caste of the farce was as follows:

A LIKELY STORY.

Mrs. Willis Campbell, ...	Miss Cora Klauser.
Miss Rice, ...	Miss Jennette Vorce
Miss Greenway, ...	Miss Hilda Johnson
Jane, ...	Miss Daisy Hart.
Mr. Willis Campbell, ...	Mr. C. Foster.
Mr. Welling, ...	Dr. Griggs.

THE sixth year of the sewing school closed with an exhibition on June 14. The dressmaking class showed four completed, tasteful summer gowns, exceedingly well made; also several shirt waists of different materials and designs. The infants' clothing, made by the upper classes, showed skill and patience, and the work of the next lower grade was excellent for the age of the scholars. The stitches on the geometrical designs taken by the youngest class always seem the most important to me, as "it is the first step that costs," and nobody can entirely estimate the effort it took to make the stitches so small and even,—a credit to both teacher and pupil. All who attended must have felt how much Miss Pope is doing in this way for our town.

The cooking school has also had a successful season, and there ought to be some well-cooked cereals, gems, fishballs, etc., prepared by young hands on thirty-two breakfast tables some time during the year.

THE concert at the church finally benefited the library fund \$32.50, as a suspension of contributions for the Martinique sufferers was advised. The varied program given by Mrs. Dobyns, Mrs. R. Brandegee, and Mrs. F. L. Scott gained an added charm from the delightful acoustic properties of the church. Dr. Johnson, by special request, made a short address on the subject of the catastrophe at Martinique and St. Vincent.

THE lawn tea and sale at Rector Deans' yielded \$40, which starts the fund for electric lights in St. James'. A similar occasion at Mrs. A. D. Vorce's, given by the Fortnightly, brought in \$35, which more than completes the cushion fund for the Congregational Church.

THE weather did not favor an outdoor ping-pong tournament at Mr. W. K. Chase's, but it proved an enjoyable occasion and added \$35 to the funds of the Girls' Friendly Society.

IT would not do to allow the tradition of the strawberry festival to lapse, so the Christian Endeavor Society took it in hand on June 13, and gave a charming supper in the Village Hall, which cleared over \$50 to be devoted to the purchase of pulpit chairs.

THE Unionville Town Hall has been finished and turned over to the town. It has not robbed the State House of the distinction of being the only public building kept within the limit of the appropriation. There is one bill still unpaid, which, if settled, will bring the cost of the hall to more than \$20,000.

A STACK of steel book-shelves, seven and a half feet high, costing \$107, have been ordered for the library. This purchase is covered by the proceeds of the three entertainments given for the library fund, and can be used later in a fire-proof library building which we look forward to having.

M. D. B.

Editorials

THE closing exercises of the Center School took place Wednesday, June 25th, and for the first time these were held in the Village Hall. Tickets were given to the children for circulation among their families and friends and a large and much interested audience gathered in response to the very general invitation.

The program consisted of songs, in which the children have been trained at school, and which they sang most creditably, essays and recitations, and a

play, "Scenes from Little Women," for which they were drilled by Mrs. Swett. The writer attended the High School prize readings in Hartford a week or so ago and thinks the work done by this little grammar school exhibition of ours compared very favorably with the more elaborate exercises there, of course taking into consideration the difference in grade and in the time given to preparation.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the whole occasion was the opportunity which it gave the district for seeing the one hundred and forty school children in our Center School in a body, and the help this sight must be in understanding the crowded and inadequate condition of our school house.

Standing at the head of what will soon be an important and well made street, its unsightliness will grow more prominent as its surroundings improve. The body of children who made such a charming sight on Wednesday is certainly deserving of better things in the way of a school house.

FARMINGTON is feeling deeply its deprivation in the silence of the church clock. It is hard to realize how much one depends on a thing until it is removed. Then the value of the lost object comes home to us. It is a wonder anyone gets to any destination on time. I am sure the record of missed trolleys must be much larger than a year ago, and as for early rising—that is a thing out of the question without the warning voice which reminded us of the quickly rising and higher mounting sun. The cause of this woful silence, as all probably know, is the falling of the large weight of the clock—a matter of some 600 pounds—which crashed down from the tower through the gallery ceiling and floor to a resting place in the cellar below. This descent was made exactly in front of the entrance to the vestibule through which come most of Miss Porter's school girls on their way to church and where many of the children wait for Sunday School to begin.

This clock has been in the tower something over fifty years and as this same weight has fallen three times the ecclesiastical committee feel a natural hesitation in replacing it; for were it to choose a less fortunate hour for its fall, the calamity might be very great.

Many have expressed the desire, doubtless felt by all, that the clock shall strike again. But the question seems a more complicated one than was at first supposed. We hope a speedy solution may be suggested by some one.

THE OUTLINE, a magazine for artists, has just made its first appearance in so attractive a dress that we very much hope that it is only the first appearance of many. The illustrations are of course the interesting feature, wood-cuts

being a favorite method with the contributors and adding much to the unique and artistic appearance of the magazine. Among the writers we notice Charles Noël Flagg who writes on "Illustration," and one understands whence the editor drew some of his inspiration. A poem by Brian Hooker and articles by Robert B. Brandegee commend the magazine to Farmington readers. The best of success to the new art magazine !

To the otherwise regrettable delay of this issue of the magazine is due the fact that we can give a report of the district meeting which was held in the Village Hall on the evening of June 30th. Perhaps the most interesting feature was the report of the principal, Mr. H. P. Swett. It gave most urgent reasons for the erection of a new school-house and showed the utter uselessness of attempting to improve the old one. Mr. Swett also spoke of the value of bringing in children of outer districts to the Center School and the advantage this had been both to the children and to the school. This report was followed by a discussion of the care of the old school-house and the need for a new, and a committee of four was appointed to act with the present district committee and bring in plans and probable cost of a new school-house if such is desired. The very evident opinion of the meeting seemed to be that such was desired and the recommendation to the very representative committee appointed, is to accomplish its duties with all possible speed that the present building need not be used many more years.



We Invite all
residents of Farmington
and vicinity to make our
store their headquarters
when in the city ❖ ❖ ❖

\$3.00 Orders
delivered free by stage
or trolley express
in Farmington.

Leave stage orders here.

Have your packages sent here.

Use our telephones.

Wait for your car here.

Make yourself at home in our store.

We also invite you to keep your house supplied with

THE BEST OF EATABLES

from our immense stock.

We do not promise you something for nothing, but we do keep a line of **Groceries, Fruits, Fresh Vegetables, Summer Drinks,** (non-alcoholic), **Confectionery, Home-made Bakery Goods, etc.,** that is not equaled in any city in New England, except perhaps Boston.

We will not quote prices here, but we will guarantee that they are as low as possible consistent with high-class goods and perfect service.

NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.



NEWTON & BURNET,

319 Asylum Street,

Hartford, Conn.

**Meats, Poultry, Game, Fish,
and Vegetables.**

~Special care taken with out of town orders.~

In quality—we buy the best obtainable.



For Sale.—The Residence of James L. Cowles, on Main St., Farmington, Ct.

With its broad piazza and massive pillars, its stately hall and beautiful rooms. This is one of the most attractive places in Connecticut. The house stands in a plot of about five (5) acres with a front on Main Street of 350 feet. Including the hall 20 X 25 feet and running to the top of the house, the house contains thirteen (13) rooms, beside the bath-room. Four (4) of these rooms, the parlor and dining-room and the two (2) bed-rooms above them are over twenty (20) feet square.

For further particulars apply to F. G. WHITMORE, 700 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

R. D. HAWLEY, - - - Decorating and Painting.

~~~~~ ARTISTIC INTERIOR WORK ~~~~~

Telephone Connections

Farmington, Conn.

### HORSFALL & ROTHSCHILD,



**OUTFITTERS,**

HARTFORD, CONN.

*Distributors of Fisk, Clark & Flagg's  
Shirt Waists, Gloves and Neckwear for  
Ladies, also the Forsythe Waists and  
Ladies' Knox Hats.*

### WILLIAM L. MATSON,

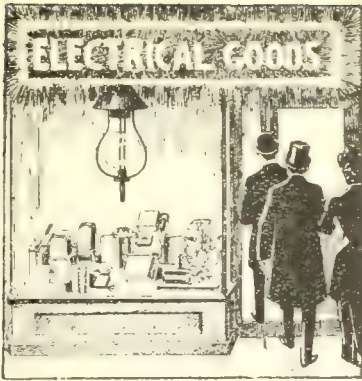
DEALER IN

**Stocks and Bonds,**

55 Trumbull St., Hartford, Conn.

Securities bought and sold at the Exchanges  
of this City, New York and Boston.

Choice Investments constantly for sale.



and all that pertains to this line.◆

*We will supply you and fit up your home or office with everything in*

### ELECTRIC LIGHTING,

*Telephones, Electric Bells, Batteries, and everything in the electrical line in a scientific and expert manner, at fair and reasonable prices. Anything in our line that you wish done satisfactorily—telephone, send us word by mail, or call on us, we will quote you prices and guarantee you satisfaction.*

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES Wholesale and Retail.

### THOS. OAKES & SON,

Telephone, 877.

11 Haynes St., Hartford, Conn.

WE ARE FIRST-PLUMBERS ALSO.

### CHARLES O. WHITMORE,

Architect,

75 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn.

Telephone 106-5.

### DR. J. F. WRIGHT,

DENTIST.

Removed to the Ballerstein Building.

*Dr. J. Warren Carter*

DENTAL OFFICE,

50 State Street.

HARTFORD, CONN.

### HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.



## SPRING LAMB.

*This is the time of year when a great many are tough, wiry and tasteless. We pay particular attention to have nothing but the choicest and tenderest to be gotten. The pick of the flock. Try us and see the difference.*

## PRESTON MARKET

42 Ann Street, Hartford.

SPERRY & BARNES' HAMS and BACON  
are the finest in the market.



### P. R. DAY & SON,

FENCE BUILDERS.

Build all kinds of fences for all kinds of purposes. Give us a call or write for estimates. Personal supervision given all work.

Sage-Allen Building, Hartford, Conn.

# \$50.00 IN GOLD

can be saved by anyone buying their groceries from us.

We deliver free to any R. R. station in New England orders of \$5.00 and over, not including sugar.

Look over the following list and compare with the prices you are paying.

Fresh goods. Best quality. Home-made Candies, and Bakery Goods, Cooked Meats, Salads, etc.

|                                     |                  |                                          |                 |
|-------------------------------------|------------------|------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Baker's Cocoa, . . . . .            | 22c. can.        | Pudding, . . . . .                       | 8c. pkge.       |
| " Chocolate, . . . . .              | 29c. lb.         | Tryphosa, . . . . .                      | 8c. "           |
| Bensdorp's Cocoa, . . . . .         | 28c. ½ lb.       | Jell-O, . . . . .                        | 8c. "           |
| " " . . . . .                       | 55c. 1 lb.       | Baker's Gelatine, . . . . .              | 10c. 3 for 25c. |
| Walker's " . . . . .                | 20c. can.        | Star Gelatine, . . . . .                 | 10c. 3 for 25c. |
| Old Grist Coffee, . . . . .         | 16c.             | Sapolio, . . . . .                       | 7c.             |
| Postum Cereal " . . . . .           | 12c. and 21c.    | Bon Ami, . . . . .                       | 7c.             |
| Malted Milk, . . . . .              | 38c. and 75c.    | Bluing, Sawyer's, . . . . .              | 8c. pint.       |
| Hire's Root Beer Extract, . . . . . | 13c.             | Gold Dust, . . . . .                     | 18c.            |
| Williams' " " " . . . . .           | 13c.             | Cornola, . . . . .                       | 3 for 25c.      |
| Cleveland Baking Powder, . . . . .  | 11c. 20c. & 37c. | Quaker Oats, . . . . .                   | 10c.            |
| Royal " " . . . . .                 | 11c. 20c. & 39c. | Potash, . . . . .                        | 7c.             |
| Prairie " " . . . . .               | 10c. 15c. & 30c. | Grape Nuts, . . . . .                    | 12c.            |
| Worcestershire Sauce, . . . . .     | 21c. 38c. & 63c. | Malt Breakfast Food, . . . . .           | 2 for 25c.      |
| Blue Label Catsup, . . . . .        | 18c. & 30c.      | Sugar and Flour always at lowest prices. |                 |

THE W. W. WALKER CO.

—***Boston Branch Grocery,***—

745-751 Main Street,  
273-277 Park Street,  
Hartford, Conn.

238 and 240 Main Street,  
New Britain, Conn.

---

**\$3.00 Orders Delivered Free in Farmington.**







FARMINGTON FROM STATION ROAD

There will be no further issue of The Farmington Magazine. Vols. I. and II., or single numbers, may be obtained by writing to

The Farmington Magazine,  
Farmington, Conn.

Price of Vol I. . . . \$5.00

“ “ “ II. . . . 2.00

Single numbers, except Nos. 2 and 9 of Vol. I.,  
25 cents each.



# The Farmington Magazine

---

VOL. II

OCTOBER, 1902

No. 4

---

## Reflections

MUCH IS MINE, IF I CALL IT SO  
WHO SHALL DISPUTE, FOR WHO SHALL KNOW :  
UNDER THE SUN AND THE WIDE, WIDE SKY —  
WHO HAS RICHES GREATER THAN I.  
UP WHERE THE MARSHY GRASSES GROW,  
AND WHERE THE RIPPLES BREAK IN BETWEEN,  
UP WHERE THE ARROW HEADS BEND AND BLOW  
HALF IN THE GREEN.  
IN A BOAT, AFLOAT —  
SHADE AND SUNLIGHT TWOFOLD IS SHED,  
FOR LOOKING DOWNWARD WE SEE THE SKY,  
AND LIGHT AND SHADOW FROM OVERHEAD.  
A WORLD OF BEAUTY. AND RICH AM I.

L. L. M.



### Oldtime Worthies of Farmington

#### Anthony Howkins

ANTHONY HOWKINS of whom the writer is a lineal descendant, recorded his house lot in Farmington in May, 1661. It contained two acres, situated on Poke Brook on the south side of the road to Hartford, and was therefore nearly opposite the site of the future residence of Gov. Treadwell. He was one of the nineteen "truly and well beloved petitioners" to whom his majesty Charles II. granted the charter of Connecticut. His life was spent for the most part in the public service. From 1645 to 1649 he was frequently on the jury at Hartford. From 1657 to 1665 a Deputy to the General Court, and from 1666 to 1673, an Assistant, offices corresponding to our representative and senator. He was early a resident of Windsor, but must have settled in Farmington before May 17, 1660, when he was appointed a grand juror for this town. He was also a commissioner for Farmington, a convenient office established to relieve the burden of the County Court, having power to determine any action to the value of forty shillings, and to do any miscellaneous business committed to it by a higher tribunal. To the commissioner in particular was allotted the punishment of Indians found walking up and down and buying liquor "after the day light shutting in." A matter of twenty shillings and a severe whipping of six stripes at least. He was particularly empowered to distribute the money to be paid yearly by the Indians who had been guilty of firing houses, but as they never paid any, his labors must have been light. As a reward for all these numerous public services he was granted by the Colony four hundred acres of land. He died "February the last 1673 . . . stricken in years," leaving his "body to a comely burial in the common burial place in Farmington." He left three children by his first wife and three by his widow Ann, daughter of Gov. Thomas Welles. Dr. Stiles in his history of Windsor, marries him to Isabel Brown during the lifetime of his second wife Ann, to the great botheration of genealogists. All such laborious people can find of record that Anthony Hoskins, not Howkins, married the fair Isabel.

#### John Steele

JOHN STEELE, the first town clerk of Farmington, spent the last years of his life in this village and here died February 27, 1664. The earlier and more active part of his life was in Hartford, though he owned a house and lot here a little north of the site of the Savings Bank from January 1655 until his death. He left it to his son Samuel, calling it a tenement house. He was a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1635, and in the autumn of that year came to Hartford with Rev. Thomas Hooker and his church. He was the

Secretary of the Colony from 1636 to 1639, Recorder of Hartford for twenty years and Deputy to the General Court twenty-three years.

His very peculiar handwriting is conspicuous on our town and church records. He begins the latter with the entry of the formation of the church by its original seven members October 13, 1652, and adds "About one month after, myself (John Steel) joined with them." The inventory of his estate attested before Mr. Howkins shows the very modest sum of £182, as the savings of a long life of public service. A few items in his will would interest the modern collector. A "silver bowl, which was mine own, marked with three silver stamps and one S, all on the upper end of the bowl," and the one silver spoon given to each child. The three silver stamps were probably hall marks and the S the initial of the family name.

JULIUS GAY.

---

### How the Town of Fairfield Exiled its Tory Minister to Farmington

FAIRFIELD and Farmington may fittingly be called sister towns. Fairfield is a year older than Farmington; in fact is the oldest town in the State after New Haven and the river towns of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield.

The planters of Fairfield and Farmington were, alike, men of ability and intelligence, and of orthodox and vigorous religious principles. The communities which they founded grew and flourished and the characteristics that distinguished and ennobled them in the earlier days are still exhibited in the modern life of the old "plantations."

Both towns lost in time much of their original territory. One after another new parishes separated from and grew up around the mother church, like sons and daughters, each taking its separate allotment of land. And the homestead part, as it were, of the elder township—the site of the first church, the village green, the old cemetery, the town hall—began to be known as the "Village" of Farmington or Fairfield.

During the War of the Revolution and in the movement preceding it our two towns were shoulder to shoulder in stern opposition to the policy of the English king and in patriotic support of the independence of the American Colonies. Col. Isaac Lee and John Treadwell were, in that period, deputies from Farmington, and Jonathan Sturgis and Thaddeus Burr, "Esqs.," deputies from Fairfield to the General Assembly of Connecticut.

In the Fairfield community there was a marked intolerance of the Tory element in its midst and the spirit grew in time to a feeling that there should be none of it, or at least that no freedom of action or speech should be permitted on the part of the King's followers. And so most of the unhappy loyalists found themselves in the jails and other places of confinement or banished well beyond the limits of the town. There were no halfway measures.

To a community pervaded with such sentiments as these, it was unfortunate that the Rev. John Sayre, "a native Briton," should have been sent by the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to the care of the infant Episcopal Church within its borders.

It had been a hard service in the earlier history of the Church in New England, when, looked upon as "Rome's sister," its ministers were persecuted on religious grounds, but when, as during the Revolutionary period, political principles entered into the opposition to its establishment, the missionary's life was a very troubled one.

The Rev. John Sayre was a man devotedly loyal to the King and the Church of England. He was accorded to be "a man of talent, a good preacher, an agreeable companion, and a pious Christian." There is no record of the special acts by which he made himself obnoxious to his townsmen, but he writes to the Secretary of the London Society, in 1779, as follows: "For sometime after I went to live in Fairfield I lived in tolerable quiet, owing to the indecisive measures of that period, though always known to disapprove the public conduct and strangely suspected of endeavoring to counteract it. But this repose was soon interrupted by a public order for disarming the loyalists. Upon this occasion my house was beset by more than two hundred horsemen whose design was to demand my arms. After this I was confined to my house and garden by order of the person\* who commanded the militia of the town, for which I was pointed out by the leaders of the people as an object of their hatred and detestation and very few of my neighbors would hold any kind of society with me or my family. After this I was advertised as an enemy to my country (by an order of the committee) for refusing to sign an association which obliged its subscribers to oppose the King with life and fortune."

"These measures," as Mr. Sayre continues to affirm in his letter, "proving insufficient to shake his attachment to his Majesty's person and government," he was taken to Lebanon, Connecticut, and his case brought before the Governor and Council of Safety, at a meeting of the same in that town January 28, 1777. The result was the spread of the following order: "The Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. John Sayre of Fairfield being sent here by the civil authority and selectmen of Fairfield as a person inimical and dangerous to this and the United States of America, that he might be ordered to some place for his confinement; *Resolved*, that said Sayre be sent to the society or parish of New Britain, in Farmington, to be under the care of Col. Isaac Lee and not to depart out of the limits of said society of New Britain until further orders from the General Assembly or Governor and Council of Safety."

Referring to this order and to his life in Farmington, his letter continues

---

\*Capt. Hezekiah Sturges, a devoted churchman also, but loyal to the United States.



"I was at length banished (upon the false and malicious pretense of being an enemy to the good of my country) to a place called New Britain, in Farmington, about sixty or seventy miles from Fairfield, where I was entirely unknown except to one poor man, the inhabitants differing from me both in religious and political principles; however, the family (Col. Lee's) in which I lived, showed me such marks of kindness as they could and I was treated with civility by the neighbors."

It would be interesting to know more of the exiled Englishman's associations in Farmington during his stay of seven months in the place. He must have been an object of interest to the townspeople, and in his turn he must have learned that Col. Lee, Col. Fisher Gay and John Treadwell were men of as stern a mould as the patriots of his own town and parish.

An order for his release was issued by the Governor and Council of Safety assembled again in Lebanon, July 25, 1777, and a copy, as follows, delivered to Col. Lee.

"Upon the desire of Peter Bulkley and Jonathan Sturges and Thaddeus Burr, and at the request of the Civil Authority, Selectmen and Committee of Inspection in Fairfield, that the Rev. John Sayre may be released from his confinement in Farmington and return to his cure: Resolved by this board, that the said Mr. Sayre be and is hereby permitted to return to Fairfield; and there remain within the limits of the first society in Fairfield; he giving bond with sufficient surety for his good behavior. And said Jonathan Sturges and Thaddeus Burr, Esq's, are impowered and directed to take a bond in such sums and sureties as they judge sufficient, conditioned as above; and Col. Lee is directed to release him from his care, transmitting a copy of this resolve by said Mr. Sayre, to be delivered to said Sturges and Burr, Esq's, for their direction."

For the next two years Mr. Sayre was confined to the limits of his old parish (about four miles in diameter) until the burning of the town of Fairfield by the British in 1779. He conducted his Church services regularly but refused to deviate from the usages of the Church of England, in the form of the liturgy relating to the petition for the King. "We did not," he said, "use *any part* of the liturgy, lately, for I could not make it agreeable either to my inclination or conscience to mutilate it, especially in so material a part as that is, wherein our duties as subjects are recognized."

In the name of the King and by virtue of his own authority in the Church he begged Gen. Tryon to spare the town of Fairfield from the flames, but his request was denied. At length he procured a promise of protection for the house of the Rev. Andrew Eliot, the historic Burr mansion and the two churches. No regard, however, was paid to the order of Gen. Tryon to this effect, and the buildings mentioned were destroyed with the rest.



"Would it could be recorded," laments one of the Church historians, "that Mr. Sayre had remained in Fairfield and had proved faithful to his charge." Instead, in face of the brutal conduct of the English army, he withdrew with his family within its lines and departed for New York. After some years he was made one of the fifty grantees of the City of St. Johns, in New Brunswick. He died in that province in 1790.

HARRIET E. G. WHITMORE.

---

### The Guest Book

HAVE you ever learned what interest there is in a record of those who come within your gates from month to month throughout the year? I do not mean of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, or even of the plumber, for these, though interesting, like the poor are always with us, and they are a trifle monotonous. Nor do I mean merely of those who come "to stay;" who break bread with you, and partake of your salt, and try the virtues of your soporific air. But, while including these, I mean also those who from love, or friendship, or courtesy, or public interest, or curiosity, or whatever motive, seek you out, and give you the pleasure of extending a welcome, the right hand of fellowship, and the freedom of the country.

The freedom of the country, not of the city. Paradoxical as it may seem, I know that there may be, that there *are* homes in the city, homes that are even actual homes, where people have a real family life, and occupations which they enjoy, and in which their friends are sometimes allowed to participate. A day or two ago my heart quite warmed over a paragraph in my daily paper, in which a New York lady detailed the experiences of her first visit to Brooklyn during the day time, and the refreshing recollections of early youth brought to her mind by seeing an occasional dwelling house which showed life through the windows, a woman or a girl, or two or three, sewing or reading, and appearing to be actually *at home*.—and plants growing which did not seem merely for show, and other indications that the world was still young. Yes, there are homes even now in the city, although I have walked for miles and miles along the streets and seen no signs of them, but simply houses. And a Guest Book might be sometimes kept in such homes and have its interest, as well as in the country.

But it is in the country that you will find the real home. And when people go thither, they go purposely. Doubtless it is often merely curiosity which impels them, but there is nothing criminal in curiosity, quite the contrary. The civilized world would be a very different world indeed and a very inferior world, had it not been for the discoveries made and the changes

effected in consequence of the exercise of curiosity. Pandora may have been a very restless creature, and I have no doubt that she managed to bring us into a peck of trouble, but who wouldn't have opened the box? And what a monotonous time we should have had if it had been kept hermetically sealed! But this would have been impossible. I am sure that some cracksman would have reached the inside of it ere long, even if the little jade had not lifted the cover, or given Epimetheus an opportunity to do so, whichever it was that really happened—if either did.

Some of my guests, quite naturally, do not fully understand why I want their signatures, and liken my Guest Book to a hotel register. And then I have my little jest which I get off upon every opportunity—that I should not know to whom to send the bills if I did not have the names and addresses. Isn't a recluse entitled to have his own private little joke as well as the habitu   of the club? And is it just that this pet joke after once using should then be discarded as a thing of nought? Out upon such niggardliness! Let us be more generous with our good things. With a little combing and trimming and dressing, with a dab of rouge here and a bit of henna there, they ought to serve for many a year, like good wines growing ever ripper and better with age. Only, one has to be careful and not repeat them too often in the same presence. A new audience is essential to the entire success of a joke. I had a friend once

“—a kinder friend has no man,”

who had a way of saying “Bim” when he heard the familiar first words of the old story. That was a good plan, but we cannot always have such external support, and are therefore compelled to a certain degree of circumspection.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed after the house became a home, and it was almost the Ides of March before the Guest Book was dug out of the case in which it had been packed, and made ready for use, and it is now the twenty-fourth of the following January. As I look over the hundreds of names which have already been inscribed upon its pages, my thought goes wandering off this way and that on as many lines, and concerning as many lives, which meet and cross and spread over the home field in a net work which typifies that of the great world itself.

Here upon the first page is Phollis,—but perhaps you do not know Phollis? I do; and at the top of the second I find Arnchen, “with Wotan and Pussy Willow.” Wotan is not the father of the gods himself, but his namesake, a great big St. Bernard puppy, as big as a young ox, who does not know how to stand still, and will knock you entirely off your feet if you do not take care. And this was the first time that Pussy Willow had been out that Spring, and she was not old enough or strong enough to come by herself and so had to be carried.

Then there is my enthusiastic neighbor who is sure that the right to be somewhere else is an inherent right, like that to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that it is only necessary for us to decide that it shall be so, in order that our persons and property may be carried whither we will, practically without money and without price. We and our belongings are to be delivered at any station which we may select, upon the postal principle. And afterward comes my Liberal Unionist neighbor (but I believe that I should no longer say Liberal, but merely "Unionist")—the international journalist, who tells the English all about America, and the Americans all about England, and so tends to create a common understanding.

There are two noteworthy cases among others upon the next page, and one of them leaves this comment, which, as the Englishman says, is not half-bad for an impromptu:

"Sweet Summer, trailing garments of rich green,  
Could not add beauty to this perfect scene.  
Enwraught in Winter's snow these hills possess  
A grand yet most pathetic loveliness.  
And he, who of all Dames loves Nature best;  
Has chosen well at Underledge to rest."

Upon the next page I find among others the name of la Signora Alba,—in what strange land may she be now abiding?—and another name which is a curious reminder of Maximilian's ill fated Mexican empire,—that of the musician of his Court. And, again, upon the next I fall upon one which recalls a vain and perilous search for that supposed Florida volcano which has so long tantalized observers from afar, and a great mishap thereupon attending; and another, that of a former United States Consul at the Piraeus, who, looking off from the terrace one superb day, warmed my heart with more than classic heat by comparing the scene before him with that of the vale of Tempe.

In the collection upon the page following appears the autograph of the lady of the Manor, and that of a prodigal of an artist, home returning nevertheless full of years and of honors, and fully conscious that a candle is intended to be set upon a candlestick, and not hidden under a bushel. And among those upon the next is one subscribed to the following verse—which I subsequently met again in one of the later Autumn's harvest of books:

"At the edge of the hedge is a hawthorn tree,  
And its blossoms are sweet as sweet can be;  
And the birds they sing there all day long,  
And this is the burden of their song:  
Sweet, sweet is the hawthorn tree!"







ON THE FARMINGTON RIVER

Two pages later is a name which carries my thought far away to Russia and to Count Tolstoi (as indeed the previous one might have done), and then there is a whole flight of "Ancients" from far and wide, come to alight for a moment on the familiar field. And in a little while appears our genial cosmic philosopher, the author of the *Beginnings*, Prof. Fiske, and then at one jump as it were, we are landed at Reykjavik in Iceland, and I am reminded that if in the late Summer I have Greece in view out of my front door according to Prof. Keep, in May I have had an Icelandic Valley spread before my bay window, according to Madam Magnusson. And then Yale College puts in a claim, in view of the weather beaten ancestral home below the cottage, and soon after comes a bewildering flight of butterflies escaped from the cloister by which my eyes are dazzled.

Here are two names, whose bearers are fresh from the far away city—the fresher for being now far away, for one of them quotes of this present abiding place

"In which it is enough for me  
Not to be doing, but to be."

But I cannot pretend, as one after another I turn them over, even to select wisely from these pages with their various suggestions of individual, of time, and of place. Here upon two consecutive pages are casual visitors from Absecon, New Jersey; Tarpon Springs, Florida; Farmington, Connecticut; Toronto, Canada; New York City, Baltimore, Minneapolis, and Songaloo, Mississippi. Think of the spider tracks made over the land by these individuals as they went to and fro, of their casual meetings, and their partings, as of "ships that pass in the night." And what stories they bore about with them, stories of which here and there I have the clue. With some, the tale has been told, the denouement reached, and they are now but marking time in that little space upon the last page which is filled with stars—thank Heaven that it *is* filled with stars!—ere a firm hand shall one day write at the foot, *Finis*. And some—how many! are only hesitating on the verge, peering curiously in between the leaves, wondering, yet all unaware how the story may run, or whither it may tend. And yet others, all unconscious in many instances it may be, are in the sturm and drang, in the very stir and stress of the drama, day by day making their exits and their entrances as if they were living common workaday lives among their fellows.

WILLIAM POTTS.

---

### The Connecticut League of Art Students

[The Connecticut League of Art Students of Hartford has commended itself to many in Farmington because of the earnestness of its work and the fact that the students have so enthusiastically adopted Farmington as their favorite sketching ground. Many very attractive studies of the Farmington river and meadows have been made, and some students have been carried so far by their affection for the town that they are land holders here to a small extent. For this reason we gladly publish an account of its beginning and growth.—EDITOR.]

FOURTEEN years ago two men sat in a large tower studio in Hartford, one some years younger than the other. Their talk was of art and art study. The younger man was trying to persuade the artist to teach him drawing, and as the only leisure he had was at night, that was the time he could receive such instructions. "There is but one thing in the way," said Mr. Flagg. "I suppose that is money," rejoined the applicant. "No, it is this. Get another man I have in mind to come with you. The lessons will cost you nothing." This was in brief, the beginning of The Connecticut League of Art Students.

Others hearing of the chance to obtain lessons came, and soon the studio was crowded. Some method had to be devised to pay for model hire and the young men assessed themselves a small sum each week, for some had learned enough two years later, to warrant the instructor in forming a life class. Soon more room was needed, so a loft was obtained in the Batterson building on Asylum Street. Most fascinating and absorbing has been the history of the school from that time on.

Here was a band of earnest workers, — no posing, no using of the word Art for social or ethical effect. No pictures touched up here and there by the hand of the instructor and hung in luxurious drawing-rooms for the admiration of parents and friends, but rather a change from the drudgery of factory, desk, and office, to the severe labor of sincerely attempting to see and record form. A strenuous effort to educate the brain to compel the eyes to see things with distinction, and after that, life was never the same thing. The eyes that before saw as the cattle of the field, henceforth could see nothing mean or common. The air enveloping all objects, the sunshine giving light, shade and color; the placing of objects in a given space in such order that one could feel the rhythm of their juxtaposition; all these things became the property of those men, and no amount of money could express the value they placed on knowledge acquired under such difficulties. And all this in a community absorbed, as most communities are, in commercial pursuits.

To satisfy anyone who might wish to inquire as to the practical outcome of this school it is only necessary to mention a few cases like these.

One pupil is the editor of a famous magazine. Several have from time



## WHAT TO DRINK.

Ginger Ale, Diamond, \$1 a doz.  
 Ginger Ale, Delatour.  
 Ginger Ale, Arethusa.  
 Ginger Ale, Hygeia.  
 Ginger Ale, C. & C. imported.  
 Ginger Ale, Royal Belfast, imported.  
 Sarsaparilla, Diamond, \$1 doz.  
 Sarsaparilla, Boylan & Byrn's.  
 Sarsaparilla, Arethusa.  
 Sarsaparilla, Delatour.  
 Sarsaparilla, Hygeia.  
 Sarsaparilla, Schwepper.  
 Plain Soda, Diamond, \$1 doz.  
 Plain Soda, Delatour.  
 Hygeia Vichy, Vichy and Lithia,  
 and Seltzer, 90c.; rebate for  
 syphon of 75c.  
 Fruit Syrups, all kinds and size  
 bottles.

Grape Juice, quart and pint bottles\*  
 Acid Phosphate, two sizes.  
 Lime Juice, 39c. for Rose's.  
 Sherry, imported and domestic,  
 50c. to \$1.75 a bottle.  
 Madeira, imported and domestic,  
 50c. to \$1.50 a bottle.  
 Port, imported and domestic, 50c.  
 to \$1.50 a bottle.  
 St. Croix Rum, \$1.25 and \$1.50 a  
 bottle.  
 Holland Gin, \$1.25 and \$1.50 a  
 bottle.  
 Angelica, 50c. a bottle; \$1.50 a  
 gallon.  
 Catawba, sweet and dry, 50c. a  
 bottle, \$1.50 a gallon.  
 Brady's full quart drinks at \$1. a  
 dozen.

New England Beer \$1.25 a dozen, and a rebate of 50c. for empties.

### HILLS & COMPANY,

372-374 Asylum Street,

Batterson Building,

HARTFORD, CONN.

## THE WM. H. POST CARPET CO.,

219 ASYLUM STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.

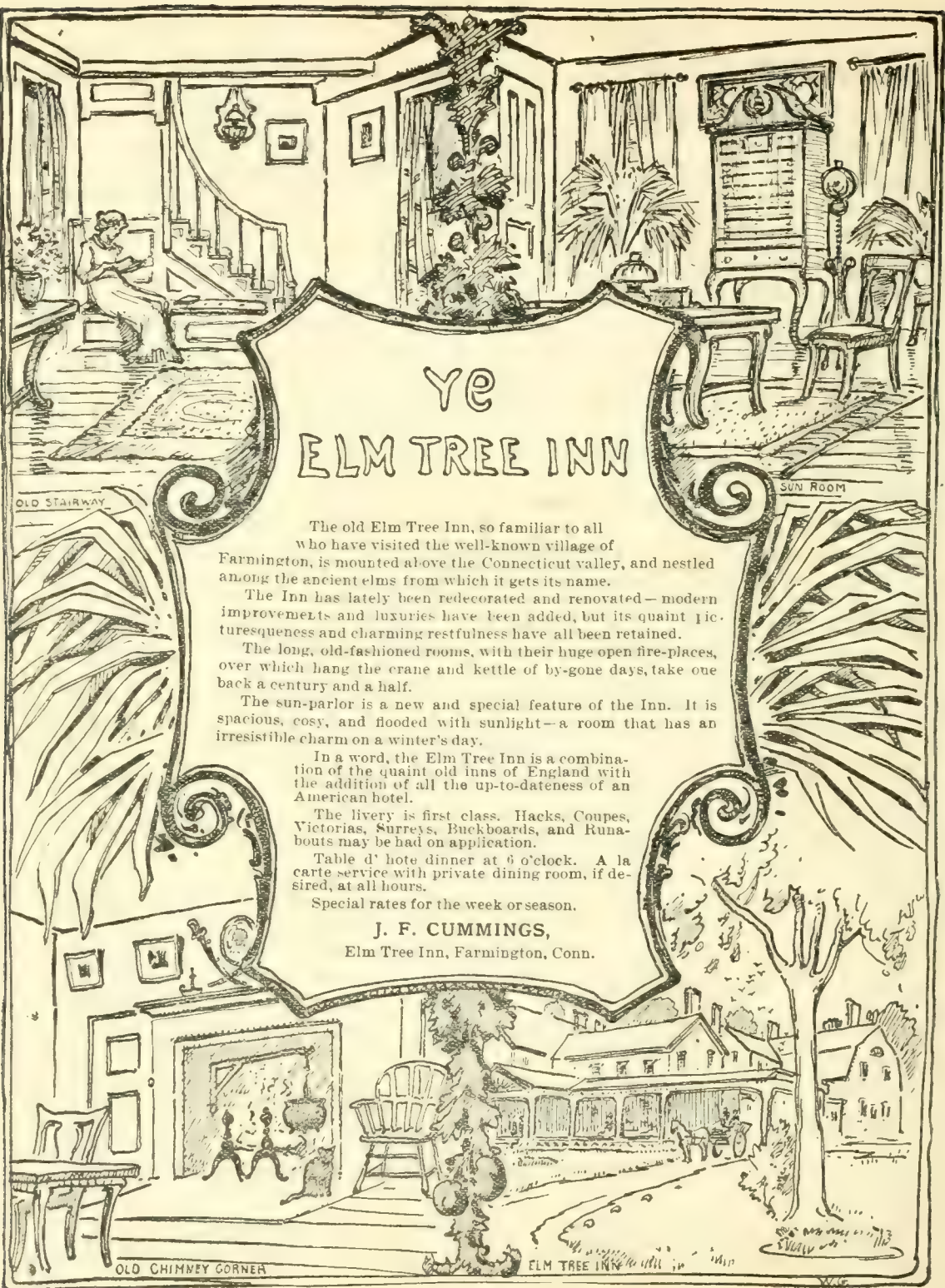
Make a Specialty of High Class House Furnishing in all its Branches

Carpetings, Rugs,  
 Wall Papers, Upholstering  
 and Window Shades.

Estimates given on decorating a room or entire house.

THE BEST RESULTS FOLLOW THE BEST METHODS.





# Ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley, and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hote dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

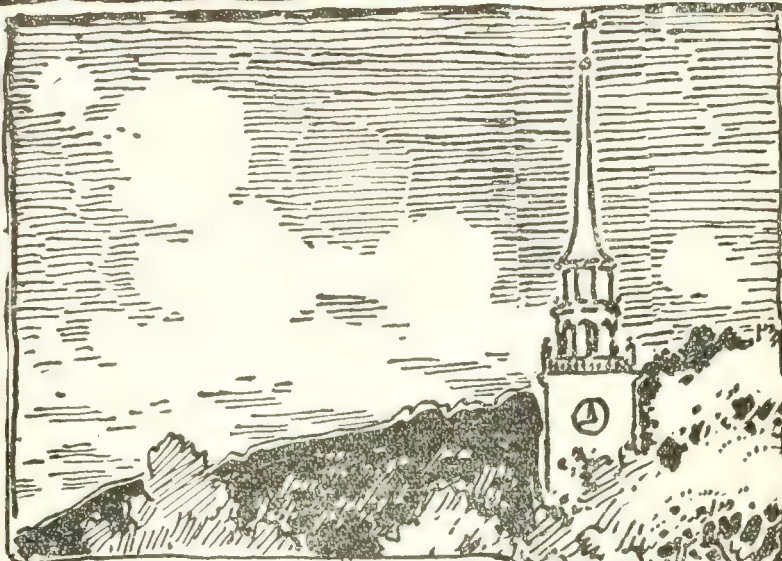
**J. F. CUMMINGS,**  
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

THE

# FARMINGTON



1902

## OCTOBER

REFLECTIONS . . . . . L. L. M.

OLDTIME WORTHIES OF FARMINGTON

Julius Gay

HOW THE TOWN OF FAIRFIELD EXILED

ITS TORY MINISTER TO FARMINGTON

Harriet E. G. Whitmore

THE GUEST BOOK . . . . . William Potts

THE CONNECTICUT LEAGUE OF ART

STUDENTS . . . . . J. F. Wright

THE WHIPPOORWILL FAMILY . C. C. Bolles

THE OLD HOUSE . . . . . Julia R. Andrews

SAINT'S REST . . . . . C. C. Bolles

VILLAGE NOTES . . . . . M. D. B

EDITORIALS

FARMINGTON - CONN.

# MAGAZINE



THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE will be issued Quarterly. It will be devoted as heretofore to the historic and artistic interests of Farmington, its people and activities.

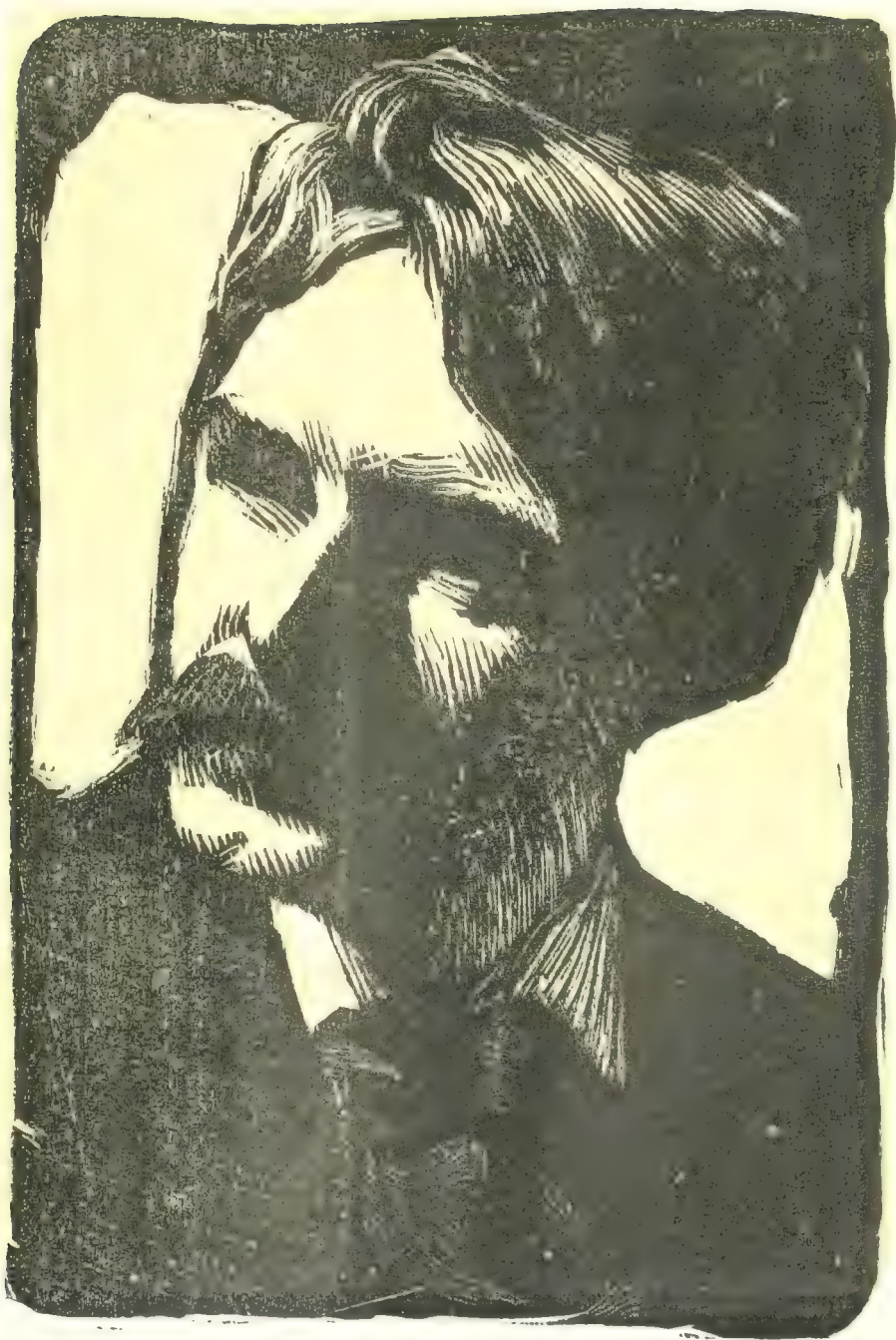
Terms: 25 cents a single copy

\$1.00 a year.

Subscriptions may be sent to THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE, Farmington, Conn.

*Entered at the Post Office, Farmington, Conn., as Second-Class Matter.*

PRESS OF CLARK & SMITH, HARTFORD, CONN.



CHARLES NOEL FLAGG

*Engraved on soft wood  
by James Britton*





to time gone to Paris for further study. A considerable number are earning their living in some form of art work, as sculptor's assistants, engravers, illustrators.

To look back, one sees a class of men helped, who never before were noticed in Hartford by those whose duty it is to help others, namely, the people whose lives are easy, who have never known what it is to earn their daily bread. When the writer of this article came to Hartford twenty years ago, he could walk the streets evenings, associate with evil people, read, or go to bed, — there was a place, bright, cheerful, with good food, handsome carvings and glittering glass where one could sit as long as he pleased for five or ten cents. There was no free library then, no League. There is no need for further description. The League has been a home for many a lonesome fellow.

What is to be done when Mr. Flagg gives out, or dies? That is a blunt question, is it not? The League must go on, such a work must not perish.



*Portrait of one student by another  
Engraved on soft wood*

A building is needed, something besides the students' airy castles in Spain. Other educational institutions have not been shy when millionaires press, actually press money on them. Neither would we of the League refuse a home.

A young man has lately gone to his former abode, Italy. We think a letter recently received from him may convince the reader of the practical value of an art education. Tozzi is a young man of great promise, but let him speak for himself.

"NAPLES, May 24, 1902.

DEAR MR. FLAGG : — We landed here on May 20th at 6:30 P. M., after a very prosperous voyage of 14 days, we had a very fine weather during the all trip which I enjoyed very much looking at the different effects of the sea and sunsets, also I have made quite a number of sketches with the pencil and pen, the only thing that I regret is that I didn't bring any colors with me.

While I was on board a strange thing happened which in relating it will interest you.

I came with the steerage passengers that is the worst place on the boat and all were treated very bad in eating and sleeping and I with the rest.

Now from the first day as I said, I was making sketches of every description one afternoon while I was making a sketch of a very sharp featured man two American ladies of the first class cabin stopped and inquired if I was an artist, I said "artist no, but a student of Art," which made them smile, after I had finished the sketch that had on hand they invited me to go with them, I did and fortune began to smile, (considering the treatment that I had before.)

They were going to give a concert and asked me to make a design for a program as I thought best. I started the drawing on a large piece of paper and represented on top a picture of the ship with words S. S. Phoenicia then a sea god on each side of the boat blowing trumpets, on the sides I had "Hermes" the messenger god and on the bottom in the center Neptune and Amphitrite on a chariot drawn by sea serpents, while on each side sitting on a rock had the gods "Arno" and "Tiber" with some anchors and other decorative designing. It was a success, the captain asked me if I was contented with the steerage treatment, I said no and also complained for the others.

Next day I was called by an officer and told me from there on to occupy a second class cabin and eat at the table with them which pleased me very much, then they all wanted a sketch of their own face as a souvenir which I did, presents from all sides came to me bottles of good wine and fine liquor, cigars and some money too.

The day before we landed a member of the concert committee came to me with a letter and said it was from the committee. I opened it and to my surprise I found a 20 francs gold piece and their names. In all the trip I made 50 francs which I will buy paint materials.

Naples is the most beautiful city I ever seen the people is very merry, all the beauties of nature are here to be seen.

I have visited the museum which is great. The "Danae" of Titian is the finest picture I ever seen yet. Two portraits of Rembrandt are great, a portrait of Pope Paul III by Titian, of a cardinal by Raphael, a Christ by Van Dick, the Dopers of Valasques which they claim to be original, the Sibyl of Romanelli, a Madonna of Leonardo da Vinci are divine, drawings of Michelangelo, Rubens, Raffaello, Leonardo are sublime. Of things founded in Pompeii are interesting I have seen a loaf of bread with the baker's name, nuts, beans, grapes, bones of chickens and other great things. What a mighty Art is Greek sculpture the Farnese Bull, Hercules, the Flora, and wonderful bronzes and mosaics, gems carved on Ivory and gold from Pompeii are wonders. I visited the Institute of Fine Arts and got acquainted with great number of Artists but their work with the exception of the great ones I didn't like it so much it is too smooth too nicely done but they draw well. Unfortunately cannot see the works of Morelli and others of the Neapolitan school the modern gallery of Art being closed for two months. I would like to ask you of a favor if you can. Every young man studying Art here as you know will not be a soldier not till 26 years of age but he must have a certificate from the school where he has studied last. No matter what ability he might have he must have the certificate or else he will after to serve in the Army, so if you can do it will be great help to me. About the language English being very difficult for the Italians would be fine if possible be written in French which is very familiar here.

I am afraid I make myself tiresome with this long letter so I better conclude. Remember me to the boys and tell them that the schools in foreign countries are bigger but no better. I will never forget the Connecticut League of Art Students and the north room on the Batterson Building which I liked so much. Our school stands alone in the world. I have seen the New York and Neapolitan schools but cannot compare with ours. I wish you all consider me a member of the League or of the society and will be so long as I live if I was rich I would pay my regular dues but my position does not allow it but anything I can do for, will now and ever be ready.

For you Mr. Flagg I shall never be able to return what you have done for me and for the school but you know my feelings. Remember me to Mr. W. Smith, H. Gernhard, J. Britton, McManus, Brynt, Montague, Grant and all.

I will stay in Naples till next week then I go to Rome and Florence but I am going to spend the summer with my uncle in a small town of the south called Ruvo del Monte—Potenza which is very picturesque is situated on the



spine of the Appenines. I dont know the address in Rome or Florence but in order to get my letters anywhere send them to

PIERO TOZZI DI LUIGI

*Ruvo del Monte*

*Potenza*

*Italia*

Soon that I get settled I will tell more about Italy an Naples.

Accept my respects your pupil

PIERO TOZZI "

When Tozzi first came to this country from Italy he knew two languages, Italian and Latin; the latter taught him by his uncle who was a priest. His employment in a large grocery store gave him a chance to make illustrations and after instructions at the League his pictures of hams, sausages and salads attracted attention.

His native economy has enabled him to save enough to go home and extend his education by observation and study of the glorious master-pieces of Italian art. There where history records as fact exploits that transcend the efforts of the most florid imagination, where every receptive mind can leave the scientific present, and is free to live steeped in pure beauty, can we doubt of this naïve young mind's progress?

And so it grows from year to year, this unique school whose instructor gladly teaches for the sole reward he desires—the pleasure of seeing men's lives blossom out instead of withering. Our New World has not been too good a field for the Fine Arts—saving Literature. A better day is dawning. A new birth for us, indicated by such schools as this; one of the many forces working to teach men self-help.

A great deal might be written of the sacrifices made by men determined to receive the free instruction accorded them. One man worked in a mill fourteen miles away and after hastily swallowing his supper rushed for his seven o'clock train, thence to the studio. There was no train home until eleven, and midnight found him exhausted in bed, six in the morning up again.

The writer has striven to set forth the utility of this practical school. We do not ask consideration from any other standpoint. If the plain people are instructed in the principles of Art, the commercial products of this country will be made doubly attractive. Now they win by their ingenuity; where beauty is added who can doubt of their universal triumph?

No member of the League can think of Farmington without feeling immediately a warm and gentle glow pervade his being. Was it not there long since that many of us learnt under the instruction of Mr. Brandegees to detach tree tops from the sky and not to allow the middle distances to play leap frog

with the foreground. Mr. B. still, with undiminished patience, helps all Leaguers who present their studies to him. The writer feels grateful to Mr. James Britton whose pictures have added so much to the interest and embellishment of this article.

The portrait of Mr. Flagg gives a very fair impression of him as he appears under the electric light at the League. The second picture, study of a young man, is vigorous and interesting. An added charm, we think, is imparted to these pictures when we reflect that Mr. Britton has engraved the blocks from which they are printed. Another point in favor of the argument that an art education is of practical value.

J. F. WRIGHT.

---

### The Whippoorwill Family

It is necessary to have something besides a big mouth to be an orator, or a great singer, else the whippoorwill would have been the most eloquent of birds, for his mouth opens far beyond his eyes and is garnished with long hairs. The whippoorwill would never be able to make an effective speech at a caucus, for his legs are very short, so short that he is obliged to sit squatted lengthwise on a limb instead of sitting crosswise like other birds. But if the whippoorwill's cry seems small and slight it must be remembered it is always against the dark background of the night—the moonlight, the silent stars, and the mountain listening among its precipices and ravines. Like the watchman who cries all is well, the whippoorwill says to the night: "All is well." "May is here." And every little flower stirs in its sleep and says drowsily, "All is well and May is here." This immense mouth of the whippoorwill is for gathering in the moths and mosquitoes and fireflies. The fireflies are very accommodating to show where they are. It is well said there are two things that cannot be hid, "love and a cough," and these poor fireflies in the midst of their courting are gathered into that big mouth filled with bristles like fate; and as noiselessly as an owl the whippoorwill gathers in the unsuspecting firefly lovers, and although for a second the bird might look as if he had a cigarette in his mouth, it is only for a second.

For some reason the whippoorwill makes no nest but lays its two eggs on the bare leaves. This is from no lack of love for its home as it is perfectly devoted to its family.

Many people hear but few people have seen the whippoorwill. He has no social ambitions, it is enough for him to have thick trees and the mountain brook for friends. When alarmed he flies away with a certain well bred air and as noiselessly as a flake of snow.

There is something in the appearance of the whippoorwill that suggests

a Chinese origin. That large mouth filled with bristles makes one think of the dragons we saw on the Chinese fans, those dragons spitting fire; and the little feet are certainly Chinese for they are small enough to be almost useless. And is not his silent departure like the departure of an Oriental?

The night hawk is very much like the whippoorwill but is not quite so nocturnal, and it is not uncommon to see flocks of night hawks in the autumn darting about like great swallows, the white bar across their wings reminding us of the white scarf worn at the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve. But the night hawk has a trick that the whippoorwill never dreams of imitating. The night hawk would never be content to say whippoorwill, whippoorwill, all night long to his lady love. Not he. The night hawk comes booming down through the rolling evening clouds, with his mouth wide open and making a noise like thunder. That is his way of saying:

“Darling, darling, lady love,  
Hear me booming from above.  
Through the misty gulfs of air  
Hear me, hear me, lady fair.  
Like the lightning from the cloud,  
Like the thunder long and loud,  
Like the rumble and the roar  
When the breakers smite the shore.”

The night hawk lays its two eggs without any nest on the bare ground and sometimes on those flat asphalted roofs of the city houses.

The Chuckwill's widow is an inhabitant of the Southern States and repeats its name much as the whippoorwill does. All of this family and especially the whippoorwill seem to be ventriloquists; it is very difficult to say exactly where they are calling. Doubtless the owl has the same difficulty or he would devour all these birds.

These are some of the mysteries of the night, the calm moonlit night. Over her flowing garments the dew rolls like diamonds and circled around her head are the pleiades and the hyades and over her shoulder like wings is the aurora borealis. How many crimes are inlaid in the waters, with fire, and under the cover of the night. When the elements unroll their records of tragedies and crimes at the last day then we will understand why the cries of nature are so sad.

C. C. BOLLES.

## The Old House

On a peaceful village street,  
Where stately trees in arches meet  
And lilacs scatter perfume sweet,  
The old house nestles low.  
A mighty elm its roof embowers,  
Shading through all the sunny hours  
The cool green turf and springing flowers  
Which in its garden blow.

Then open wide the swinging gate,  
Whose kindly hinges never grate  
With surly protest 'gainst their fate  
To let a stranger by;  
And tread the narrow path which goes  
From gate to porch, where climbs a rose  
Which evermore in sweetness grows,  
Nor asks nor wonders why.

No curious locks protect the door  
From him who further would explore,  
No porter grim needs one implore,  
Yet all's so hushed and still,  
That, loth to break the crystal sphere  
Of perfect silence, limpid, clear,  
One hesitates with listening ear  
And pauses on the sill,

Recalling tales of childhood's days—  
How through a fairy wood one strays,  
Unwitting where, till, in amaze,  
A darling cot one sees.  
Its tiny windows all alight,  
Fires aglow on hearthstones bright,  
But not a living soul in sight,  
Nor voice upon the breeze.

Within all's fresh and fair and clean,  
As if some busy fay, unseen,  
Whisking about with branch of green  
Had banished moth and dust  
From four-post bed, with tester white  
And spotless coverlid; from bright  
Rubbed candlestick whose sight  
Dispelled a thought of rust.

The keeping-room has hearthstone wide,  
An eight-day clock, its maker's pride,  
And on the mantel, side by side,  
The choicest treasures stand;—  
The spicy rose jar, velvet case  
From which looks out a pure, clear face,  
The silhouette, with lines of race,  
Arranged with careful hand.

Across the hall immaculate  
The parlor bed-room keeps its state  
And ever peaceful seems to wait  
For some expected guest.  
Next comes the kitchen, wide and plain;  
The tall clock ticks, and on the crane  
The kettle sings, while both maintain  
Of all rooms this is best,—

With sagging rafters overhead,  
And great brick oven darkly red,  
From which came forth the faultless bread  
And cakes as light as foam.  
The high, dark dresser holds with pride  
The silver tea-set which a bride,  
The toast of all the country side,  
Brought from an English home.

Outside a cheerful robin calls,  
Chirping his untaught intervals;  
Warm, mellow sunshine flecks the walls  
And shines in time-dimmed glass.  
It falls on rugs, hand-wrought and quaint—  
Dust are the hands that laid the paint,  
For so must all things pass.

Here on the settle one may dream  
Of days long gone, of folk that seem  
Shadowed and faint—yet well we deem  
Their lives were nobly spent.

—+—  
A loud fly buzzes on the pane,  
The kettle still sings its refrain,  
The robin calls its mate again,  
The clock ticks in content.

JULIA R. ANDREWS.



### "Saint's Rest"

My native town, Saint's Rest, is almost surrounded by streams of water; it is as though the little town had a band of silver around the edge of its dress. It used to be thought that witches could not cross streams and that may be the reason that "Saint's Rest" is reasonably free from spirits, but it did not prevent it from receiving a visit from the Devil. . . . T. Brown, the artist, had been to the office to get the evening paper. There was nothing unusual there, the regular people were sitting around the store—Mr. Galpin, Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Whittlesey. Sometimes they spat and talked politics and sometimes they smoked in silence, and the open door of the cylindrical stove showed the hot coals within. T. Brown got his mail and lingered a moment to hear a citizen of Saint's Rest declaim against McClellan's campaign. This citizen, when he was sober, was morose and rarely spoke to any one, but liquor unloosed the full river of his speech, which usually took a religious turn. Liquor, like music, seems to bring out the dominant quality of a man. It is sometimes like a coat of mastic varnish on a picture. "What a way to conduct the war! what a way! Oh Lord, what a way! Part of McClellan's army here, and part in Liverpool." Is it not a singular fact, and not at all a good temperance lecture, that this Mr. ——— who was more or less under the effect of liquor all his life, outlived all the others, who were more temperate? Perhaps they wanted to keep him out of heaven he smelt so strongly of rum.

But to return to the Devil. T. Brown walked slowly home, for it was not cold, and a new fall of snow lay on the ground. When he was in front of Captain Peck's house he heard a great rush, as when a hawk darts on its prey, and there at his right stood the Devil, almost at his side. "Good evening," said the Devil. "Good evening," said the artist, although he felt nervous. "Very pretty village this," said the Devil. "Very," said T. B., hastening to agree. "May I walk along with you," said the Devil. "Certainly," said the artist. T. B. noticed that the Devil limped, and thought he saw the tail, otherwise the Devil looked like other folk. "Do you live near here?" said the Devil. "Next house," said T. Brown. "What's the name of this place?" said the Devil. "Saint's Rest," said Mr. Brown. "It don't seem to trouble you, having all these ministers about," said T. B. "Oh no," said the Devil. "Mr. Devil," said T. B., "I would like to ask you a question on a religious matter, if I may?" "Go ahead," said the Devil. "Which of all the churches give you the most trouble?" "Which churches?" said the Devil. "Well," said T. B., "there is the Congregational, the Episcopalians, and the Methodists, in this town." The Devil smiled, "I don't day much attention to them, they don't trouble me much."

"May I ask what your business in Saint's Rest is?" said T. B. "Well,"

said the Devil, "I'm having a revival down in Connecticut, and I am looking over the ground myself. I like to begin my revivals in a church choir. I get a tenor by the ears, and he gets the rest of the choir, and then the congregation take sides, and when I have got them all mad they turn out the minister and I occupy the pulpit."

"But what are you doing in Saint's Rest?" "You have a deacon here, who puzzles me. I really believe he has the Ruby ring." "What do you mean by the Ruby ring, said T. B.?" "You don't know that story of the Ruby ring! Why, its an old story that I invented myself," said the Devil. "Then it was claimed by Boccacio, and then Lessing appropriated it. A man owned a fine ring, set around with many precious stones and a beautiful Ruby in the center. But the beauty of the ring was not its greatest quality. For whoever wore it became possessed of all the virtues — Love of his fellow men, Humility, Charity, etc. This ring descended from father to son, the father always giving it to his best son. But finally it came to a man who had three sons, all so equally good, and as much alike, the father was puzzled which to give the ring to. So he finally had a cunning jeweler make two reproductions, that were so skilfully made the father could not tell which was the genuine ring himself, so he gave one to each of three sons. After the father had died the sons fell to quarrelling about which had the genuine ring. Not unlike your three churches," said the Devil, with a knowing look. "The three sons fell to quarrelling and finally the case came before the judge. 'There is no way to decide,' said the judge, 'except that surely he who has the genuine ring must be distinguished by the qualities of the ring, which are Goodness, Love of one's Brothers, Unworldliness: whoever practices those qualities must surely have the ring.'"

"That's a good story," said T. Brown, "and fits the churches pretty well." "Pretty good," said the Devil, "but I find mighty few people with the real ring."

"Did you ever hear that story that I invented," said the Devil, "and a fellow named Plato appropriated, about another ring? Well, a farmer was working in the field and he discovered a chasm in the earth; looking down in the chasm he espied a Knight who seemed to be petrified, the Knight held out his forefinger and on it shone a fine ring. After some hesitation the farmer descended into the earth and took the ring, and when he had returned the fissure in the earth closed up. The farmer had almost forgotten about his ring, but in the evening he was attending a council for the town (he being one of the councillors). In an abstracted way he turned the ring around on his finger, and immediately noticed the others spoke of him as though he was not there and when the ring was turned back the man became visible again."

"Now this is the point," said the Devil; "as soon as this man found he could commit all the crimes and never be found out he used his ring for all sorts of purposes, going to prove that if people were not afraid of detection they would all be wicked."

"And you see, I, myself, have the invisible ring," said the Devil, "and am no worse than the average man would be if he had a chance," and the Devil turned the ring on his finger, and was gone.

"I am right here," said the Devil, "but you can't see me."

C. C. BOLLES.

### Village Notes

THE schools have opened this fall with full numbers and though all improvements have not been made which were asked for, the school houses are in better condition; so far everything seems to be in favor of the new school building for the center district which was asked for in June.

---

MISS PORTER'S school has been an unusually busy place all summer and the new library attached to the Main building is about completed. The addition to the Ward House is still far from ready and the whole house is closed for the present, room being made for the girls in the building next north, which was bought for the school some time ago.

---

SEWING school re-opens on Friday, October 10th. No date has yet been set for the opening of the cooking school, but it will be some time later in the fall.

---

MUCH damage has been done by the rains and crops of many kinds have suffered, especially the fruit. Farmington's pride in its mountain peaches was fully justified early in the season and great sympathy is felt with the owners as well as sorrow for our own loss, since so many have been spoiled by the storms.

---

THE improvements to the main street have also been much delayed on account of the wet and though the northern end of the section to be macadamized is nearly done and in a satisfactory condition, the residents at the southern end have been obliged to drive on the sidewalk, which was soon converted into a fair dirt road.

---

ELECTRIC lighting is being slowly introduced through the town, and it is with much satisfaction that we see that the Town Hall is being wired. It is to be hoped that the brightness of the light may make the untidy condition of the walls more apparent and that eventually the hall may be re-decorated and repaired.

---

THE triangle at the north end of the street opposite the Country Club has been improved by the subscriptions and thoughtful attention of a few private individuals, and plans are made for further beautifying it by means of some shrubs. We understand that something has been done to the green opposite Dr. Carrington's house and that more may be accomplished there when the road makers have ceased to need it as a storehouse.

ON the thirteenth of this month of October the Congregational Church in Farmington attains the ripe age of two hundred and fifty years. The town was settled, twelve years earlier, and during that time, before the church was formed, there had without doubt been gatherings for worship in private houses. Indeed, the first pastor of the church was a resident here at the time that the formal organization took place. But on that day when the people were gathered for worship, seven men in accordance with the custom of the time, rose in the audience and standing together declared their acceptance of the covenant and creed and declared themselves to be a church of the order of the Congregationalists and the Earliest New Testament models. The first meeting house was built some years later.

---

THE Memorial Parish House is nearing completion, and will be presented to the church with appropriate addresses on the twenty-eighth of this month. After the more formal exercises there will be a social hour and a cup of tea, when the beautiful building may be inspected. It is a most attractive structure, finished inside in dark oak. The furniture is to be of the same wood. Its ample parlors with fireplaces and window seats, its fully furnished kitchen and pantries, its closets for the sewing society, and for cloak-room, in addition to its spacious and beautiful audience room, give promise of great usefulness. Its donors hope that it may serve not only the religious and social uses of the church, but for the better life of the community as well. The Get-together Club, for instance, can continue its most enjoyable and instructive sessions, with the aid of this place of meeting.

---

THE following books have been added to the library since spring: *An American at Oxford*, John Corbin. *Letters of John Richard Green*. *Diary of a Goose Girl*, Kate Douglass Wiggin. *A Gentleman from Indiana*, Booth Tarkington. *The Life of the Bee*, Maurice Maeterlinck. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, A. Conan Doyle. *Reminiscences*, 2 Vols., Justin McCarthy. *Studies in the Wagnerian Drama*, H. E. Krehbiel. *Blennerhassett*.



## Editorials

## Arts and Crafts in Farmington



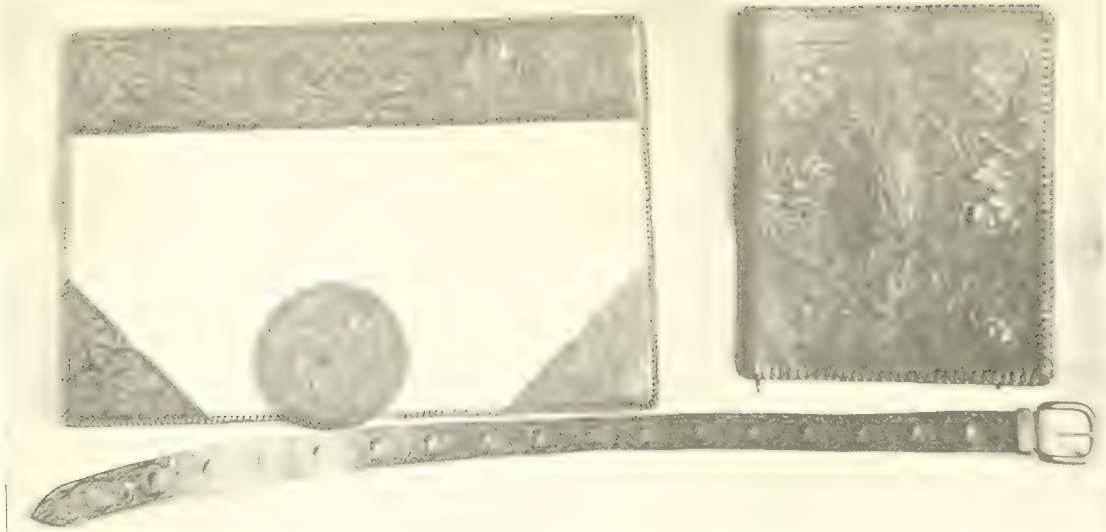
ARTS and Crafts is an expression which is growing more familiar to us every day and the study and practice of any one of its numerous branches is opening new spheres of interest and usefulness to scores of people. Many truly artistic people, who yet are not skillful with brush or pencil, have longed for a means by which to express their ideas of beauty, and now comes the assurance that by working out our ideas through various useful mediums, expressing ourselves in the work of our hands, we contribute just as surely to the field of Art as do our brethren of the pen and the palette.

Book-binding, raffia work, tapestry making, work in brass and silver, these are a few of the kinds of Arts and Crafts now engaged in most

successfully all about us. Any who have attended the now celebrated exhibits at Deerfield have seen examples of most of these and many more kinds. What more fitting than that Farmington should have a share in this general art interest.

Several forms of Arts and Crafts have been going on here for some time, perhaps the longest established being the Cabinet work of Mr. H. H. Mason. Many of the houses in the village show examples of Mr. Mason's artistic handiwork both in original designs and reproductions of Colonial patterns. Chairs, chests, bellows, screens and tables are among the articles he has made, and one of the activities of the far-famed School of Philosophy was a carpentry class conducted by Mr. Mason at which I do not doubt the philosophers were very awkward.

Raffia work has had a beginning this last year and good examples of hats and baskets have been made by Mrs. Robert and Mrs. Charles Brandegee and Miss Hilda Brandegee. The fancy work and embroidery of Mrs. J. E. Griggs ought also to be mentioned in this connection, as it is done from original designs and used for portieres, table covers and other very useful purposes, making an art product of unusual interest and beauty. Several women in town have made braided rugs, and those made by Miss Julia Brandegee are the envy and admiration of her many friends.



LEATHER WORK BY FLORENCE L. GAY



CHAIR, BELLOWS AND BOX BY H. H. MASON  
WOOLEN AND COTTON RUGS DESIGNED BY MISS HICKS



The leather work of Miss Florence Gay is another notable example of Arts and Crafts and deserves more than a passing word. Though very beautiful leather work is done in both Germany and Spain, for many years the Mexicans have had the monopoly in this country and have made much that was beautiful, using, however, an undue number of instruments, and few and rather crude designs. Several years ago Miss Nordhoff, originator of the Nordhoff bindery in New York, went to California and studied there with a Mexican teacher. In this way she was able to introduce the study of wrought leather in the bindery and it has been carried on since her death, receiving new and important additions to the old Mexican methods, especially through the work of Miss Amy Hicks of the Guild of Arts and Crafts who has increased the number of tools which can be used, and has especially contributed great originality of design, her leather work having been pronounced by some as finer than any in the country. In this way the wrought leather of the Arts and Crafts has been a sort of evolution from the Mexican. Miss Gay has designed and wrought with her curious little tools, belts, blotters, lamp-mats, portfolios, pen-wipers, and many other useful and artistic things. Into some of them colors mixed with wax have been rubbed and all are done in calf or cow, never in the softer ooze leathers. Miss Gay has also designed several book plates one of which, done for the Country Club, we print.

Early in August Miss Pope added to the industries which she has established here one directly connected with Arts and Crafts, — rug-making, and Miss Hicks came here from New York to teach that industry. The materials for these rugs consist of a foundation of burlaps into which are hooked cotton or woolen strips after a design drawn on the burlaps by Miss Hicks. The flannel for the woolen rugs has been dyed in vegetable dyes made by Miss Hicks. The advantage of these vegetable dyes is the softness and purity of the colors and the fact that they do not fade.

The class opened with much enthusiasm on August 6th and continued three times a week until September 9th. Few of the rugs were finished and Miss Hicks will come to Farmington once a month through the winter, hoping to start some of the pupils at making woolen rugs which are much handsomer than the cotton on which most of the pupils have been working, and perhaps some tapestry work also. The idea of Miss Pope in starting this industry was that it some time might become a source of income to some in the village. Perseverance in hard work will be needed to accomplish that end but the results in beauty and usefulness certainly justify the expenditure of much time and labor.

During the month of August an exhibition of Miss Hicks' work was held in the building of the Village Girls' Club, in order to rouse interest in Arts and Crafts. This included fine examples of wrought leather, brush drawing and dyed stuff by Miss Hicks, also basket work by the Misses Francis of Plainfield, Ct., made of native grasses and a few pieces of wrought leather by Miss Gay, all after original designs.



THE exhibition in Deerfield is becoming each year more famous and more widely visited. It originated with a special sort of embroidery in blue and white done in the village, and has been gradually enlarged by the handiwork of native and adoptive citizens. Why cannot Farmington have an exhibition of native arts and crafts? An endeavor has been made in the previous article to enumerate the various forms of arts and crafts here, and doubtless more could be found or started before another fall. It would seem a worthy ambition. There is certainly nothing more stimulating than having a definite end for which to work.

---

THE FARMINGTON MAGAZINE bids a reluctant farewell to its indulgent public with this October number. For many reasons it seems wiser to close while we are still in vigorous and prosperous youth. At the beginning of this year a history of the beginnings and purposes of this magazine were stated. This purpose we feel has been in part accomplished. Perhaps some day—in the not so dim future—desire for expression of some sort may come to Farmington as a village and a new periodical or a renewal of the old one may be a result of this desire. This would not seem to be an altogether foolish desire, for often expression clarifies opinion and brings out good that might otherwise have been hidden. Though it is not always wise for a private individual to blow his own trumpet it may sometimes be a good thing for a collection of individuals. We might take for our motto the quotation from a great classic:

“The time has come, the Walrus said,  
“To talk of many things—  
“Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—  
“Of cabbages—and Kings—  
“And why the sea is boiling hot—  
“And whether pigs have wings.”

and live in hopes that in the future just the right people may have just the right inspiration and Farmington may more easily decide all such burning questions.

We Invite all  
residents of Farmington  
and vicinity to make our  
store their headquarters  
when in the city \* \* \*

**\$3.00** Orders  
delivered free by stage  
or trolley express  
in Farmington.

Leave stage orders here.

Have your packages sent here.

Use our telephones.

Wait for your car here.

Make yourself at home in our store.

We also invite you to keep your house supplied with.

## THE BEST OF EATABLES

from our immense stock.

We do not promise you something for nothing, but we do keep a line of **Groceries, Fruits, Fresh Vegetables, Summer Drinks,** (non-alcoholic), **Confectionery, Home-made Bakery Goods, etc.,** that is not equaled in any city in New England, except perhaps Boston.

We will not quote prices here, but we will guarantee that they are as low as possible consistent with high-class goods and perfect service.

## NEWTON, ROBERTSON & CO.



## NEWTON & BURNET,

319 Asylum Street,

Hartford, Conn.

**Meats, Poultry, Game, Fish,  
and Vegetables.**

~Special care taken with out of town orders.~

In quality—we buy the best obtainable.



### For Sale.—The Residence of James L. Cowles, on Main St., Farmington, Ct.

With its broad piazza and massive pillars, its stately hall and beautiful rooms. This is one of the most attractive places in Connecticut. The house stands in a plot of about five (5) acres with a front on Main Street of 350 feet. Including the hall 20 X 25 feet and running to the top of the house, the house contains thirteen (13) rooms, beside the bath-room. Four (4) of these rooms, the parlor and dining-room and the two (2) bed-rooms above them are over twenty (20) feet square.

For further particulars apply to F. G. WHITMORE, 700 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

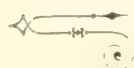
### D. R. HAWLEY, - - - Decorating and Painting.

~~~~~ ARTISTIC INTERIOR WORK ~~~~~

Telephone Connections

Farmington, Conn.

HORSEFALL & ROTHSCHILD,



OUTFITTERS,

HARTFORD, CONN.

*Distributors of Fisk, Clark & Flagg's
Shirt Waists, Gloves and Neckwear for
Ladies, also the Forsythe Waists and
Ladies' Knox Hats.*

WILLIAM L. MATSON,

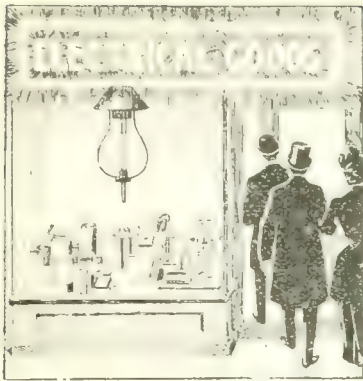
DEALER IN

Stocks and Bonds,

55 Trumbull St., Hartford, Conn.

Securities bought and sold at the Exchanges
of this City, New York and Boston.

Choice Investments constantly for sale.



and all that pertains to this line.◆

We will supply you and fit up your home or office with everything in

ELECTRIC LIGHTING,

Telephones, Radios, Bells, Batteries, and everything in the electrical line, at reasonable and expert service, at fair and reasonable prices. An electric light fixture you wish done will be done in the best and most artistic manner, or also on gas, electric, or gas and electric, and guarantee your satisfaction.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES Wholesale and Retail

THOS. OAKES & SON,

Telephone, 877.

11 Haynes St., Hartford, Conn.

WE ARE FIRST CLASS PLUMBERS ALSO

CHARLES O. WHITMORE,

Architect,

75 Pratt Street,

Hartford, Conn.

Telephone 106-5.

DR. J. F. WRIGHT,

DENTIST.

Removed to the Ballerstein Building,

Dr. J. Watson Carter

DENTAL OFFICE,

50 State Street.

HARTFORD, CONN.

HERBERT KNOX SMITH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

847 MAIN STREET,

HARTFORD, CONN.



SPRING LAMB.

This is the time of year when a great many new high, hairy and testless. We pay particular attention to have nothing but the choicest and tenderest to be gotten. The pick of the flock. Try us and see the difference.

PRESTON MARKET

42 Ann Street, Hartford.

SPERRY & BARNES' HAMS and BACON
are the finest in the market.



P. R. DAY & SON,

FENCE BUILDERS.

Build all kinds of fences for all kinds of purposes. Give us a call or write for estimates. Personal supervision given all work.

Sage-Allen Building, Hartford, Conn.

CONNECTICUT'S LEADING GROCERY.

Trade by Mail with The Boston Branch.

There's money to be saved by buying quantity lots of family supplies at the Boston Branch Grocery.

In Coffees, Teas, Cereals, Spices, Fruits, Extracts, Canned Goods, Condiments, Flour and Sugar, our prices are the lowest for the first qualities; the only qualities to buy.

We make our own bakery products, our own candies, our own salads, and cook our own meats.

Free Delivery.

Orders amounting to \$3.00 or over will be delivered free of charge in Farmington. Every time you visit Hartford leave an order at the Boston Branch Grocery, and when you can't come in person send in your order by mail.

THE W. W. WALKER CO.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

745-751 Main Street,
273-277 Park Street.
Hartford, Conn.

238 and 240 Main Street,
New Britain, Conn.



The advertisement consists of two vertical panels. The left panel shows a man in a top hat and a dark coat with a white collar, carrying a large sheet of paper under his arm and walking down a set of stairs. Above him, the text reads "Ye A. PINDAR & CO. HIGH GRADE HALF-TONES". The right panel contains the text "Illustrating & Designing" in a decorative script, followed by "ZINC COPPER & WOOD ENG." in bold capital letters, a small decorative flourish, and "EMBOSSING AND ELECTROTYPING" in bold capital letters.

Ye
A. PINDAR & CO.
HIGH GRADE HALF-TONES

*Illustrating
&
Designing*

**ZINC
COPPER
& WOOD
ENG.**

*EMBOSS
ING AND
ELEC
TROTYP
ING*

*See illustrations made by us for the
Farmington Magazine.*

Telephone, 211-4.

THE A. PINDAR CO.,
739 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

* * CLARK & SMITH, * *

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,

49 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

Artistic designs and harmonious colorings characterize the mural effects seen at Wm. H. Dunn's, 94 Pearl Street, Hartford. Mr. Dunn directs the work personally and while his treatment of all types of rooms leaves nothing to be desired, you will find him more moderate in price than the same work would be elsewhere. Especially lovely are some new papers in art nouveau and tapestry effects. If you live out of town, why not write to Mr. Dunn if you think of having any decorating this fall. By the way, there is a special sale of muslin draperies that are beauties and at temptingly low prices. Do not fail to see them.

P. H. STEVENS,

WE WANT
TO BE YOUR **Jeweler,** 12 ASYLUM ST.,
One Door West of Main.

STERLING SILVER.

We have a splendid line of the very latest designs in STERLING SILVER that will interest you. Yet prices asked are invariably low.

HIGHEST GRADE TEAS.

Our reputation for selling the finest grade Teas is as good or better to-day than ever before. We keep the quality right on top, and our reputation must be there also. We sell very choice Teas at 40 cents, 50 cents and 60 cents a pound. Our 75-cent Tea is the Best in Hartford at the price. We sell tea as high as \$1.25 a pound, the Bhud Tea, and it's worth every cent we ask for it. If you are a Tea lover you should get acquainted with our line.

Formosa Oolongs.

We make an extra effort to lead all others in Tea values, especially on the Formosa Oolongs. Our 50-cent grade is equal to any 60-cent grade sold in Hartford, and our 60-cent grade is equal to any 75-cent grade. Our 75-cent grade will suit the most critical. A fine quality at 40 cents, and the Bhud or Tip Tea is \$1.25 a pound.

Special discount in five-pound and ten-pound lots; also by the chest.

English Breakfast Teas.

We make English Breakfast Teas a special feature of the Tea Department. There are several grades ranging in price from 50 cents up to the finest at \$1.00 a pound. Those of you that prefer the English Breakfast Teas will find real value among this stock of ours. Get a few samples and see for yourself.

Japan Teas.

Pan Fired. Very fine values at 50 cents, 60 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00 a pound.
Basket Fired at 50 cents and 60 cents a pound.
Young Hyson Teas. Gun Powder Tea.
Get a few samples of the above.

Ceylon Teas.

Ceylon Tea Planters' Association Teas.
Bhud, \$1.25 a pound. Tiffin, 90 cents a pound.
Bungaloe, 65 cents a pound.
Packed in 1-pound, 1/2 pound and 1/4 pound packages.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S
No. 1 grade, 35c. a box. No. 2 grade, 30c. a box.

TETLEY'S CEYLON AND INDIA.

At 60 cents a pound. At 80 cents a pound.
At \$1.10 a pound.
Also Ceylon Tea at 60 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00 a pound.

HILLS & COMPANY.

THE WM. H. POST CARPET CO.,

219 ASYLUM STREET,

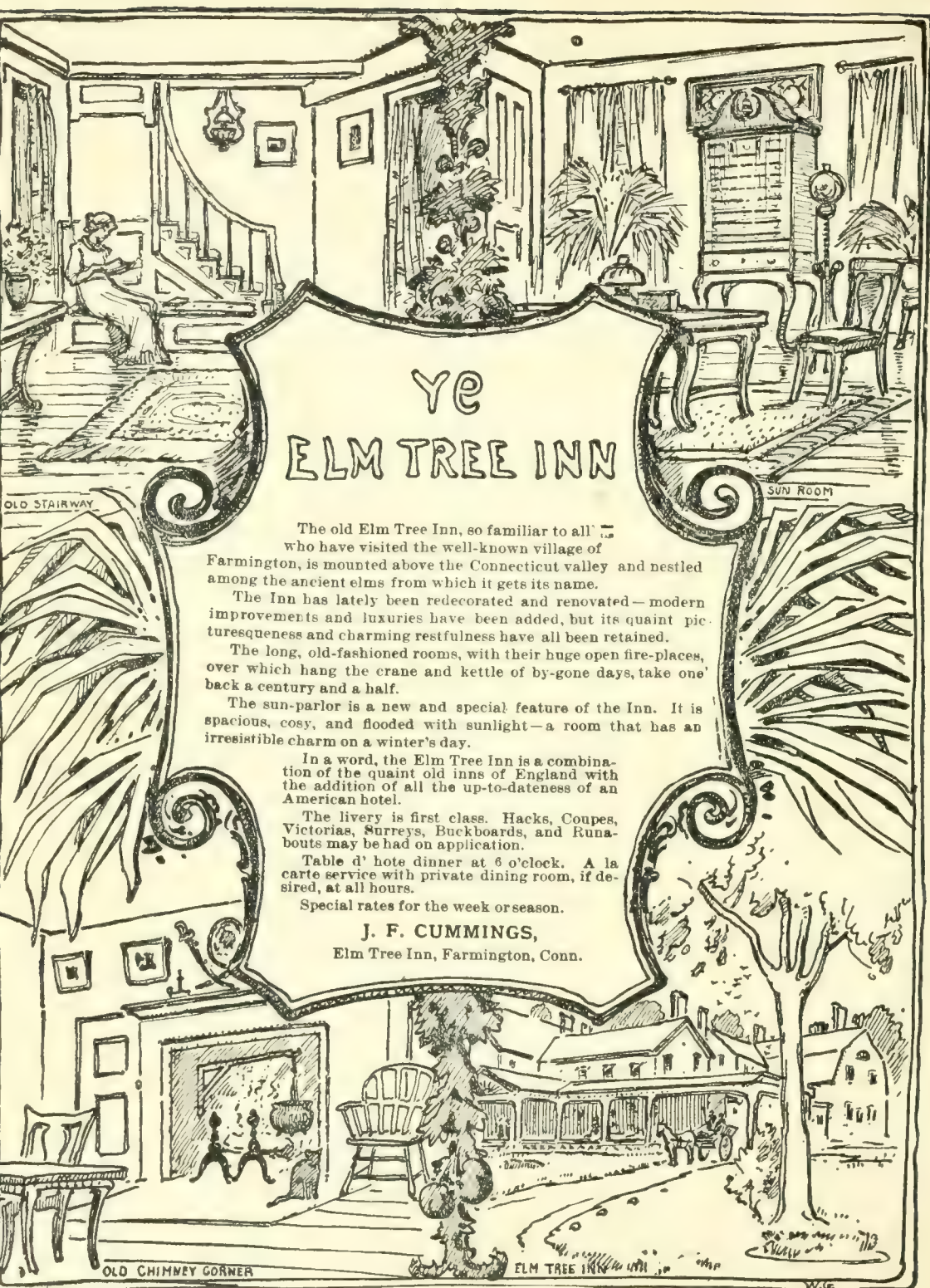
HARTFORD, CONN.

Make a Specialty of High Class House Furnishing in all its Branches

**Carpetings, Rugs,
Wall Papers, Upholstering
and Window Shades.**

Estimates given on decorating a room or entire house.

THE BEST RESULTS FOLLOW THE BEST METHODS.



Ye ELM TREE INN

The old Elm Tree Inn, so familiar to all who have visited the well-known village of Farmington, is mounted above the Connecticut valley and nestled among the ancient elms from which it gets its name.

The Inn has lately been redecorated and renovated—modern improvements and luxuries have been added, but its quaint picturesqueness and charming restfulness have all been retained.

The long, old-fashioned rooms, with their huge open fire-places, over which hang the crane and kettle of by-gone days, take one back a century and a half.

The sun-parlor is a new and special feature of the Inn. It is spacious, cosy, and flooded with sunlight—a room that has an irresistible charm on a winter's day.

In a word, the Elm Tree Inn is a combination of the quaint old inns of England with the addition of all the up-to-dateness of an American hotel.

The livery is first class. Hacks, Coupes, Victorias, Surreys, Buckboards, and Runabouts may be had on application.

Table d' hote dinner at 6 o'clock. A la carte service with private dining room, if desired, at all hours.

Special rates for the week or season.

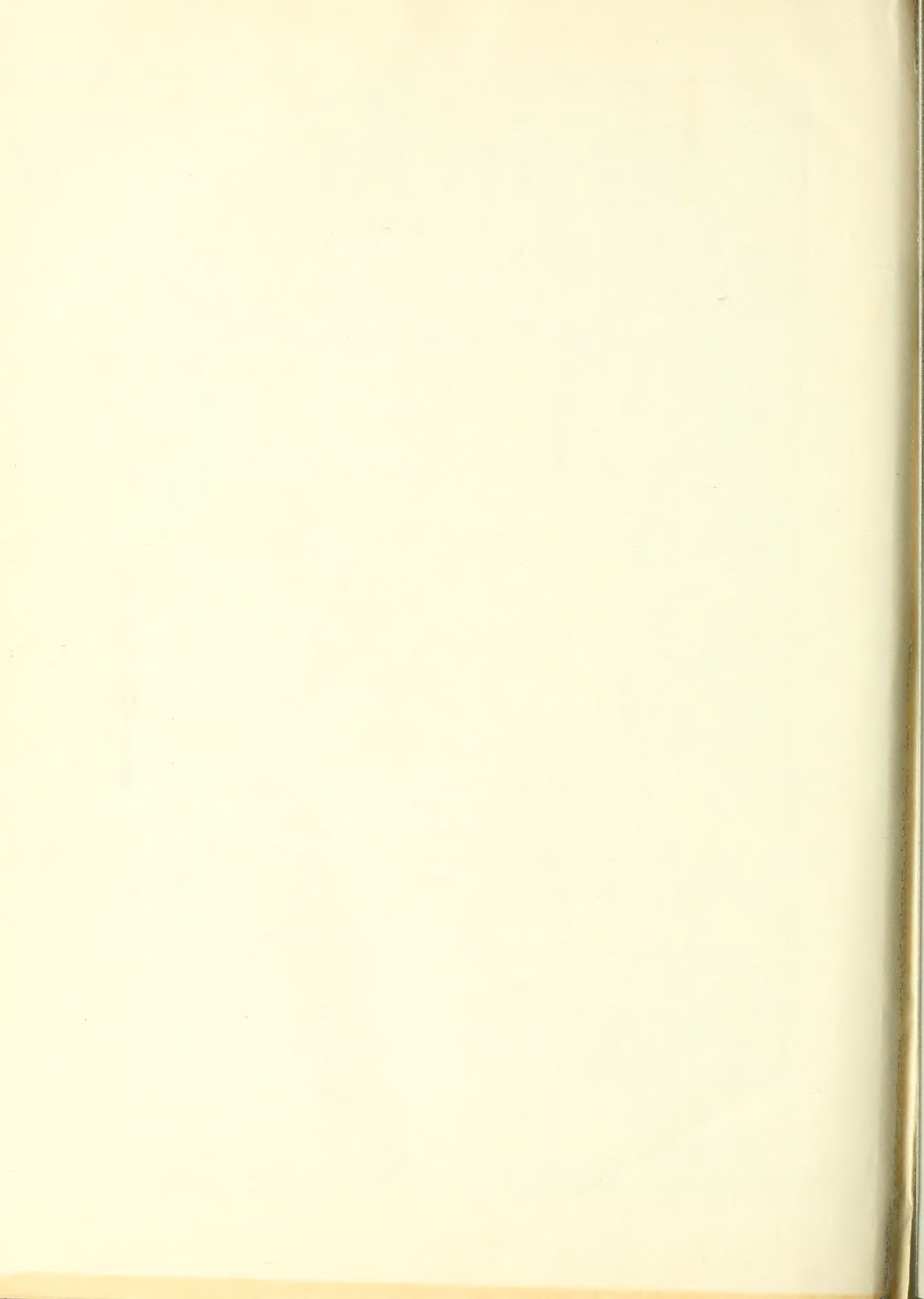
J. F. CUMMINGS,
Elm Tree Inn, Farmington, Conn.

OLD CHIMNEY CORNER

ELM TREE INN

W.C.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 110 420 2 •